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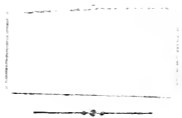
# Annals of Hoboken,

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HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND ANECDOTAL:

BY

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL, LL.D.



CHARLESTON, S. C.:

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TO  
THE PEOPLE  
OF NEWBERRY DISTRICT  
THE ANNALS OF NEWBERRY,  
HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND ANECDOTAL,  
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
AS THE OFFERING OF A SON TO HIS MOTHER,  
BY  
JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.



## INTRODUCTION.

The work which is now about assuming the shape of a book, was begun in 1850, without any such purpose. The object is truly stated in the opening number. As the work progressed, material accumulated, their value was perceived, and an effort was made to so mould them as to give character to their publication. Public attention was fixed upon it, and a general desire has been expressed that it should assume some permanent form. That is now attempted, and it is hoped that it will constitute some contribution to the history of the State, and will preserve the names of many worthy men, which would otherwise be lost.

The Appendix contains some account of the great flood of August, '52, the injury to the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, the memoir of William Spencer Brown, the Engineer who was drowned in it. These seemed to me to be germane to the history of Newberry, and well worth preserving. The sentence on Motley and Blackledge, and the notice of Gov. Johnson, and the letter of Mr. Pope, may be considered as matters which I was much interested in preserving.

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

May 31st, 1858.



## Newberry Annals.

No. 1.

One who is heartily tired of the incessant war of politics, and who is sick at heart with the intestine divisions by which this best of all governments is threatened to be rent asunder and cast to the winds, proposes, as far as time, information, and opportunity may serve, to discharge the duty of preserving much in relation to the district of his birth, which might otherwise perish.

Whence the name *Newberry* is derived, it is impossible with certainty to say. I have heard some assert, it was called Newberry county, after a captain of that name, in Sumter's State troops, but whether there was such an officer, I have never been able to ascertain. Certain it is, that a family of that name once lived beyond Pedee, in that section now called Marlborough district. Lately it has been my privilege to make the acquaintance of a preacher of the name of James Newberry, and therefore it may be that the tradition is true. Others have supposed that it was called after some place in England or the United States; but it is to be remarked that the names of similar sound elsewhere are spelled Newbury, while our district name is uniformly spelled Newberry, and pronounced with the accent upon the second syllable. Others have supposed it was a fancy





name, from the beautiful appearance of the country—covered with the oak, hickory, walnut, pine, elm, and poplar forests, interwined with grape and muscadine—the ground carpeted with the rich covering of pea-vine, and studded all over with fruit-bearing shrubbery. It is hence supposed that the first settlers, enchanted with the prospect, might have said it was pretty as a new berry—and hence it was called Newberry! I like this notion best. It better accords with Colonel Rutherford's enthusiastic expression: "South Carolina is the garden-spot of the world, and Newberry the garden spot of that garden-spot." It began to be settled before 1752, when Duncan's settlement, on the creek now bearing his name, was made. It must have been pretty well settled by 1762, for in that year Kelly and Furnas opened their store, at Kelly's old store, Springfield. The description given by Samuel Kelly *then*, of the face of the country, is still remembered. He said that "it was in the spring the most beautiful scene his eyes ever beheld. The open woods presented no obstruction to the view. The hills and vales were covered with pea-vine and maiden cane; the former in bloom made it look like a garden."

Newberry lies in the parallel of  $34^{\circ}$  north latitude, and almost due west from Columbia. The town is  $34^{\circ} 16' 37''$  north, and  $41'$  west. Its bearing from Columbia is north  $68$ , west  $36\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It is bounded northeast by Broad River; east by a line running from the ferry known before the revolution as Shirer's, afterwards as Dawkins and Ruff's, now Hughey's; south  $17$  west, to a point just above the mouth of Buffalo Creek, on Saluda River; thence south by Saluda River to the Island ford; thence west by the old road, called the Ninety-Six road, to Odell's ford, on Enoree; thence northwest by the road to Crenshaw's ford on Tiger; thence north, down the Tiger river



to its junction with Broad River. Its western border on Laurens is about thirty-one miles; its eastern, on Lexington, is about sixteen. From Parkin's, now Croft's ford, on Sals's, to Hendrick's ford, now Tucker's bridge, on Enoree the north and south, or meridian line of the district, passing directly through the town, is about twenty-six miles. Its length, on a line east and west passing through the town, is about the same. I suppose what is said in Mill's Statistics, p. 641, is true, that the average extent of the district is equal to about twenty-four miles square, and that it contains about 368,640 square acres, which would make the territorial wealth of the district, at an average of five dollars per acre, (which is much too low,) equal to nearly \$2,000,000. This is soon to be doubled, and perhaps quadrupled, by the Greenville and Columbia and Laurens railroads, and possibly the Spartanburg railroad crossing from the mouth of Fair Forest direct to Newberry Court House, may add another million to the value. How much has Newberry contributed to these great works? *Altogether not \$130,000!*

This body of 368,640 square acres, constituting the district of Newberry, presents the most unbroken body of cultivable land in any portion of the State. There are not 10,000 acres in the whole which have not been cultivated, or which may not, by proper agricultural industry, be brought into cultivation. A great deal—I think nearly 100,000 acres—are still in forest; another hundred thousand may be regarded as waste from improvident culture. About 168,000 acres are in cultivation, and according to the census of 1840, supported 18,350\*

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\* The census of 1850 gives the aggregate of the population of Newberry district 20,143—making about one person to every eight acres.



persons, equal to about one soul for every nine acres of cultivated land. This population ought to be doubled by doubling the cultivated land, which could easily be done; and should be quadrupled, by improving the cultivation, and proper attention to manufactures. That same census tells us we then made 57,350 bushels of wheat, 1,129 of barley, 73,185 of oats, 708 of rye, 635,631 of corn—making a total of our grain crop of 768,003 bushels, not quite forty bushels to every soul. This is entirely too small for our wants. I hope the census of 1850\* will show that it is at least doubled. The cotton crop is put down at 3,195,107 pounds. If this be of picked cotton, as I presume was intended, it may constitute an approach to the present crop of Newberry, 30,000 bales; assume this to be true, and the annual income of the district is nearly a million of dollars. *This is soon, I hope, to be doubled.*

The town of Newberry stands upon lands originally granted to John Jones. It had passed from the memory of every one that such a man ever lived *there*, when there appeared, about 1819, among its inhabitants, a very old stranger, apparently between 70 and 80—an idiot—who said his name was James Jones; that his father once lived thereabouts. It was apparent from his knowledge of localities, such as Kelly's old store, (Springfield,) and the old inhabitants, that it was true as he stated. For instance, stepping into the old house at Springfield, in the lifetime of its venerable occupant,

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\* By the census of 1850, the product of wheat had increased to 79,375 bushels, barley had fallen off to 1051, oats had increased to 92,798, corn to 661,068, rye had fallen off to 696 bushels—making our aggregate grain crop in 1850, 845,003 bushels.

The cotton crop is, I see, set down at 19,591 bales, of 400 pounds each, making a total of 7,951,699 pounds.



Hannah Kelly, and setting down for a moment, this poor wandering stranger said to her as he rose, he believed he would step over to Billy Coate's, and walked towards the north door, which had been closed, and the steps removed, for more than a quarter of a century. The old lady said that that was once the familiar way of passing out of the house to the elder William Coate's, who lived and must have died between 1762 and 1796. This strange being, after lingering for a few days in the neighborhood, and talking of persons long dead, as of yesterday, disappeared, and was heard of no more. He probably returned to Georgia, from whence he said he came. Many were incredulous, but on looking to the mesne conveyances it was found that John Jones, whom he claimed as his father, was once the proprietor of the town of Newberry. When the court house was located, it belonged to John Coate, (commonly called little John;) his settlement was originally at the Cedar Spring, south of the grave yard. But when the court house was located, he lived in a house on the lot now owned and occupied by Dr. Thorapson. The north end of Coate street is about opposite to the site of the old house. It was then called Coate's shop. The location was accidental, or perhaps I should say capricious. The strongest sections of the district were then the Enoree and Little River settlements. The Enoree settlement desired the court house to be fixed at Col. Rutherford's, (now Buskett's or Wadlington's;) the Little River wished it at Kelly's old store, (Springfield.) Between the two, the county court Judges would not decide. They determined to run the transverse lines of the district, and where they intersected, *there* the court house should be builded. This was accordingly done; the lines intersected in a mill-pond, (Duren's,) on the branch running by or through





John Garmeny's old place, near the road to Ashford's ferry. Carnes, (Peter,) the County Attorney of facetious memory, insisted that it would be a capital notion to build the court house, like a tub-mill, over the pond. The county court Judges, however, demurred to the argument, and after a regular "*curia advisare vult*," determined to build the court house at Coate's shop, and accordingly there it was builded; and here was the beginning of the town of Newberry. When that was, and other matters, in the following number.

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No. 2.

In 1783 an ordinance was passed, appointing commissioners to divide the districts of Charlestown, Georgetown, Cheraw, Camden, *Ninety-Six*, Orangeburgh, and Beaufort, into counties "of a convenient size, not more than forty miles square." In *Ninety-Six*, the commissioners were Andrew Pickens, Richard Anderson, Thos. Brandon, *Levi Keysey*, (Casey,) *Philemon Waters*, Arthur Simpkins, and Simon Berwick. Under this ordinance, I presume that Edgefield, Abbeville, and Newberry were laid out. For in the Act of 1785, "For laying off the counties therein mentioned," &c., Abbeville, Edgefield, and Newberry *are* spoken of as existing counties. Laurens, Spartanburgh, and Union are not only laid off, but also named in the Act. It is to be observed that in this last Act, this district's name is spelled Newbury. The boundaries are the same as those given in No. 1, except that the ford on Enoree, called in it Avery's, is in the Act called Anderson's; that on Tiger, called in No. 1 Crenshaw's, is in the Act called Hill's; and the county



is extended below the line, now existing, eight miles on Broad River, and thence across to the mouth of Bear Creek on Saluda. In the Act of the same year (1785) "establishing county courts," &c., the true spelling of the district name, "*Newberry*," is resumed. It is worthy of observation, how the commissioners to lay off the district of Ninety-Six into counties were scattered. General Pickens, Richard Anderson, and Judge Simpkins were south of Saluda river. General Pickens in the county afterwards called Abbeville; Richard Anderson near the line between it and Edgefield; and Judge Simpkins in the latter, and near the present court house; Col. Waters and Gen. Casey were between Broad and Saluda rivers, and in Newberry; Col. Brandon north of Enoree, in the county afterwards called Union; and Simon Berwick in Spartanburgh. This is the gentleman who was murdered by outlaws on his return from the seat of government, probably in 1783.

The Act of 1785 (ratified 22d of March) commonly called the County Court Act, and drawn, as is generally understood, by Judge Pendleton, provides for a court to be held in every county, once in three months, by seven Justices of the Peace, to hold their commissions during good behavior, and to be elected, first, by a joint nomination by the Senate and House of Representatives; vacancies among them, afterwards occurring, were to be filled by themselves; any three of the said Justices were a quorum to hold the said courts. The number of Justices was increased two by the Act of 10th of March, 1786, and by the Act of 17th March, 1787, was further increased to eleven.

The Justices of the Peace first appointed to hold the county courts for Newberry, were, as appears from the records of 1785 and 1786, Robert Rutherford, Robert Gil-



lam, George Ruff, Levi Casey, John Lindsey, Philemon Waters, and Levi Manning. The first county court was held at the house of Colonel Robert Rutherford, 5th of September, 1755. The Justices present were Robert Rutherford, Robert Gillam, Geo. Ruff, and Levi Casey. The Clerk and Sheriff were, by the County Court Act, to be appointed by a majority of the county court Judges. From the entry made in the records, it appears that Thomas Gordon had been appointed by the Justices before their meeting as a court, Sheriff of Newberry, and commissioned by the Governor, William Moultrie, for two years, the term of the Sheriff's office according to the constitution of 1777. At the first meeting, William Malone was appointed Clerk, and held his commission during good behaviour. He continued Clerk, and discharged the duties of his office by his deputies, Thomas Brooks Rutherford, Major Frederick Nance, and William Satterwhite, to May term, 1791, when, on his resignation, Major Frederick Nance was appointed in his stead.

It appears that at September court, 1796, held at the house of Colonel Robert Rutherford, (Justices present, Robert Gillam, Robert Rutherford, Philemon Waters, Levi Casey, John Lindsey, and William Caldwell,) the following entry in relation to the court house, was made: "Pursuant to law, the Justices proceed to situate the court house of this county at John Coate's, (little) or within one mile and a half of that place, as future circumstances may direct, pointing out the most advantage that may be derived to the publick in situating the same." It is to be observed that this is the first time that William Caldwell appeared on the bench as one of the county Judges.

This was the first step to the settlement of the controversy about the location of the court house. The court



was, notwithstanding the order of September, '86, held March term, 1787, at Colonel Rutherford's. At June term the court assembled at the same place, on the 4th of the month: present Robert Rutherford, Levi Casey, Philemon Waters, George Ruff, John Means, William Caldwell, and Robert Gillam, Justices. They adjourned to meet the next day, "at John Coate's, on the north side of Bush River, agreeable to the order of September, 1786." At this court Robert Gillam, who had been previously appointed, produced his commission and assumed the duties of Sheriff. At the September court, (7th,) present, Philemon Waters, George Ruff, Levi Manning, Levi Casey, John Means, and John Hampton, Justices, the following entry was made: "William Caldwell, Esq., and Mr. Joseph Wright are appointed to run the line agreed on by the Justices to fix the public buildings by, and that they return their survey to the Justices on the 4th Monday in this month, at the house of John Coate's, and the surveyors sworn." The survey was made, and resulted as stated in No. 1: no entry, however, is made about it until the September term, 1787, when the Clerk was ordered to pay to William Caldwell and Joseph Wright, "surveyors of a line across the county, in order to settle the place for the public buildings of the said county, the sum of £2 16s. each, and £3 10s. to the chain carriers." The matter remained under the order of September, '86, until September, '88, when at a court, wherein Philemon Waters, Levi Casey, Robert Rutherford, William Waddlington, and John Lindsey, Justices, presided, an order was made, reciting the order of '86, and stating that since it, that part of the county below the Orangeburg line had been taken off, and therefore the court house and other public buildings should be erected on the lands of Samuel Teague,





near the Tea Table rock, and commissioners were appointed to buy two acres for the same from Mr. Teague, and to have the buildings erected. By the Act of 1788, (20th January,) the eight miles below the Ninety-Six or Orangeburg district line, (now our district line, as described in No. 1,) added to Newberry county by the Act of 1785, were taken off and included in Lexington county.

At March court, 1789, present, Robert Rutherford, James Mayson, Jacob Roberts Brown, Philemon Waters, William Caldwell, Mercer Babb, and Thomas W. Waters, Justices, it appears from an entry that John Coate "made a present to the county of two acres, on which to erect the public buildings," which was accepted by the votes of all present, except Robert Rutherford, who objected "by reason the place was not *central*." Col. Philemon Waters and William Caldwell were directed to lay out the two acres thus given; which they did, and returned a plat. It is embraced by the parallelogram made by Caldwell street on the east; Pratt street, south; McKilbin street, west; and Boyce street, north. Titles were made, and Mr. Coate was called into court and received the thanks of the Justices for this liberality.

One of his grandsons now lives at the town thus begun, and will, it is hoped, always receive patronage and respect, *for that* his grandfather gave to public use all that beautiful square described.

In 1791 (19th of February) an Act was passed, constituting, as it were, a new era in the county courts. The number of Judges were reduced to three, "to be elected by joint nomination by the Senate and House of Representatives." The Judges elected for Newberry county were James Mayson, Jacob Roberts Brown, and George Ruff. Col. Mayson lived in Abbeville, but owned the



place called Peach Hill, in Newberry. The grand jury, at July term, presented, as a grievance, that one of the Judges lived in another county, and it, with the other presentments, were, at October term, ordered to be entered on the minutes, and Judge Ruff "was directed to send them to the next Legislature." Nothing resulted from this, for Colonel Mayson continued, to the dissolution of the county courts, a Judge, and a most excellent one, too, for Newberry. At July term, '92, Judge Ruff resigned: Levi Casey was appointed in his place. The Act of '95 curtailed very much the jurisdiction of the county courts: that of '99, by its 9th clause, ended the whole matter by abolishing (most happily) the county courts. Newberry was, I think, most fortunate, even in her county court administration. Yet I have no doubt there were many abuses, and certainly there are a good many rather humorous anecdotes arising out of it.

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### No. 3.

As this number will be principally devoted to the preservation of some county court anecdotes, I will venture to commence it, by relating a matter, the sequel to which is given in the minutes of the county court, now before me.

In November, '86, at the election of members of the General Assembly, a gentleman, living then on the Beav-er-dam, or Bush River, was a candidate. He was particularly obnoxious to the Euoree settlement. It was found, at the poll, at Col. Rutherford's, (the *quasi* court house,) which was, I presume, then the only one, in the district, that he was receiving such a number of votes, as



would insure his election. To defeat it, a rather heady young man, (afterwards, and to his death, in 1816, a good and respectable citizen,) seized the bag containing the votes, tore it up, and trode the votes in the mud, so that it was impossible any return could be made. At March court, 1757, the following entry appears on the journals: "Aaron Cates came into court, and confessed himself guilty of a breach of the peace, in disturbing the election held in this county, in November last for members of the General Assembly, and threw himself on the mercy of the court, and begged forgiveness for his offence, and prayed a bill of indictment might not go to the grand jury—the court took his case into consideration, and proceeded to fine him one shilling," &c. This is, indeed, an unheard of proceeding, and judgment, in a court of justice: and yet, perhaps, the times, and state of society excused it.

The pleading, in the county court, is remarkable for its singularity and brevity. I cite the case of Daniel McElduff vs. Elizabeth and Wm. Turner—debt. The record is as follows: "Came the plaintiff by James Yancy, Esq., his attorney, and the defendants, by Chas. Goodwin, gentleman, their attorney came and defend and say they are not indebted to the plaintiff, as he in his declaration sets forth, and of this they put themselves on the country, and the plaintiff does likewise the same. Therefore, the parties join issue for the trial of the cause at the next court."

Some of my friends, who once figured at the Lexington bar, must have taken pattern by this, when such a plea as the following was pleaded: "The said defendant comes and defends, &c., and says, that he does not owe the said plaintiff one cent, but on the contrary, he oweth him considerable."



In the practice of the court, the power of the court to punish for contempt was, I see, freely exercised. On one occasion, one of the Judges and the County Attorney were each fined £5 for a contempt, very probably for blows stricken, in the presence of the court, and were bound to keep the peace. At the succeeding term, acknowledgments were made, and the fines remitted. But a most extraordinary proceeding is mentioned in February term, 1797. Wm. McGlamery, Hugh McGlamery and Patrick Bradley, (I give the names, as they appear in the minutes—the true names of the two first are Wm. and Hugh Montgomery,) had been arrested for an assault and contempt of the court, (probably fighting in the court yard,) and having broke custody, the Brigadier General, (Casey, I presume,) issued his orders for their apprehension. They were retaken and brought before the court and fined, the two first \$60 each, the other \$20. This was raising the *posse comitatus* with a vengeance!

I have heard some other instances of summary punishment, one of which shows the rude manners of the day. In '87 or '88, or thereabouts, a cake baker, known better by the nickname of Billy Behold, than his real name, William English, was engaged in an affray, in front of Coate's house, where the court was in session, the Sheriff and his *posse* of constables were sent out to suppress it. They seized Billy Behold, and dragged him in. Unable to get him through the crowd, thronging around the temporary bar, they lifted him up over the heads of the people, and threw him down among the lawyers. He was ordered to gaol. Next morning he made his peace by telling their worships, "behold, behold," he said, "may it please your worships, I was a little *teddivated*." A strange word, but perhaps a pretty good one to describe drunkenness.





Another instance of the familiarity, and of the want of respect with which the court was treated, may be given. Paddy Bradley, mentioned in the second paragraph above, on a court day, had taken "a wee drap too much," and had mounted himself up on one end of the long bench occupied by their worships, who were engaged in an earnest discussion about the ways and means to pay for building a bridge. It was urged, one would think, very conclusively, that they had not the money, and therefore could not build it. But Paddy's drink and Irish propensity to blunder, made him think otherwise, and induced him to intrude his advice, "Egad," he said, "gie them trust for pay!" Whether they took his sage advice or not, I am not informed, but it is more than possible they did.

A scene between Peter Carnes, a well-known lawyer of that day, and Judge Mayson in Court, is worth recording. It was at June or July term, Carnes made his appearance, in his shirt sleeves. Judge Mayson, who was a Scotchman, said to him, "Mr. Carnes, the coort don't know you!" "Humph," said Carnes, "don't know me, ha!" Turning upon his heel, and walking out of court, he purchased a blanket, and cutting a hole in it, he thrust his head through, and drawing it around him, walked into the court room, and presenting himself to their worships, he demanded, "Does the court know me now?" The effect may be imagined—an universal laugh excused the contempt. Carnes' argument was, that although the rule of court required a lawyer to wear a gown, it had not prescribed the color, and therefore his blanket was a sufficient gown!

One of Judge Mayson's judgments is remembered. It was characteristic of the man and of the court. The case was assault and battery. Timothy Goodman *vs.*



John Tune. Goodman was celebrated for card playing, and Tune, as a bully. Goodman, it appeared, cheated Tune at cards, and he whipped him. Mayson, for himself and his brethren, said "as Mr. Goodman was a carder, and Mr. Tune a fighter, the judgment of the court was, that each party should pay his own costs, and go without day."

Carnes and Shaw were rival lawyers, at the county court bar of Newberry—Carnes was a very large man—Shaw a very small one. Carnes was remarkable for his wit and good humor—Shaw for his pride and petulance. The latter when irritated could make no argument. On one occasion, in a case of some consequence, Carnes had made the opening speech, and sat down. Shaw arose and commenced his argument alongside of Carnes. When standing, the lappel of the coat of the former was just even with that of the latter. Large buttons, and straight-breasted coats were then the rage. Carnes buttoned a button or two of Shaw's coat into his, snatched up his hat, jumped up in a great hurry, and walked to the door, dragging, apparently without noticing it, poor Shaw after him. At the door, he affected to have discovered it, for the first time, and looking down at him with apparent surprise, he exclaimed, "Brother *pop corn*, what mischievous rascal hitched you to me?" The *ruse* had the effect intended. Shaw, when released, was so enraged he could not make his speech.

Carnes' comment on Robert Starks' first speech in an assault and battery case at Newberry, and Starks' practical reply are too good to be lost. Neither Starks' exterior nor speech had impressed Carnes with any favorable notion of his learning or talent. He said to the Judges he did not believe the young gentleman knew what an assault and battery was. Starks was instantly



on his feet, shaking his fist in Carnes' face, he said, "*that is an assault!*," and drawing back, and striking him a full blow in the face with his fist, sufficient to have felled an ox, he said, "*there is battery.*" Carnes sat down, rubbing his forehead, and exclaiming, "*I did not think the fellow had so much sense!*"

So much for the present. In our next, I propose to go back, and look over the population of Newberry in groups, before and after the revolution; and in connection with such a survey, some matter of history and anecdote may be related.

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#### No. 4.

In attempting to sketch the population of the district in groups before and after the revolution, much must depend upon tradition, until we come within the last forty years; *then*, indeed, we may speak from some knowledge of our own. Previous to this time, which, in legal language we may call within the memory of man, there may be occasional inaccuracies. When any such are discovered, it would be regarded as a singular favor, that they should be pointed out.

Newberry was settled very much by three classes of people, Germans, Irish, and emigrants from our sister States, North Carolina, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

The Germans, (*i. e.* the Summers, Mayers, Ruffs, Eaglebergers, Counts, Slighs, Piesters, Grays, DeWaits, Boozers, Busbys, Bazzards, Shealys, Bedenbaughs, Cromers, Berleys, Hellers, Koons, Wingards, Subers, Folks, Dickerts, Capplemans, Halfacres, Chapmans, Blacks,



Kinards, Bonknights, Barrs, Harmons, Bowers, Kiblers, Galbans, Levers, Hartmans, Fricks, Stoumoyers, Dominicks, Singleys, Bulows, Paysingers, Wallerns, Staleys, Riddlehoovers, Librands, Leaparts, Hopes, Houseals, Debnards, Shulers, Haliwangers, Swigarts, Meetzers, Shumperts, Fulmores, Livingstons, Schmitz, Eleazers, Drehrs, Loricks, Wises, Crotwells, Youngeners, Nuramakers, Souters, Eptings, and Huffmans,) settled almost in a body, in the Fork, between Broad and Saluda Rivers; and their settlement extended from the junction of the two rivers, opposite to Columbia to within three miles and a half of Newberry Court House. Much more of this settlement was included in the original county of Newberry, when the line extended from a point eight miles below Hughey's ferry, on Broad River, to the mouth of Bear Creek, on Saluda River, than is embraced in the present district. Such a line would bring, within Newberry, the whole of the old settlement of Springhill, west of Mrs. Veal's present residence. In speaking of Newberry, we shall consider it proper to speak of it as embracing this rich portion of Lexington as well as its present limits.

The German settlement, headed by Adam Summer, the father of Col. John Adam Summer, began in 1745, and was called the Dutch Fork. Notwithstanding this name, very few of the Dutch proper, (Hollanders,) settled in Newberry. Some of the settlers were either Palatines, or their descendants. To relieve the people of England from the support of the poor Palatines, who had been, by the oppression of their own government in religious matters, and the invasion of a foreign enemy, driven from Germany, and had in large numbers come over to England, under the proclamation of Queen Anne, and were quartered in tents and booths in the vicinity of London, measures were taken early to send them off to





North Carolina and South Carolina. For in 1710, "the inviting, and bringing over the poor Palatines of all religions, at the public expense," was pronounced by Parliament "to be an extravagant and unreasonable charge to the kingdom, and a scandalous misapplication of the public money, tending to the increase and oppression of the poor, and of dangerous consequence to the constitution in Church and State, and that who ever advised their being brought over was an enemy to the Queen (Anne) and the kingdom." After such a resolution, the removal of the Palatines was, as might be expected, pressed and hastened in every possible way. Commissioners were appointed by the Queen to collect and receive money for their use, and to provide them with settlements. The commissioners allowed £5 per head to transport them; and each of them who had received 20 shillings of the contributions for their use, placed *that* in the hands of Christopher DeGraffenreid\* and Lewis

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\* This gentleman, Christopher DeGraffenreid, commonly called and known in the histories of America, as Baron DeGraffenreid, was a native of the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, and hence the settlement of his colony was called New Berne, and this gave rise to the name of the town, now known as Newburn, in North Carolina. It is said in Williamson's History of North Carolina, that he abandoned the Palatines, and returned to Switzerland. If this be so, he must have, at a subsequent time, returned to the United States, or he must have left his family behind him, when he returned to Switzerland, or his family must have afterwards come to America, for his descendants, Christopher and Allen DeGraffenreid, lived in Union and Chester districts to their deaths. The former had in his possession, as I have understood, the grants to his ancestor for a large body of land in North Carolina. It is said in Williamson's History of North Carolina, that five thousand acres were granted to DeGraffenreid on his paying 20 shillings for every 100 acres, and six pence quit rents, and that he complied with these conditions, and thus became Baron DeGraffenreid. The lands for the Palatines were also granted to him. He mortgaged them to Pollock: never paid the debt, and thus the Palatines lost their land, which is now owned by the Pollocks.



Mitchell, who undertook, and did transport 650, (about 120 families,) to North Carolina. A few found their way to South Carolina. For them, the township of Saxe Gothia on the south side of the Congaree, and in the immediate vicinage of Granby, was directed to be laid off. Before 1746, I learn from the case of the State vs. Starke, 3d Brev. 106. about twenty settlers answering the description of the persons for whom the township was laid out, had settled in it. But they could not long have maintained their footing, for it was subsequently granted, and recovered by the late Robert Starke, Esq. On the trial of the case above cited, one of the witnesses for Starke, the defendant, was Frederick Boozer, (the father of our late worthy fellow-citizen, David Boozer, who recently, so strangely destroyed himself.) After the death of the said Frederick in 1816, it was found he had in his possession a grant for a part of the said township to his father. Hence, I conclude, *he* was one of the Palatines. Busby, who died in Edgefield, at an age said to be greatly above 100, was another one of the witnesses, and proved on the trial the building of the fort for the protection of the settlers. He was also, I suppose, a Palatine.

From Dr. Hazellius' excellent work, "The American Lutheran Church," I learn, that the original German settlers were generally from the neighborhood of the Rhine, Baden and Wurtemberg. This accords with what is said in Williamson's History of North Carolina. We are told in his first volume, page 176, that the Palatines were "from Heidelberg and its vicinity on the Rhine."

Many of the German settlers, other than the Palatines, as well as the Irish, hereafter to be spoken of, received grants of land, on what was called the King's bounty; that is, emigrants obtained bounty warrants (if I recollect right) of 100 acres for the head of a family,



and 50 acres for each child. These were, also often called *Head Rights*. Many of the German and Irish settlers, in consequence of their gratitude to the King for this bounty, adhered to him in the revolution. Some few of the Germans, such as Col. John Adam Summer and Major Frederick Gray were ardent and devoted whigs. I have been often told, that on the field of Stono, Col. John Adam Summer, then a private, was one of the men, who, under the command of Philemon Waters, (then, perhaps, only a captain,) brought off an American field piece, after it had been abandoned by its officers and men. Of Maj. Gray's services, I know nothing certain. His father's family were divided: part adhered to the King; he alone, I think, was a whig. In some of the partisan affairs, with which the war abounded, he was wounded, but he recovered, lived long in Newberry, at the places where James Maffitt and Thomas Chandler now live. He was major of one of the battalions of the now 39th regiment; he was also a member of the State Legislature; he removed, when he was an old man, to Abbeville, and there died, full of years, surrounded by his numerous highly respectable descendants.

The German population of Newberry have been at all times remarkable for their thrift. Previous to 1804, they still occupied, almost without exception, the original settlement, the territorial limits of which have been herein before described. Their farms were generally small. The German language was spoken and taught; and it was sometimes with difficulty that German women could be induced, (if they were able,) to speak to a stranger in English.\* Since then, however, their set-

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\* It is a singular fact in Natural History that until within the last thirty or thirty-five years, in all that tract of country lying on Bush



lements have been gradually extended, until they have pretty much lost their nationality, which before distinguished them. They are *now* intermingled with the other population of the district. They are now as remarkable for their love of improvement, as their ancestors were for honest acquisition and industry.

An intimate knowledge of, and acquaintance with the German people of Newberry, enable me to say, that for honesty, hospitality, untiring industry, fidelity in the discharge of every duty, public and private, devoted and unchanging friendship, intelligence and a desire for education, they are *now* unsurpassed. In the beginning of the 19th century, they were little disposed to indulge in speculation of any kind. I have often heard it said, that any one in whom they had confidence, could by riding to three or four houses in the Dutch Fork, have borrowed \$1,000 in silver. Their small gains had been carefully hoarded, and were willingly loaned to any safe borrower. But in a few years, raising cotton, and the spread of intelligence gave them all the means of entering successfully, as agriculturist, merchants, mechanics, lawyers and doctors, in the race for wealth and distinction, and nobly, in hundreds of instances, have they succeeded.

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River, and generally west of a line from the mouth of Bush River to the mouth of Indian Creek, the night bird, whose cry sounds "Whip-poor-Will" was that generally heard: now and then a solitary "Chuck-Will's-Widdow" commonly called the *Dutch "Whip-poor-Will,"* enlivened the night. The former bird is now never heard in any part of the district, where I have had the opportunity of observing. It sometimes salutes me, like an old acquaintance, about Laurens. The latter bird is now universal with us. The popular notion was, that it traveled westward with the Germans. I presume, however, the true solution is that the "Whip-poor-Will" proper is a more solitary bird, and as the forest falls, and settlements become more dense, like the Buffalo, it passes on, and the latter bird, less solitary, takes its place.





Their hospitality has been always remarkable. Perhaps I could say, with truth, nothing delights a German, (a Dutchman, as we familiarly call him,) more than to have a traveler stop with him: and certainly nothing delights his wife more than to crown the table with enough and to spare of good and well cooked provisions. Often have I looked with amazement at the cheerfulness with which I have seen the ladies of the Fork, toiling day after day, and night after night, to make their husband's guests comfortable.

Among the German population, until education and improvement pervaded the mass, there was much superstition, such as belief in ghosts, witches and charms.

A German of the name of Kinard, (not, however, related to my worthy friend, Capt. Martin Kinard,) was particularly remarkable for his belief in all such foolish and absurd notions. He told many extravagant stories of ghosts, who, he affirmed, were allowed to walk in certain limits. One is remembered. He said, that he and an unbeliever were riding after night, and were approaching a ghost's walk, when his companion, using a very unseemly word, said, "here is where one of them — was sworn in." Kinard said, "I do assure you, the word was hardly out of his mouth, when spang a hand takes him on the side of the head, and comes mighty nigh knocking him off his horse." "Aha!" said Kinard, "may be he was not still after dat!"

A good old lady, belonging to the Irish settlement in the Stone hills, near to where he lived, Kinard affirmed to be a *witch*. "Ah," said he, "may be she does not milk the dish rag!" On being challenged for proof he said, he milked a great many more cows, and "we churns, and churns, and at last we get a little bit of butter, not so big as mine fist. She churns a little and



gets a great big bit, so big as mine head." Poor simpleton, the old lady's witchcraft consisted in feeding and taking care of her cows.

A description which he gave of a Dutch doctor physicking himself, tragical as it turned out to be, is too good to be lost. He said he was sick, and he went out into the woods, and he got "yerbs and roots, and he boiled and boiled, until it was as black as tar, and drank a cup full of it, and I assures you, it take four men to hold him down till he die!"

I have often heard the Germans of the Fork charged with such belief in witchcraft, that at each house, at the door step, and nailed to the sill, might be found a horse shoe, as a charm against it. But I have never seen any thing to justify such an assertion. Indeed, *now*, I believe, they are as free from such foolery as most people. In 1812, Henry Hampton, more celebrated for his wit than his law knowledge, in arguing File's case, at Newberry, thought proper to attack the good old man, whose horse had been stolen, Geo. Cretwell, and to say of him and all his brother Germans, that they all believed in witchcraft, and had each a horse shoe nailed beneath his door. The slander traveled ahead of him, and so indignant were the Forkers, that on his way to Columbia, he could not get lodging for the night.

Many among the Germans once believed in *using*, that is, the cure of disease by cabalistic words, and passing the hand of the operator over the part of the body or limb affected. Many well authenticated cures have been found in *the Fork*. Since *mesmerism* has become fashionable, and is believed by many intelligent, well-educated men, I confess I cannot see why *using* should not also be. It is but another name for *mesmerism*. I



fancy, Dr. Koon\* can present as many claims to be believed, as Drs. Webster and Trotter, and if a college of instruction in mesmerism was to be established in this State, I think Dr. Koon has more claims to be President than any man within my knowledge.

In general, Germans are remarkable for truth. They have not as much imagination as the Irish, the English, the French, or the Native Americans. They are, therefore, not as liable to lie. Notwithstanding this, one of the greatest lies which I ever heard was ascribed to a *Dutchman*. He was reported to have said, "I was mind-ing mine tadda's sheeps, inside of de field, among dem was a crate pig fighting ram sheep. Along, outside of de fence, comes anoder crate pig fighting ram sheep; they tid make signs mit their heads at one anoder through de fence. I tid let de fence down, and they tid come together, ram, jam, and deir horns did make the fire fly, so that it did set fire to de woods, and burnt up mine tadda's fence—and may be he wash not mad!"

So much, and perhaps too much, for the present. Hereafter, I hope to be able to speak more at large of Col. John Adam Summer, and other highly meritorious Germans. In the next number, it is proposed to treat of a class of the early inhabitants, who have, as a body, entirely disappeared. I allude to the *Friends*, commonly called Quakers.

#### No. 5.

The Quaker settlement was on Bush River and the Beaverdam. It extended from three to four miles on

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\* The doctor died soon after this was written.



each side of the river. A line drawn from the Tea Table Rock, by the place once owned by Wm. Miles, now the property of Mathias Barr, to Goggan's old field, now Washington Floyd's, would be about the northwest limit. The settlement was prolonged down the river to the plantation, formerly the property of Col. Philemon Waters now of Chancellor Johnston. No finer body of land can be found in South Carolina, than that embraced within those limits.

When the settlement commenced, or whence came the great body of settlers, it is out of my power to say with certainty. Certain it is that Wm. Coate, before '62, lived between Spring Field and Bush River, and that Samuel Kelly, a native of King's county, Ireland, but who came to Newberry from Camden, settled at Spring Field in '62, John Furnas at the same time, and adjoining, made his settlement. David Jenkins, about the same time, or possibly a few years before, settled on the plantation where Major Peter Hare resides. Benjamin Pearson and Wm. Pearson lived on the plantation, once the property of John Frost, now that of Judge O'Neill, as early as '69. Robert Evans, who settled the place now owned by Sampson Marchant, came also from Camden, probably between '62 and '69. John Wright, Jos. Wright, William Wright, James Brooks, Joseph Thomson, James Patty, Gabriel McCoolle, John Coate, (Big) Isaac Hollingsworth, William O'Neill, Walter Herbert, Sr., Daniel Parkins, Daniel Smith, Samuel Miles, David Miles, William Miles, Samuel Brown, Israel Gaunt, Azariah Pugh,\* William Mills, Jonathan and Caleb Gilbert, John Galbreath, James Galbreath, James Coppock, John Coppock, Joseph Reagin,

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\* The ancestor of Senator Pugh, of Ohio.





John Reagin, Abel and James Insko, Jesse Spray, Samuel Teague, George Pemberton, Jehu Inman, Mercer Babb, James Steddum, John Crumpton, Isaac Cook, John Jay, Reason Reagen, Thomas and Isaac Hasket, Thos. Pearson, the two Enoch Pearsons, Samuel Pearson, Nehemiah Thomas, Abel Thomas, Timothy Thomas, Euclidus Longshore, Sarah Duncan, Samuel Duncan and John Duncan, were residents of the same tract of country before or during the revolution, and were Friends or were ranked as such by descent.

The Friends had three places of meeting, one, the oldest and principal, at Bush River, where their house of worship still stands, neglected, but not desecrated. Within the grave yard, south of it, sleep hundreds of the early settlers of Bush River. Often have I seen more than five hundred Friends, women and children, there gathered together to worship God in silence, and to listen to the outpouring of the spirit, with which some of the Friends, male or female, might be visited. In imagination, often can I see the aged form of the elder David Jenkins, sitting immediately below the preacher's bench, on the left of the southern entrance to the men's meeting, leaning on the head of his staff, his large protruding lower lip, the most remarkable feature of his face. Along side of him might be seen the tall form and grey hairs of Tanner Thomson, as he used to be called. Scarcely could the sacred stillness of Friends' meeting, keep him from snapping his thumb and finger together, as if feeling a side of leather. Just here I recall the person of Isaac Hollingsworth. His was a stalwart form, more than six feet high. He sits the picture of firmness, and ever and anon, throwing up the ample brim of his flapping beaver, he looks as if he was restless for execution. He it was of whom youngsters, who did not



know the meaning of "turning out of meeting" used to suppose the duty was demanded of leading an erring member to the door, saying to him, as he applied his foot to the seat of honor: "Friends have no further use for thee." A little further to the right or lower down, might be seen the pale features of that excellent man, Joseph Furnas! Near to him was to be seen the tall, erect form, florid complexion, clear, blue eye, ample forehead, and grey hair of John Kelly, Sr.; just alongside of him might be seen Isaac Kirk. Friend Kirk, as he used to be called, was a true Quaker. He was plain and simple as a child, kind and forbearing in every thing. No better heart was ever covered by a straight-breasted coat. He had his peculiarities: one, that in reading, he read as if he was singing the passages—another, that when talking to any one his foot had always to be in motion. It was, therefore said, when he called on a debtor to dun him, his mission was known by his kicking the chips, sticks and stones all around. In this vicinage might be seen the person of Samuel Gaunt, dressed with all the precision of a Quaker, but neat as a pin. A little above him might be seen the tall form and gray hairs of James Brooks. A little lower might be seen the brothers, Abijah, Hugh, William, John, Henry and Thomas O'Neill. Some description of some of these may be afterwards attempted, but here will not now be given.

In the women's meeting, on the preacher's bench, under their immense white beavers, I recall the full round faces and forms of the sisters, Charity Cook and Susannah Hollingsworth. Both wives, both mothers of large families, still they felt it to be their duty to preach "Jesus and him crucified." The first, Charity Cook, was indeed a gifted woman. She traveled through the States



extensively. Twice visited England and Ireland. When her husband drove his stage wagon into Rabun's creek, at a time when it was high, drowned two horses, and only escaped drowning himself by riding a chunk to land, she swam to the shore, and thus saved herself. Her sister, Susannah Hollingsworth, was not so highly gifted. Henry O'Neill, and other young Friends, used to affirm, that when Aunt Suzey, as she was called, began to pray, they could always keep ahead of her by repeating the words she was about to say. 'Just below the preacher's bench, the once round and graceful form (afterwards bent by 82 winters) of Hannah Kelly, once Hannah Belton, a native of Queen's county, Ireland, might be seen.' No more intelligent, kind, or benevolent face ever met the upturned gaze of her juniors. Well might it be said of her, that she was indeed "a mother in Israel." Her eye of blue, her long straight nose, high cheek bones, and clear Irish complexion, can scarcely ever be forgotten by those who saw her. Their other places of meeting were Rocky Spring, now a Baptist meeting house, and White Lick, on the land where Robert Burton now lives. They were much junior to that of Bush River, and therefore they are not necessary to be further described.

Every thing relating to Friends *here* is now a novelty. Their very dress, the broad-brimmed, low-crowned hats, straight-breasted, collarless coats; breeches without suspenders, and of the plainest color, is strange to us *now*, but was and is defended upon the ground that they seek no change—it is comfortable, and as they found society dressed in the time of George Fox, so it is with them now. The dress of the females, was equally plain, and defended on the same ground. White beavers, with the mere indentation for a crown, with a brim around it of



full six inches every way, secured on the head by a plain white ribbon passing through loops, or perfectly plain silk bonnets called hoods; caps as plain as possible; long-waisted gowns or wrappers and petticoats, constituted the *tout ensemble* of a Quaker lady's dress. Their language 'thou,' to a single person, or 'you' to more than one, was grammatical, and free from all personal idolatry, and therefore they used it. It is true, that it was corrupted, and 'thee' the objective instead of the nominative case of the personal pronoun was used.

They met to transact business and worship on the fifth day, (Thursday,) weekly, and on the seventh day, (Saturday,) monthly. There were also quarterly and yearly meetings of delegates. The meeting for worship was every first day (Sunday) at 11 o'clock. At that hour all entered the house, and sat covered and in silence for an hour, unless the spirit moved some Friend to speak. Any Friend may speak under the influence of the spirit, but in general only those speak in public whose gifts have been approved. If prayer be made, then the Friend who prays, uncovers himself, and kneeling down, utters the petitions which the spirit prompts. The congregation rise and the men are uncovered during prayer. As soon as it is closed, all take their seats covered. At the end of the hour, the elder members grasp one another by the hand, walk out and every body starts for home.

Just here, I may be pardoned for stopping and relating an anecdote. John Wright, the father of Charity Cook and Susannah Hollingsworth, was a very aged man at the time of which I am about to speak, but principally accustomed to walk to and from meeting. He was living with his daughter, Susannah Hollingsworth; something prevented her from going to meeting; she induced the old man to ride her mare. This he did; but





after meeting, he walked out of the meeting house, and home as usual. As he entered the door, his daughter said to him, "Father, where is the mare?" "Dads me, Sue, I forgot her," was the old man's prompt reply. This old gentleman before his death, assembled his sons, his sons' wives, his daughters, his daughters' husbands, his grand children, and their respective wives and husbands, and his great grand-children. When all were assembled, they numbered one hundred and forty-four. Did he not deserve well of the Republic? Where can such a family now be found?

A pair of young people about to marry, are said to pass meeting by their purpose being announced at one monthly meeting, when a committee is appointed to inquire if there be any objections. At the next, if their report be favorable, Friends assent to the marriage, and on the succeeding fifth day (Thursday) it takes place by the man and woman standing up and holding one another by the right hand, and repeating the ceremony. The man says about as follows: "I take this my friend to be my wedded wife, whom I will love, cherish and her only keep, until it shall please the Lord to separate us by death." The woman says, "I take this my friend to be my husband, whom I will love, honor and obey, until it shall please the Lord to separate us by death." I may not be accurate in the words. I am sure I am in substance, although I never saw but two marriages of Friends, one of Robert Evans and Keren Happuch Gaunt in 1806; and the other of Joseph Stanton and Sarah Hollingsworth in 1807. As soon as the ceremony is repeated, they sit down; a Friend, most generally the clerk of the men's meeting, reads a certificate of the marriage, which is signed by Friends present. The meeting then proceeds, as usual, to its close. I



ought to have mentioned before, that there is a clerk of both the men's and women's meeting. Every thing of importance is regularly entered upon their books, such as business transactions, marriages, births and deaths. Every child born of parents who are Friends, is by descent a Friend. The same result follows, if the mother alone be a Friend. No beggar or pauper was ever known among Friends. They take care of all such. Their meeting of Sufferings provides for these and all other wants.

The Quaker community of Bush River was a most interesting one. Small farms, enough and to spare among all, was its general state. Hard working, healthy, yet an honest, innocent and mirthful, though a staid people, make up altogether an interesting picture. It is true, among them were many hickory, or formal Quakers; now and then some wet, or grog-drinking Quakers; and now and then some cheating Quakers. But these are now no more—of each I would only say, "*requiescat in pace.*" The only valid objection which I know to the practice of Friends is, that they do not generally sufficiently attend to the religious education of their children and the reading of the Scriptures. In this respect, there are, I know, many, very many illustrious exceptions; and I believe their rules require the Scriptures to be read, and their children to be religiously instructed. In other points, I think no religious community can present better claims for respect, and even the admiration of men.

In the beginning, Friends were slave owners in South Carolina. They however soon sat their faces against it, and in their peculiar language, they have uniformly borne their testimony against the institution of slavery, as irreligious. Such of their members as refused to



emancipate their slaves, when emancipation was practicable in this State, they disowned. Samuel Kelly, who was the owner of a slave or slaves in '62, when he came from Camden, refused to emancipate his, on the grounds that he had bought and paid for them: they were therefore his property: and that they were a great deal better off as his property, than they would be if free. He was therefore disowned. His brothers' children manumitted theirs. Some followed them to Ohio; others have lived *here* free, it is true, but in indigence and misery, a thousand times worse off than the slaves of Samuel Kelly and their descendants. For the far-seeing old gentleman took good care in his last will, that the bulk of his slaves who were left to his widow, should not be emancipated, by giving her the power to dispose of them at her death, provided it was to some member of or among his family. Friends are opposed to war; they therefore hold everything which appertains to it to be contrary to their discipline. Hence, Generals Greene and Brown were disowned. Still, however, they never entirely forgot their duty to their country. I have before me now the soldier's song, on the receipt of the Quakers' present of 10,000 flannel shirts, to the army marching from England into Scotland, against the Pretender:

"This *friendly* waistcoat keeps my body warm,  
 Intrepid on the march and free from harm,  
 A coat of mail, a sure defender,  
 Proof against the Pope, the Devil, and Pretender.  
 The Highland plaid of no such force can boast!  
 Armed thus, I'll plunge the foremost in their host,  
 With all my force, with all my strength, with all my might,  
 And fight for those whose creeds forbid to fight!"

After the bloody battle of Guilford, gladly did Friends obey the call of him, whom, although disowned, they gloried in claiming as a Quaker, Nathaniel Greene, and



rushed in throngs to take charge of the wounded Americans and Britons!

Between '97 and '99, Abijah O'Neill and Samuel Kelly, Jr., bought the military land of Jacob Roberts Brown, in Ohio; the great body of it was in Warren county, near Waynesville. Abijah O'Neill visited, located the land, and in '99, in the language of Samuel Kelly, Sr:

"Beyond the mountain and far away,  
With wolves and bears to play,"

he commenced his toilsome removal to his western home. When about starting, he applied to Friends for his regular certificate of membership, &c. This they refused him, on the ground that his removal was itself such a thing as did not meet their approbation. Little did they *then* dream that in less than ten years they would all be around him in the then far West!

Abijah O'Neill was about five feet eight inches high, stout, round-shouldered, light brown hair, eyes grey, nose Roman, mouth protruded slightly, his face had the appearance of great firmness. Such was his character. He came up to the Latin description, "*vir bonus tenax propositi.*" Every body knew this, as may be better illustrated by a little anecdote: a young man boarding with him, disposed to play off a joke on an old family negro, who had been manumitted, but who still lived with Miss Anne, (as he called Mrs. O'Neill,) seized the old man on his way to mill, and said to him, "Jack, I'll carry you off and sell you." "You can't do dat," said Jack; "de bery Bije (the usual abbreviation of the name Abijah) can't do dat." He had some strange peculiarities. For many years before his death, he would not sleep on a feather-bed; he must have a straw bed. Again, he cut his hair as close as possible, and had at





least two windows in the crown of his hat. This was to keep his head cool. He drank neither tea nor coffee. He was a surveyor, and after he went to Ohio spent much of his time in the woods as such, and as a hunter in the pursuit of game. He believed firmly that this State would, in time, become as sterile as the deserts of Arabia. Such at least were his words in 1810, when I last saw him.

But it will be asked, what became of the Friends? Between 1800 and 1804, a celebrated Quaker preacher, Zachary Dicks, passed through South Carolina. He was thought to have *also the gift of prophecy*. The massacres of San Domingo were then fresh. He warned Friends to come out from slavery. He told them if they did not their fate would be that of the slaughtered Islanders. This produced in a short time a panic, and removals to Ohio commenced, and by 1807 the Quaker settlement had, in a great degree, changed its population. John Kelly, Sr., Hugh O'Neill, John O'Neill, Henry O'Neill, James Brooks, Isaac Kirk, Walter Herbert, William Wright, Samuel Gaunt, William Pugh, and Timothy Thomas alone remained. Land which could often since, and even now after near forty years cultivation in cotton, can be sold for \$10, \$15 and \$20 per acre, was sold then for from \$3 to \$6. Newberry thus lost, from a foolish panic and a superstitious fear of an institution, which never harmed them or any other body of people, a very valuable portion of its white population. But they are gone, never to return! It is our business to repair the loss, by better agriculture, more attention to the mechanic arts, and more enterprise. Thus acting, our wasted fields will yet blossom like the rose, our streams will resound with the music of machinery, and our hills will be vocal with the songs of industry and peace.



## NOTE TO No. 5.

The screw auger was invented in Newberry, by a Quaker, Benjamin Evans, who lived on a place now owned by Gillam Davenport, and who removed with other Friends to Ohio. Joseph Smith and John Edmondson learned the trade with him, and followed it; the first until he was unable to follow it longer; the latter until he secured an independence. Many a box of screw augers have I seen sent by wagons to Charleston, between 1800 and 1807. I think Samuel Maverick,\* who now resides near Pendleton, then in Charleston, shipped some to England. Some one will ask, what sort of auger was previously used? The barrel auger, with a mere bit to enter the wood.

In rummaging some old papers, I found the following:

“Camp at Brooks’ plantation, 5th January, 1781.

This is to certify that James Galbreath has supplied the 1st Battalion 71st Regiment, with one hundred dozen sheaves of Oats, and ten bushels Indian Corn.

COLIN CAMPBELL, Q. M. 1st Bat. 71st Reg.”

“Brooks’ plantation” is where Clement Nance, Esq., formerly lived, near Bush river. James Galbreath was a Friend, and was never paid for his oats and corn. The 71st regiment was part of Tarleton’s command, which was then in pursuit of Morgan, and which twelve days afterwards fought the battle of the Cowpens, and were made prisoners. Tarleton marched from Cornwallis’ camp at Winnsborough, Fairfield District, across Broad River, thence to intercept Morgan, who made an apparent move on Ninety-Six. In the direct line to reach that place, or strike Morgan between there and Hammonds’ old store, he arrived at Bush River; one battalion of the

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\* Mr. Maverick died since this was written.



71st he threw across the river, and encamped it on its southwestern bank, at Jacob Chandler's, (now James Tinn's,) the other, with the main body of Tarleton's command, was encamped on the northeast side of the river, at Brooks' plantation. In the night a great fall of rain took place, and made the river impassable; there was no bridge across it, except at William O'Neall's mills (now Bobo's) five miles below Chandlers'. To unite the 2d battalion with the 1st, it had to descend the river, and after encamping for one night, at least, at William O'Neall's, it crossed at his mills, and united with the main body near Coate's shop, (Newberry Court House,) and encamped at the Tea Table Rock. Thence the march was directed, with little variation, for Morgan's camp, at the Grindall Shoals on Pacolet, and afterwards to the Cowpens. I suppose a delay of several days, perhaps three or four, occurred about Bush River. This, at the outside, would have brought Tarleton to the Tea Table Rock by the 9th January; from it to the Cowpens does not exceed seventy-five miles. How eight days could have been spent between these points, is to me inconceivable, especially when Tarleton is represented in history as rushing on his flying foe with his infantry mounted behind his cavalry. This discovery of the true date of his encampment at Bush River, shows that he approached the old wagoner with slow and cautious marches.

From Tarleton's Campaigns in the South, now before me, it seems that on the 2d January, 1780, Lord Cornwallis, still at Winnsboro', directed Tarleton, then west of Broad River, "If Morgan is still at Williams'," (in the lower or eastern part of Laurens District, and not far from Ninety-Six,) "or anywhere within your reach, I should wish you to push him to the utmost." Morgan never was at Williams'; a detachment from his command,



commanded by Cornet Simmons, had previously captured Williams' Fort.

On the 4th of January, Tarleton, writing to Lord Cornwallis, thus speaks of the country around Brooks', his encampment: "My encampment is now twenty miles from Bierly's, in a plentiful forage country, and I can lay in four days' flour for a move."—*Tarleton's Campaigns. Notes F. and G.* 214-5.

I annex three bills of goods bought in Charleston: one without date, and one in '83, and made out in South Carolina currency, 7 for 1; the other is in 1777, and is made out in the same currency, and appears to have been paid in current bills, issued probably in the State from 1774 to 1783. These three papers will give a better idea of the difficulty of the times than any description.

Mr. WM. O'NEALL

Bo't of ROWL'D RUGELEY

1 Paper Pins 3s9d; 1 pr Woms Hose 17s6.....	£1 : 1 : 3
1 Pr Woms Hose 17s9; 2 lb Allspice 10s.....	1 : 12 : 6
11 yds Green Callinanco, a 10s.....	7 : :
4 yds Red Durant a.15s is 60s.....	3 : :
20 Bushels Salt a 17s6.....	17 : 10 :
4 Wool Hats a 13s9 is 55s; 2 yds Callo is 35s.....	4 : 10 :
1 Pc Tape 7s6.....	7 : 6
2 lb Coffee is 15s.....	15 :
8 Copperas a 2s6 is 20s; ½lb Ginger 5s.....	1 : 5 :
1 India Silk Hankf 62s6.....	1 : 12 : 6
187 lbs Barr Iron a 7£.....	13 : : 9
55 lbs Ax Barr a 2s6.....	7 : :
30 lbs Brown Sugar.....	5 : 12 : 1
29 Wire Sieve, 35s; 5 gallons Molasses a 12s6 is 62s6....	4 : 17 : 6
v2 Quire Paper 7s6.....	0 : 15 :
	<hr/>
	£69 : 19 : 6
Deduct 1 gall mollasses.....	12 : 6
	<hr/>
	£69 : 7 : 0





Rec'd of Mr. O'Neal

2 Barrels Flour; Gro 60s  
R 60

	446 a 95s.....	25 18 6	
2 Ferkins Butter	184 R 34 is 150 a 2s0.....	20 12 6	
1 Perk Do	94 R 16 78 a 18.....	5 17 -	
			<u>52: 8: 0</u>
			<u>16: 19: -</u>

Mr. WILLIAM O'NEALL

1783 th

Bo't of PARKER &amp; HUTCHINGS

January 12,	2 Pewter Dishes and 2 Basons; ro't 11¼ lb at 19s.....	£5, 12, 5
	1 Hoe 17s6; 2 Doz'n fish Hooks 5s.....	1, 2, 6
	1 Sad Iron 15s, Scarlet Cloak 90s.....	5, 5, -
	1 Pr Spurs, 15s; 1 in tacks 12s7; 1 in ditto 15s	2, 2, 6
	3 in Pd Nails at 37s6 and bag 5s6.....	5, 15, -
	1 fur Hatt 57s6; 1 Doz'n knives and forks 30s	4, 7, 0
	1 Sett Bosses 5s; 10 yds Camblet £5.....	5, 5, 1
	7 yds Greece Calimanco at 11s3.....	3, 10, 9
	1 Blk Silk hkhf 32s6; 1 Iron Pott 20s.....	2, 12, 6
	1 Tin Kettle 30s, 16¼ lb Steel at 3s9.....	4, 12, 9
	4 yds Girth Webb 15s; 1 lb pepper 15s.....	1, 10, -
	1 Doz'n Cups and Saucers, 10s; 1 Tea Pott 6s3.....	, 16, 3
	6 Plates, 4 Bassons and 1 Dish; ro't 13¼ lb....	6, 12, 6
	5 pds Black Lasting at 27s6; 1 Frying Pan 26s6	8, 5, *
	23 lb Sugar, at 3s9.....	4, 6, 3
	2 lb Yeller Oaker.....	, 10, -
	23 yds Coat Binding at 1s3.....	1, 8, 9
	1 Candle Moto 20s; 6 lbs of Iron at £7 10s....	5, 11, 6
	1 Pr Salts 7s6; Sticktwist 3s9.....	, 11, 3
	1 Seain Silk 3s9; 3 yds Donlas 33s9.....	1, 15, 6
	2 Dozen Buttens 7s6; 3 Large do 2s6.....	, 10, -
	1½ yd Blk Shalloon 26s3; 1 ps Check 23 23 ds at 10s.....	12, 16, 3
	1½ yds fine Swan Skin at 15s.....	1, 2, 6
	½ Doz'n Tin Cups.....	, 15, -
		<u>£87, 6, 9</u>
	By 1340 lbnt Tobacco.....	67, -, -
	Bal'ce due P. & W.....	<u>20, 6, 9</u>



Mr. WILLIAM O'NEAL

CHA'S TOWN, agt 20th 1777.

Bo't of THO'S BOURKE

20½ Bushels Salt a 77s6 and 5 Bbble 20.....	£95 : 8 : 9
100 Iron a £17 10s.....	17 : 10 :
1 Gallon Rum £5.....	5 : — : -
11 lbs Steel a 9s.....	1 : 19 : -
4 Gallons N. Rum a 75s.....	15 : — : -
3 pints Rum.....	2 : — : -
3 lbs Coffee.....	2 : 5 : -
4 lbs. Brimstone a 5s.....	1 : — : -
3 Hatts a £4.....	12 : — : -

£155 : 2 : 9

Received of Mr. Wm. O'Neal Twenty-Eight Pounds Currency, in full of all accounts as under.

THOMS BOURKE

Error in the above 20 Busls Salt £15—being over cost in mistake  
Cash rec'd this 23 May, 1778.....13

£28

## No. 6.

The Irish settlers of Newberry did not locate themselves in one body. Some, the Thompsons, McQuerns, Drennans, Youngs, Fairs, Carmichaels, and Hunters, settled in the Stone Hills, or just in the west margin of that tract. The descendants of many of them are still residents of the district. The place now called Stony Battery was the residence of two of the Thompsons, Daniel and William. Samuel McQuerns was a blacksmith; honest, industrious, and persevering, he succeeded in securing a competence. His shop stood at the spot where the old Congaree road, now called the Bush River road, turns off from the Lee's ferry road. He was



a man of remarkable physical powers, but could not compare with his father, who, when a laborer, in Ireland, said, he did two men's work in a day, and had two men's allowance. Sam'l McQuerns had been impressed as a sailor, in the British navy. He was present at Spit Head when the Royal George, of 110 guns was sunk. His description of the scene was awful. It was pay-day on the ship; most of the sailors had their women on board. He represented that 300 such were drowned. He usually closed that portion of his account by saying "there was a brave slaughter of w——s, till you." He was one of the boat's crew sent on the perilous duty of the rescue of many of the drowning men. The officer of his boat observing a man pick up a goose, knocked him down instantly, saying, "d——n y're eyes, will you offer to snatch a goose when men are drowning all around you!" The sinking of this noble ship is matter of history. The gallant Admiral went to the bottom, in her cabin, seated in his chair, apparently overwhelmed in an instant by the rushing flood. It seems that the accident occurred by running her metal to one side, and thus careening her until she shipped the sea, which in an instant filled her immense bowels, and sunk her in that element over which she had floated the symbol of "Britannia rules the waves."

These settlers were Seceders, now called Reformed Presbyterians. Their meeting house, Prosperity, is still in the place where first worshipped the emigrants.

As a body, none better deserved the character of good citizens than they did. In hard and industrious labor, as mechanics and agriculturists, they laid the foundations of that competence which they respectively acquired. Few of the original settlers survive. William Fair is the only one of them now living, near the original Irish settle-



ment, called the Stoney Hills.\* He is now a very aged man, approaching to eighty, but still retaining much of the activity of his younger years. He may often be seen on a sale-day, walking the streets of Newberry, slender, tall, and straight, as if time had made a slight impression upon him. By continual industry and temperate habits, he has raised and educated a large family, and provided an ample inheritance for them all. His sons, Jas. Fair, Esq., of Abbeville, Archibald Fair, of Florida, Col. Simeon Fair, of Newberry, Dr. Samuel Fair, of Columbia, Gen. E. Y. Fair, of Montgomery, Alabama, and Dr. Drury Fair, of Selma, Alabama, are the best proofs which can be offered of their ancestor's worth. Another, William Hunter, the oldest son of good old Nathan, is, I presume, still alive.† Two years ago I saw him at the court house, and he said to me, (if I remember right,) that he was then in his eighty-sixth year. Everything about him seemed to me to say, that the stout constitution of the Irish weaver might carry him safely beyond ninety. Most fervently do I wish it may! For none better deserve the blessing of length of days than such an honest, pure-hearted, laborious mechanic, as he has always been.

Another settlement of the Irish commenced just about Frog Level, and extended along the Charleston road, north and west to Crotwell's old place. In this section were found the Boyds, (not the family of our Ordinary,) McClelands, Greggs, Wilsons, Conners, Neals, McNeils, Camerons, Flemings. Some of these were as remarka-

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\*Since writing the foregoing, he died, Monday, 15th December, 1851. in his 82d year.

† This was written in 1850. Since then he has been gathered to his fathers.





ble for their thrift as the Stoney Batter settlers, but this was not the case in general.

One of the men mentioned here, James Fleming, was the subject of lynch law, in the time of the Regulation, 1764. The tree, the great oak, on the south side of the road, and opposite to the spring, at Springfield, is the only surviving witness of the transaction. An incident connected with his subsequent life may better illustrate the character of the inhabitants than anything else which I can give. He was chopping, (*i. e.* cutting down a tree,) some distance from his house. In its fall, his leg was caught under it, or some of the smaller trees broken down by its fall; he managed to extricate it, and sat down on the log; his cry for assistance brought to his aid a neighbor, Thos. Reagan. When he came, James was swinging his broken leg from side to side, and said to him, as he walked up with his axe on his shoulder, "take your axe, Tammy, and chap it off." But this the stout farmer would not do. He shouldered poor Jamie, and carried him home. The leg was so shattered, and the bone protruded so far through the skin, that the skill of the neighbors was unavailing to set it. A Dutch doctor was sent for, and before he could perform the operation, it was found, as he thought, necessary to cut off a part of the shin bone. To do this, a hand saw was the only instrument. For this painful operation, he was held by John McClelland, commonly called "*Wee Jack.*" To him, Jamie said "och, Johnny, I canna thout," but "ye maun thout," was Jack's answer. On being asked by a "*Friend.*" "did not he (Jamie) complain mightily?" Jack replied, in his short quick manner, "he gurned a wee bit." "How could thee hold him, Jack?" was the next inquiry. "I could have haud him down till he wud have been sawed a two of the meddle," was Jack's fierce



reply. Notwithstanding this rough practice, Jamie got well, and lived many a *suspected* day afterwards.

Just at the upper end of this settlement, called "Mullexander," lived William Gregg, remarkable for his honesty and many virtues. On being solicited to subscribe to pay the preacher, he said, "no, faith, I'll no subscribe, I'll just gie sax pence for every sarranon I hear him preach." At this good man's house lived for a time two Irish emigrants of a later day, but long citizens, and worthy citizens, too, of Newberry. I allude to Samuel McCalla and Samuel Spence. The life of the first would furnish in some of its details materials for a romance, and yet be true! He was one of the Irish Rebels, as they were called in England, here, we should say Irish Patriots of '98. He was captured, I presume, in the disastrous route of Vinegar Hill. He owed his life, as I have often heard him say, to a lady, who pulled the epaulette off his shoulder, and the feather from his hat, not five minutes before he was taken. He was marched, day after day, to the place of execution, and witnessed the "short shrift" of many of his companions, Ireland's murdered sons. At last he was given his choice, to serve his Majesty seven years, or be transported from the kingdom. He chose the latter, and as he used to say, he put in leg bail in the West Indies, and sought his future home in Newberry. Here he pursued, first, the business of a stone mason and brick layer, afterwards that of a hatter, till he had enough and to spare. But during the long period, from '98 to 1818, he was separated from his wife and child. He often paid their passage to America, but until 1818, he was not allowed to fold them to his anxious bosom. He was then a Justice of the Peace for Newberry; but only a few years was left him for happiness. His constitution, broken by repeated attacks of



fever, gave way, and in the fall of '21, he passed from this transitory world.

Samuel Spence, tailor Spence, as he used to be called, who does not remember? His wit, industry, honesty and virtue commend his memory to all his surviving acquaintances. Ever on his board, until he secured competence, and more than competence, he could say with truth to his countrymen, *work*, and you cannot fail to succeed. Many and many an unfortunate Irishman he fed, clothed and found employment, until he could do better. Few men will be found hereafter among us, who will so well fill the place of the good citizen and honest man.

The Irish of this settlement, like that below, were also generally Seceders. Their place of religious meeting was Cannon's Creek. Here still their children, who remain, worship God as their fathers did. Scattered through the Black Jack section of Newberry were the Montgomeries, Sloans, Spences, Wrights, Caldwelles, Wilsons, (Thomas and James.) Another family of the Caldwelles was located in the Dutch Fork. Of this last family was Chancellor Caldwell. His father, Dan Caldwell, died in the great epidemic of 1816.\* He died early, but his life was such an one, that he had no enemies! For he was, indeed, a man without spot. James Wilson lived

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\* Since writing this passage, which was originally prepared "of this family, is Chancellor Caldwell," the melancholy intelligence of the death of James J. Caldwell, a Chancellor of the State, has reached me; probably while writing it he was breathing his last. Truly are we constantly in the midst of death! His age, not more than fifty, promised many years of usefulness in his distinguished position; but God, who sees not as man sees, thought it best that his labors *here* should end. His pure spirit released from its earthen tenement on the 11th of March, 1850, is, I trust, at rest, in everlasting happiness. Well has he performed his part; and by death his page of glory has been secured from any possible stain which a longer life might have made-



to be, I think, almost an hundred years old. One of his grandsons, Joe Caldwell, is now one of the most successful planters of Newberry, and pushing his interests in Florida. In the Long Lane, Gilders and King's Creek's settlements, lived the Glens, Chalmers, McMorrises, Glasgows, McCrackens. Higher up, between Indian and Duncan's Creeks and Duncan's Creek and Enoree, might be found the Boyces, Marshalls, McKees, Gordons, McCreless, John Boyd, of Ballamona, the Mars, Madigans, and the Hughes.\*

Col. Glenn, the father of my worthy friends, (two of Newberry's best citizens,) Col. John and Dr. George W. Glenn, was a revolutionary soldier.

William Chalmers, the father of such respectable men as Capt. James, David and Dr. Alexander W. Chalmers, here began his struggle for competence, which a long life of industry enabled him to realize.

Capt. John McMorries, the father of the worthy citizens of our town and district, of that name, was born in Fairfield district on the 5th January, 1769, in a few months after the landing of his parents in the United States from Ireland. He married Nancy Morgan, † the daughter of Major Spencer Morgan, who once lived in the neighborhood of Spring Hill, and who was a cousin of the lion-hearted old wagoner, Gen. Daniel Morgan. He removed to and settled in Newberry. His first place of business, as a merchant, was at the place now known as McCre-

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\* James Hughes lived to the great age of one hundred and ten years. My informant says: "I have known him myself to ride to Capt. Mc's store, after he was one hundred years old, to get a bottle of old Jamaica." This was bad business for a centenarian; it was, however, the result of early habit.

† This lady, in '55, is still living in the town of Newberry, in excellent health.





less' old store. He removed thence to Poplar Grove, where he did business for many years, and where he died. Of his "highly useful life" little remains which can now be collected. He was known for his virtues; and universally respected for the good which he did. He was the Senator from Newberry district in the State Legislature from 1808 to 1812. Elected over such men as William Caldwell and Maj. John Hampton, soldiers of the revolution, constitutes in itself the best evidence of his excellence and worth. It is, however, right to say, that in the midst of the poll one of his opponents, Maj. John Hampton, died. Still Mr. McMorries' majority was such as to show, that the life of his talented opponent, who was thus removed, would not have altered the result. He declined a re-election in 1812, and spent the balance of his life in virtuous and useful retirement. I remember Mr. McMorries attended, and I think presided in the first anti-tariff meeting held in Newberry district.

To it was submitted the memorial of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce, prepared by their Committee, the Hon. Judge Richardson, Jeremiah Yates, Elias Horry, R. J. Turnbull, Christopher Jenkins, James Adger and James Ferguson. The meeting was a small one, for the matter was then little understood, and the oppression was not then felt. He had, however, the merit to perceive the remote consequence of the beginning of legislation afterwards found to be too oppressive to be patiently borne. When this was, I do not remember, and cannot now ascertain.

Mr. McMorries many years before his death, became a member of the Baptist church at Bausketts.

John Boyce, the elder, I never saw; he, however, is better known by his sons, Robert Boyce, John Boyce, David Boyce, Alexander Boyce, Ker Boyce, and James



Boyce, than any sketch could make him. All of these are men who have made themselves known in Newberry, Laurens, Union, and Charleston. He lived in that section called Mollyhorn. He was a merchant, and drove on a farm, and everything else from which money could be made. Often have I heard his son Ker relate the circumstance of starting a drove of cattle from his father's for Charleston, among which was an ill-natured steer, which could neither be led nor drove. The young men were afraid of him. The old man hooted at them for their cowardice, and charged upon the ox on his pony, but he found no flight in the animal; then it became his turn to run, and putting his nag to the top of his speed, he presented this scene: the steed in full pursuit, he himself leaning forward in his saddle, lashing with furious energy his flying pony, his gray locks streaming in the wind. It looked to be *a rather ticklish affair, and indeed so it proved*, for the steer ran him so close, that in one of his lunges he stuck his horn under the saddle, and dragged it off from under Mr. Boyce, but he escaped unhurt. His house was built with one upper or garret room, which opened with a door on the road. In this room, the old man Marshall, who had been tasting a drop of dram, was put to sleep, and in the night he awoke, and getting up opened the door, and walked out. When he struck the ground, he turned about, and with great wonder said, "Johnny Buice, you make yer steps very high of this country." This gentleman, Marshall, was the father of James, George,\* Samuel, Hugh and Joseph, the four last of whom are now, I believe, residents and highly respectable citizens of Abbeville, having removed from Newberry many years ago. James was a native of

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\* George, since this was written, died.



Ireland, and had some very peculiar notions and expressions. I recollect his once telling me when a candidate for the Legislature, "shew me a lawweer wi hair in the palm of his hand, then I'll believe he is an honest man!" This he said to a lawyer, to a man with whom he was friendly, and for whom, I presume, he voted.

Capt. Geo. McCreless, twice a member of the House of Representatives from Newberry, was not one of the original settlers; though he lived in the village and district with short intervals of absence from 1803 to his death. An intimate personal knowledge justifies me in saying that no more firm and honest man ever lived. He commanded the Newberry Artillery Company, in the celebrated Camp Alston expedition in 1814. Just beyond his place, on the north bank of Patterson's Creek, lived James Gordon, a celebrated stone mason, and an equally celebrated Free Mason. Of him is reported the anecdote, that he was foreman of a jury who tried a man for assault and battery, and who, in their hearing, offered to plead guilty, but for some cause retracted, and went to trial; and notwithstanding his confession, they returned a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Grinkie, in amazement said, "how could you return such a verdict, after his confession?" "Why," said the foreman, "he has always been such a liar we could not believe him." On the 14th of July, 1815, he was at his neighbor, Capt. McCreless' *still house*, on the south side of Patterson's Creek; an immense fall of rain took place; he left the still house after night, but *but never reached his house*. It was supposed he attempted to walk a log across the creek, tottered off, and was drowned. His body was found next day in the creek!

Robert McKee lived midway between Indian and Duncan's Creek. His house still stands on the margin



of the road, and when I ride by, I often look for the venerable form and gray hairs of my good Irish friend. But in a good old age of more than eighty years he has been gathered to his fathers. The White Church, at the Long Lane, once called, I think, "King's Creek Church," "Gilder's Creek;" and that of more recent origin, "The Head Spring," constituted the places of worship to which these settlers, who were either Presbyterians or Seceders, resorted.

John Boyd, of Ballamena, John Boyd, (called Johnny Buckles,) and David Boyd, Sr., (the two last lived between Gilder's Creek and Bush River,) were Covenanters. Like the Quakers, they set their faces against slavery; yet, if I remember right, John Boyd was the owner of slaves at his death. I know that David Boyd, Sr., (the father of our excellent Ordinary, Hugh K. Boyd,) manumitted his, but was compelled, from their want of thrift, to gather them all home, and take charge of them as if they were his slaves. David Boyd, Sr., was a revolutionary soldier, and deserves a fuller notice than is here given. John Boyd's celebrated expression, when advised to settle a law suit, in which he was ultimately successful, is worth remembering. "I'll mak a spoon, or spile a horn."

<sup>v</sup> Many others, Irish, were scattered through the Bush River, Little River, and Saluda settlements, such as the Kellys, O'Neill's, McConnells and Nelson's. It is proposed in future numbers to speak more at large of Samuel Kelly and Hugh O'Neill, and his father, William O'Neill, and therefore here I pass them over, and will close this number, already too long, by two Irish anecdotes.

An Irishman and credulity are very often synonymous terms. Robert Nelson and his sons settled between the





Beaverdam and Saluda, near to the place where Esquire Walter Herbert now lives.\* John was at work for Wm. Gould, (better known as old Bill Gould,) ears of green corn (called in the upper country roasting ears, in the lower country, mutton corn,) boiled, were on the table at dinner. Jack was helped to an ear, and after eating off the grain, as he saw the others do, holding the cob in his hand, he looked at Gould and said, "Billy what do ye do wi the stocks?" "Do ye ate them, too?" "Oh yes!" was the reply, and Jack masticated the cob!

Jo. McConnel, who afterwards went to Ohio, lived for a time between Beaverdam and Saluda. He lost his cow, and after many days of search, going down "a brae," he fancied he heard some one crying out, "*here is yer coow mon!*" He said he went "his ways" and when he came to the place "sure enough there was his coow in the mire," and "there stude a green shouthered angel on a tussock—when he stude up he sat down, and when he went he went by jirks!"

## No. 7.

Many of the Friends came from Pennsylvania, some from Virginia, and a few from North Carolina. The other settlers, who belonged neither to the Friends, the Germans, nor the Irish, were also emigrants from the States mentioned. Some few came from Maryland.

Of these, William Turner was one of the earliest. He was a native of Maryland. The tract of land granted

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\* Since dead.



to him, on which he probably settled, as early as 1751, was granted in 1752. It lies on the east side of Little River, near its mouth, at Long's bridge.

In 1760, began that fresh outbreak of the Cherokees, which followed on the heels of Governor Lyttleton's treaty, at Fort George, in 1759, and which preceded the two expeditions, successively commanded by Cols. Montgomery and Grant. The last was in 1761, and has given the name of its commander to the war with the Indians. It has been usually called Grant's war! But it was in 1760, that the Cherokees, burning with rage for the murder of the hostages at Fort George, and which had been caused by the murder, by one of the Indian Chiefs, Oconostota, of the commander of the fort, Capt. Cottymore, and the wounding of Lieuts. Bell and Foster, rushed upon the defenceless settlements on Long Cane, Saluda and Little River.

On that occasion, Turner's house was used as a place of defense for himself and his neighbors; (a block house or station, as such places were called,) and was surrounded by a stockade. Rising early in the morning, he found a paper stuck in the fork of a peach tree, before his door, with a stone laid upon it. Opening and reading it, he was told, the Indians were on their way, and would soon be in that neighborhood. Whence came the information, he never knew; but it gave him such warning, that by closing the approaches through the stockade, and shutting every body within the house, the danger, imminent and threatening as it was, was escaped. For, as expected, the Indians came, surrounded, and repeatedly fired upon the house; but the height of the stockade compelled them to fire so high, that although their balls penetrated the house, yet they injured no one. The balls in the logs of the house, afterwards



called Long's Old House, remained as a testimony, until it was not many years since taken down. My friend who informed me of these particulars, told me they were shewn to him by the venerable widow of Wm. Turner, (who I presume, died in 1816,) and from whom he received the traditions now here embodied.

On this place, lived until her death, within the last five years, the grand-daughter of the first settler, Mrs. Mary Gaskins, the wife of John Gaskins, now of Winter Seat,\* Edgefield. Her mother, Mrs. Priscilla Long, was the daughter, and I think, youngest child of William Turner. She, and her daughter, Mrs. Gaskins, were both born on this place. The grand-mother, Mary Turner, the mother Priscilla Long, and the daughter Mrs. Gaskins, then Mary Long, afterwards the wife of Henry Coate, and after his death, of John Gaskins, all lived on it.

At Springfield now lives the grand-son of Samuel Kelly, who there settled in 1762. The dwelling is now within one hundred yards of the spot where he settled. The old house then built, and afterwards occupied by the family, until the death of the present resident's grand-mother, in 1820, (June) is still, although removed and repaired, standing in the yard, and the family of the grand-son now use the noble fountain of water from which Samuel Kelly and his family drank. Often *here*, from 1820, to October, 1848, was seen the rare spectacle of four generations of people living under the same roof. Can any other instances of similar kind be given in Newberry? If so, glad shall I be to hear of them; for I love *that fixedness* with which families linger around their ancestral homes. The very walnuts, locust, and oak, at Springfield, feel to me almost like relations, for beneath

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\* Since dead.



their shade have passed my grand-father, grand-mother, father, mother, uncles, and aunts, all of whom, with one very near and dear exception,\* have gone, and their place "shall know them no more."

My friend, T. B. Higgins, from whom much of what I have stated was gathered, tells me that he thinks there is a grant on Enoree, (probably of the tract of land now owned by Richard Scudley,) to Pennington, older than that to William Turner, hereinbefore mentioned, and which I had thought was the oldest in the district, except some grants to the Germans. This agrees with what is said in Mills' Statistics, that John Duncan, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, but an emigrant from Pennsylvania to South Carolina, settled on Duncan's Creek in 1752, and that Jacob Pennington, living on Enoree, ten miles below, was his nearest neighbor.

Assuming this to be true, I think it may be considered as pretty certain that the parts of Newberry first occupied and settled by the white man, were as follows: the Dutch Fork in 1745; the east side of Little River, near its mouth, (Turner's settlement,) in 1751; the Cane-break, on Enoree, (Pennington's grant,) in 1751, or possibly earlier; and Duncan's Creek, (Duncan's settlement,) in 1752.

The fort called Pennington's, which was, I presume, erected as a protection against the Indians in 1760, is at Colonel Duckett's, on Indian creek; the remains may, I have been told, still be traced. This place was probably first settled by Pennington; but it has been, for the last fifty or sixty years in the possession of one family, Thomas Duckett, his son, Jacob Duckett, and his son,

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\*Since writing this, in October, 1850, my mother, to whom it alludes, died.





Colonel J. W. Duckett, and through all that time has been remarkable for the care and thrift with which it has been managed.

It is difficult to so classify the remaining settlers of Newberry, who were neither Germans, Friends, nor Irish, as to speak of them in a body. It will, however, be attempted to give a sort of bird's-eye view of the other parts of Newberry and its inhabitants, running down from its earliest periods to those within the memory of man, in its legal sense, to wit: within the last twenty years.

In the Enoree and Duncan's Creek settlements, including under this general head the settlements on Indian, Gilder's, and King's Creeks, lived the Lyles, Kellys, Malones, Wadlingtons, Gordons, Ruherfords, Calmes, Maybins, Sims, Caldwells, Hendersons, Kenners, Littletons, Vessels, Valentines, Flanagan, Hendricks, Hills, Odells, Duncans, Ducketts, Roberts, Whitmires, Hernons, Parks, Dugans, Caseys, Bonds, Staikes,\* Tinneys,

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\* Thomas Starke was a revolutionary soldier. He was remarkable for dry, and what would be now called, coarse humor; but an instance of that kind may give a better idea of the man, and of the state of society, than anything else which I could give. John Speake, Esq., once Sheriff of Newberry, was thought by some, and especially by Mr. Starke, to be a little too fond of show. Dining with him on some occasion, when there were persons present, before whom Mr. Speake desired to show to the best advantage. Coffee was about to be served, and Starke was asked if he would take some? "Give it to me, Jacky in a tin, may be I might break the vessel," was the reply. Old Tom Starke, as he was called, drank to great excess. He never visited Newberry Court House or Latham's store (Springfield) without getting drunk, and being left on the ground. About 1805 or 1806, he visited Newberry, bought a pound of powder; it was wrapped up in paper, and in his pocket: he got drunk; lay down before the fireplace, at night, in the tavern: his clothes took fire, the powder exploded; he was awfully burned, and in a few days died. Thus from drunkenness perished a revolutionary soldier.



Speakes, Hustons, Lindseys, Fords, Grastys, Chambers, Crenshaws, Finches, Shells, Eppes, Hattons, Browns, Murrays, Wells, Kings, Powells, Williams, Gillains.

Of these, as a class, I can say little. Their habits presented nothing peculiar. Some were Baptists, some Presbyterians; and at a time subsequent to the revolution, many became Methodists. In this entire section the inhabitants were whigs.

Colonel James Lyles was an inhabitant of the Fork, between Enoree and Tiger. He was, I have no doubt, in General Williamson's expedition against the Indians, in 1776, although in the memoir of Maj. McJunkin, published in the *Magnolia*, the Col. Lyles engaged in that duty is called John, yet I think it is pretty clear that Col. James Lyles was thereby intended. He was also in the affair at Hanging Rock, 7th August, 1780. I presume he was at Blackstocks, as he was part of Sumpter's command. Whether he was at King's Mountain in October, '80; at the Cowpens in January, 1781, and at the siege of Ninety-Six, I have no means of knowing. He returned to his family after the capture of Fort Granby on the 11th of May, 1781, and died leaving a family of three daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Elizabeth Maybin, the wife of Col. Benjamin Maybin, survives.\*

James Kelly was a lieutenant in the revolution, and served through the whole war. His brother Edmund, was a soldier; he died within the last seven or eight years at the great age of more than an hundred years.

Anthony Parks was one of the first settlers of Newberry district. He is mentioned in a note to Ramsay's *History of South Carolina*, 1 vol. p. 208, as having traveled in

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\*A fuller account of this gentleman, (Col. Lyles,) is given subsequently.



1758, a few hundred miles among the Indians to the west of the Alleghany mountains. His half brother, Col. Thomas Dugan, lived just at the confluence of Gilder's and Indian Creek. He was a soldier in the revolution; he was I think, one of the gallant men who triumphed at King's Mountain. Two of his brothers, with Anderson, and one of the Fords, were hewn to pieces in the revolution by the Turners, as a retaliatory act of vengeance for the death of their brother, who had been slain by a party of whigs. He commanded, after the organization of the militia, the Enoree regiment. He lived to be an old man, and raised a large family; all of whom, as well as himself, have paid the great debt of nature.

In this section of the district was one of the earliest classical schools in the upper part of the State. To the Methodists, and I see from Ramsay's History of South Carolina, to the Rev. Mr. Dougherty, (called in it Dorothy) we are indebted mainly for that fine institution of learning, the Mount Bethel Academy. Elisha Hammond, the father of Gov. Hammond, and Josiah P. Smith were its principal teachers. It gave to the country such men as Judge Crenshaw, his brothers, Dr. Crenshaw and Walter Crenshaw, Chancellor Harper, John Caldwell, Esq., Dr. George W. Glenn, John R. Golding, Gov Richard J. Manning, John G. Brown, Dr. Thomas Smith, of Society Hill, N. R. Eaves, of Chester, and Thomas W. Glover, of Orangeburg. Chancellor Caldwell owed a sort of divided allegiance to the Newberry Academy and that at Mount Bethel. For at both places he received parts of his academical education. The Mount Bethel Academy furnished the first students and graduates of the South Carolina College.

In connection with this part of the subject, I may be pardoned for recalling to the memory of the people of



Newberry, the names of two of the founders and patrons of the Academy, Charles Crenshaw and Edward Finch. Both of the names are extinct in Newberry; a grandson of the latter is, however, still in the immediate neighborhood of his ancestral home.

Charles Crenshaw, (Mr. Grainger, as he was most generally called,) lived and died at the Long Lane. From a very early day, until 1812, he was the Tax Collector of Newberry. No more obliging and correct public officer lived. His sons, Archy Crenshaw, Dr. Abner Crenshaw, Judge Anderson Crenshaw, Walter and Willis Crenshaw, Esqs., are now too well remembered in Newberry, to make any further mention of his claims to respect necessary.

Of his neighbor, Edward Finch, I know little. He was a Methodist, and a stern, uncompromising Christian. He was a magistrate; many a blasphemer was made to pay a shilling for each profane oath, uttered in his presence. The old law, under which he acted so well for the assertion of good morals, still exists, and if it was now and then enforced by our worthy magistrates, it would go far to drive out the odious and inexcusable sin of *taking the name of God in vain*.

His son, Dr. Ivy Finch, was the friend and companion of many who now survive. Cut off in the morning of his life, in an instant of time he was not permitted to unfold those powers which promised so much for his country, himself and his friends. He left Columbia in December, 1815, in company with a large party of friends. He undertook to drive a horse, the property his friend, Judge Crenshaw; his vicious properties were well known: At the fork of the roads, just beyond Butcher town, where the road to McGowen's ferry, now the Broad River bridge, turns off from the road to Winns-





boro', the horse took fright, and ran away. In his flight he carried his sulky to the left of the road, over the high stumps of some hickory saplings, and thus threw him out of the sulky; in falling, he was caught by his leg between the shaft and foot board, and in that position, the left side of his head was brought in contact with the wheel, and he thus probably received his death wound. He was, however, carried in that position more than an hundred yards, when his head struck against the sharp knob of a stump in the road, which seemed to have followed the sutor of the skull all around, dividing it perfectly. Just at this place, where the road from Mr. Guignard's, afterwards Judge Gantt's house, comes into the road above described, the horse kicked loose from the sulky, and left the lifeless body of Dr. Ivy Finch! Alas! alas! how true is it, that in the midst of life we are in the midst of death! Of the nine persons, who were in company, and who surrounded his dead body, four\* survive!

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No. 7 CONTINUED.

The Baptist settlement extended from the borders of the Enoree and Duncan's Creek settlements, (through which we have passed,) south west towards Saluda. It was mainly located on Bush River and Little River. It extended on Bush River from the line traced in No. 5 as the northwest boundary of Friends to the old Ninety-Six road, the western line of the district; through it were scattered many Presbyterians, and after the revolution

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\* Now only one.



many Methodists. In it were to be found the Garys, Coles, Crows, McCraws, Beltons, Coats, Williams, Recorders, Pitts, Mangums, Davis, Neals, McAdams, Ritchies, Thomas, Dalrymples, Griffins, Floyds, Clelands, Davenport, Leavells, Newmans, Pages, Carwiles, Jones, Burtons, Gibsons, Crosswhite, Eastlands, Petersons, Speers, Stewarts, Stevens, Kellys, Coggans, and Spearman.

The settlement occupying the fork between Little River and Saluda, and covering Mudlick Mill and Page's Creek, constituting the southwest portion of the district, was composed of the Caldwell, Williams, Gillams, Dysons, Cunninghams, Satterwhites, Grigsbys, Neelys, Chappells, Wells, Hills, Moons, Paynes, Rudds, Smiths, Watkins, Burgess, Boazmans, Taylors, Wallaces, Turners, Proctors, Swift, Phillips, Jamieson, Adams, Vaughan, Barlow, Younghusband, Moores, Ritchies, Goodmans, Farrows, Walker, Goldings, Creswells, Browns, and Halls.

The Baptist settlement anciently had but one place of meeting, Bush River; out of that have arisen three others, Cross Roads, Mount Zion, and Mount Olive. I hope to be able in some future number to give a full account of it, and of many of its leading inhabitants. For the present I defer it, in the hope of being permitted to consult, and glean much from the records of the old Bush River Baptist Church.

In connection, however, with some of the family names mentioned, in the limits of the Baptist settlement, I must relate an incident, which though small, as the tribute of ship money demanded of John Hampden and other martyrs of liberty in the time of Charles I., is remarkable, as giving rise to one of the guards of liberty constantly observed now in our courts. I mean the Act of December, 1811, "to prevent any citizen of this State from being sent to gaol until he be heard by himself or



counsel."—Acts of 1811, page 32. At October term, 1807, (I speak without reference to the records,) Judge Grimke presided; Major Benjamin Long was Sheriff, acting under a *pro tem.* appointment in the place of P. B. Waters, (deceased;) David Stevens, David Peterson and Gabriel McCoolle were constables in charge of the doors of the court house. They were reported by the Sheriff as absent from their posts, without leave; the Judge, without any enquiry, ordered them to goal. This constituted one of the articles of impeachment prepared in 1810 against the venerable Judge; but the whole impeachment, for the want of a constitutional majority was refused to be presented by the House of Representatives in 1811. The Act of 1811 was passed at the same session to prevent a similar exercise of arbitrary power. For in that case if the Judge had heard the excuses of the respectable men who then condescended to fill the office of constable, he never would have imprisoned them. The answer of one of them to one of the committee, who prepared the articles of impeachment, was mentioned by Mr. Thomas Hunt, the chairman of the committee, in the debate on the articles of impeachment in 1811, as an instance of a freeman's indignation, at a false imprisonment: "I had the disgrace" said he "of looking through the grates of Newberry gaol."

The settlement, in the fork, between Little River and Saluda, furnished three of the members of the first Provincial Congress, John Caldwell, John Satterwhite and James Williams; two of these, Caldwell and Williams, were distinguished officers in the revolution, and sealed their devotion to liberty with their blood. It furnished also many other noble soldiers of liberty; among them will be found Maj. Robert Gillam, Robert Gillam, Jr., Joseph Goodman, John Wallace, William and James



Caldwell. In it too lived Robert Cunningham, a general in the British army. His residence was Peach Hill. He was mistaken in his duty; but never have I heard it alleged or supposed that he did any act which reflected on his character as a man or an officer.

I am promised materials, which I hope will enable me in a subsequent number to give biographical sketches of John, William and James Caldwell, of the two Robert Gillams, father and son, and of the wife of the latter, the venerable lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Gillam, of Joseph Goodman, and of John Satterwhite, the elder. I shall avail myself speedily in some number of the opportunity to republish a memoir of Col. James Williams. I, too, would gladly, if I could avail myself of the materials, do justice to General Cunningham, by giving some account of him. I hope, too, to be able to do some sort of justice to the memory of Dr. Jacob Roberts Brown. For the present, I confine myself to sketches brief, as may be expected from general knowledge and tradition, of two of the inhabitants who have passed away.

The name Younghusband, will be seen as mentioned among the inhabitants. He came into the settlement subsequent to the revolution. Many, I have no doubt, never heard of him. He lived on the place where Mr. John Barlow afterwards lived, and which possibly, after his death, belonged to Edward Pitts. He had been an English sea captain. He undertook to live like an old English Baron, in his castle. His log house was furnished with loop-holes; he had a good stand of arms. His gate was an hundred yards or more from his house; as soon as any one entered it, his spy glass was to his eye; if he did not like his appearance, his man Dick was ordered to warn him to leave. He had conceived a great dislike to Claiborn Goodman; he had more than once





warned him not to walk through his fields. Discovering him on some occasion inside of his gate, he sallied out upon him, with his negroes, seized him, and threw him down to tie him. Goodman had rode to the gate, and had his spurs on; when thrown, he used them upon Younghusband's man Dick, who was holding him down, with such good effect, that he sprang from him. Younghusband said to him "Sirrah how dare you let the rascal go?" "Lord, Massa, he spur me?" was poor Dick's reply. But notwithstanding the spurs, and a gallant resistance, Younghusband and his "nagurs" tied Goodman, and left him tied, to get some means of taking him to prison. While they were gone, he extricated one hand, got his knife, and cut his cords into fragments, and was "*non est*" when his captors returned. What became of Younghusband I do not certainly know. I have been told he died at the place of which I have spoken.

The name Moon, mentioned above, is also subsequent to the revolution. Dr. M. W. Moon lived long and to much good purpose, in the fork between Little and Saluda Rivers. He was a physician of much eminence and practice. He was an able and acceptable Methodist preacher. His estimable son, Dr. Peter Moon is all of his immediate family who remain in the settlement.

For many years after the revolution, this settlement was foremost for intelligence, patriotism and moral worth. That it has ceased to be as prominent, as it once was is deeply to be regretted. It is now one of the richest sections of the district, and yet judging from some recent indications, I fear there is not so much liberality as once characterized it. I trust, however, that this reproach, (if it be true,) will not long characterize it, especially when I remember *there* is the home of so much intelligence, worth and liberality as belong to Dr. Peter Moon.



Passing from the mouth of Little River down Saluda to Turners' ferry, which, before 1801, might be considered the Western boundary of the German settlement on the river, thence turning north along the Charleston road to the Irish settlement and thence along it to the Quaker settlement, and skirting its border by the mouth of Bush River, and following its south-western border to the Baptist settlement on Little and Bush Rivers, we shall find the Turners, Longs, Edwards, Stevens, Thomas, Taylors, Coxes, Clarys, Darrells, Duns, Allisons, Caradines, Hatchers, Nelsons, Higgins, Martins, Worthingtons, Rileys, Wests, Blacks, Arnolds, Cothrans, Larks, Conwills, Coulds, Mills, Kings, Jones, Lesters, Musgroves, Belmonts, Morgans, Dennis, Johnsons, Palmers, Ganters, Waters, Bates, Riels, Spillers, Morris, Langfords, Calks, Lindseys, Bielers, Waits, Mannings, Banks, Hares, Richardsons, Presnells, Cain, Baldres.

I have already spoken of William Turner. I may hereafter have occasion, in connection with revolutionary incidents, to speak of his sons, Dick and Ned, two of Cunningham's well tried "*braves*" and two well known Tories. I have lately heard, with astonishment, that Ned Turner is still alive in Florida. If so, he must be verging on to 100. Wonderful indeed will it be, after his many hair breadth escapes in and since the revolution, if God should spare him to be a centenarian.

William Stevens, John Edwards and Benjamin Long were sons-in-law of William Turner. The two first I never saw. David and Edward Stevens, two of our worthy and respectable citizens are his sons. Judging of the father, by them, we shall have no further occasion for description or remark. The whole family of Edwards is extinct in Newberry; the children of Edward Edwards, a son of John Edwards, returned, I think, after



his death, to Virginia. John S. Edwards, a grand-son, removed to and died in Pickens.

Maj. Benjamin Long lived at Turner's place, (and since my recollection, called Long's bridge.) He married Priscilla, the youngest daughter. She had been twice previously married, first to James Cheney, second to Isaac King. She had children by neither of these marriages. Benj. Long was a native of Union. In the battle of the Cowpens, he belonged to Brandon's regiment, and was sabred by one of Tarleton's dragoons in the beginning of the fight. Two of the wounds thus received left large scars on his face. He was major of the Saluda battalion of the upper militia regiment in Newberry district, and for a short time Sheriff. He died in 1816. Of his children, numerous as they were, few survived him. Of those who did survive him, none now remains. One of his grand sons, Mr. John Coate, resides at the town of Newberry. Great and sad have been the mortality and changes among the families above given. The neighbors, James Thomas, Benjamin Taylor, Jacob Crosswhite and Thomas Eastland are remembered, as living on or near Little River. Where are their families? Gone, scattered, removed or dead!

Cornelius Cox, the maternal grand-father of my friend F. B. Higgins, Esq., left four sons, George, James, John, William. He, and they after him, lived on the place just below Higgins' ferry on Saluda. They are all no more. The name is now unknown in that section of the district. George Cox gave rise to the saying "like Cox's snake and cat." When a boy, carrying a cat in his arms, just as he was in the act of crossing a fence, he discovered a snake in its coil, and threw the cat upon it, exclaiming, "devil to devil."

William Cox must have been a singular man from



some of his queer remarks which I have often heard repeated. He was observed in a very dry time ploughing closely a very grassy piece of corn; the observer said to him: "Bill you will bill your corn!" "Well," he said, "I want it to die an honorable death!" On a cool day in October, some one remarked in his hearing, there would be frost the succeeding night; he said, "No, I was today in the Saluda bottom, and the kuckleburs are not ripe yet; there will be no frost till they are ripe." His death was most probably occasioned by an injury received by him, in an affray between him, John Turner, Jr., and James Coate, (son of big John.) Coate fled the country: John Turner, Jr., was convicted of the assault with the intent to kill and murder, and was sentenced at March Term, 1807, by Judge Trezevant to stand two hours in the pillory, and underwent the punishment. Had it not been for covering him with an umbrella, and the supports of his friends in holding him up, he must have died in the pillory!

A little lower down the river, lived Col. Daniel Clary. He was a tory Colonel in the revolution; but notwithstanding this great error, few men were more beloved. At the battle of Musgrove's Mills, on Enoree, in which Col. Williams, (perhaps Col. Shelby,) defeated Col. Innis, Clary was present as a British Colonel commanding the militia: and in the *melee* of defeat, his horse was seized at the same moment by the cheeks of the bridle by two whig soldiers. He escaped captivity, by exclaiming "damn you, dont you know your own officers." After the peace, he performed well all the duties of a good citizen, and was peacefully gathered to his fathers, leaving a respectable family, all of whom are gone, with the exception of a grandson, Col. Clary, now living in Edgefield, and a great grand-daughter.





In their immediate vicinity, lived John Worthington, quiet, moral, inoffensive and industrious; few men deserved more as a parent and a neighbor. From 1804 to 1808, he far exceeded any man I knew, in the quantity of cotton which he raised in proportion to the number of hands he employed. Wealth flowed in upon him apace, and at his death, probably in 1826 or 1827, he still had, after providing for his large family, who had previously married, a very considerable estate. Where are now his sons, or their descendants? All are gone, so far as my knowledge extends, with the exception of one grand-son, Dr. Worthington. Two of his daughters, Mrs. Samuel Chapman and Mrs. Frank Spearman, survive; another, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Hunter, is long since dead, but is represented by several descendants. The only survivor of the settlers in this settlement, prior to 1804, is Hezekiah Riley\* (if he indeed be still spared,) for last October, at Anderson, I saw him beyond fourscore, stretched upon the bed, which I feared was to be his bed of death. An honest, good, but impatient man, he has passed beyond the ordinary limit of life, and has seen his numerous progeny go down to the grave, with one solitary exception, and he, I fear, is far from being any comfort to his aged parent.

Passing beyond the Beaverdam, and standing on the rocky hills, between it Bash River and Saluda, I ask, as I look around, where are the numerous families of the

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\* When I speak of Mr. Riley as the only survivor of this settlement, I mean the Saluda settlement proper. For of the Beaverdam settlement, Esquire Walter Herbert still remains. He has passed his three-score and ten, and has filled with credit to himself, and advantage to his country, the offices of captain in the militia, a Magistrate and Representative in the Legislature. He is now adorning an old age of usefulness, by presenting an example of total abstinence from all which can intoxicate. Both have died since this was written.



Goulds, Conwills and Mills? All are gone, with the exception of Benj. Conwill, son of old Benjamin, and Mrs. Dicy Myers, daughter of Joe Conwill. Old Bill Gould lived to the left of the road leading to Hewitt's ferry within two or three hundred yards of Esquire Walter Herbert's present residence, and within one hundred yards of the old ford on the Beaverdam Creek.\* He lived to a great age, probably beyond ninety. He was the leading man among the Goulds, Conwills, Blacks, Kings and Wests. He loved mischief like a feast, and hence anything which occurred to terrify an ignorant people, generally had its origin with him. The ignorance around him may be judged of by this fact. Many of the young men of the families named, were at different times his croppers. If he offered a third of his crop for compensation, it was generally refused as too little; while a fourth would be greedily accepted, as being more. His brother Herry was almost idiotic. He was always to be seen with his rifle, shot-bag, and big coat, and graced with leggins and green garters!

Joe Conwill lived to the left of the road, leading from O'Neill's, now Bobo's mills, on Bush River by the crab orchard to Parkin's ford, (now Crofts') on Saluda. His widow, Sophia Conwill, who at an age of more than fourscore, has within a few years died, was too good and useful a woman to be forgotten. Her husband has been dead more than thirty years. He was a pale, sickly looking man; but possessed of much activity, spirit and firmness. His unhealthy appearance arose, as it was said, from being bitten by a mad dog. He was just

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\* Here was the first Methodist meeting house in the Beaverdam and Saluda settlement, and possibly in the district. The first preacher *there*, (local perhaps) was Daniel Earp, (pronounced Harp.) I think he removed to and died in Pendleton district before its division.



married to her, of whom I have spoken as his widow, Sophia Goodwyn. Hunting racoons, (as was then the practice,) his dog treed one, while the tree, on which the coon had taken refuge was falling under the axes of his companions, he held his dog, which, struggling to get away, bit him. The next day, the dog was found to be mad. In a few days, Conwill and his young wife went to the Pine House, Edgefield, to obtain the services of Dr. Swearingen, in the cure of the former. Swearingen, whose reputation, as possessing the secret of curing hydrophobia, extended far and wide, undertook the case, and after a few day's prescription, having as he supposed, sufficiently guarded, by his medicine, against a paroxysm, left home for a few hours, leaving Conwill at large. In a short time, he was discovered to be exhibiting the usual appearances of hydrophobia. He was fortunately in the yard; the women took refuge in the house, and barred the door; he made repeated attempts to break in; at last, he took the road towards Augusta, at a dog trot; tongue protruding from his mouth, and the saliva dripping from it. In a short time, Swearingen returned home; being told what had occurred, he pursued Conwill on horseback. When he overtook him, he leaped off his horse, cut his bridle reins from his bridle; tied Conwill therewith, drove him home before him, *and cured him*. He lived I presume, at least thirty years afterwards; but he always affirmed, that at the full and change of the moon, he felt the effect of the bite! What has become of Swearingen's remedy? Did it die with him? Has he not a son still living near the Pine House?

John West, the father of the Wests, who lived on the Beaverdam, lived beyond an hundred years. When he said he was an hundred, or close in its neighborhood, he was found in the woods hunting squirrels, and said



he could then see to shoot a rifle, as well as he ever did. He died after 1804.

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No. 7, CONCLUDED.

John Musgrove, (Col. Musgrove, as he, as well as his brother Edward was called,) lived on Saluda. Of him, I have no personal knowledge, nor do I know the precise spot where he lived. At his place, the Regulators and Scofelites, in 1764, met in battle array; happily however, no actual battle occurred; flags were exchanged, and they agreed to separate, and petition the Governor to redress their grievances. This was done, and the result was, that after the great delay of five years, the Circuit Court Act of 1769 was passed. This quieted all domestic dissensions by bringing justice home to the people. Although no actual battle was fought between the Regulators and Scofelites, yet I have always understood there was some firing. The following humorous anecdote shews *that* must have been the case. A rather windy gentleman, who lived on the Beaverdam, joined the Regulators, and talked a great deal about the fighting he would do. As the parties were nearing one another, guns were fired; he took the alarm, fled, and wearing a long tailed coat, with a lead inkstand in the skirt pocket, as he jumped a gully, it flew up and struck him on the back part of the head; he fell forward, exclaiming "I am shot! I am a dead man! quarters, gentlemen! quarters, gentlemen!"

The man Scofel, who was made a colonel by Lord Charles Greville Montague, the Governor of the Prov-





ince, and is called Scoveil, in Ramsay's History, must have been a great scoundrel, fit only to command the thieves and disorderly persons with whom, as might be expected, the upper country, without any court higher than Charleston abounded, and to suppress whom the Regulation was instituted by Thomas Woodward, Joseph Kirkland and Barnaby Pope. For I have often heard it related by one, (whose memory I never found at fault,) that Scofel, after the Circuit Court Act went into operation, was tried at Ninety-Six for stealing chickens. The proof was, that there were 38 chickens stolen; Scofel swore "it was a *dom'd* lie, there were only sax and thirty, for I eat the guzzards."

John Musgrove, from whom I have wandered off to give some particulars attending the Regulation, or growing out of it, was a tory colonel in the revolution; the only known act of his command was the encampment of his forces on the Knoll, beyond the saw mill, at Bobo's mills, on Bush River, and his precipitate flight *thence*, on hearing a false report, that the whigs, under Casey, were about attacking him. He must have been a man of considerable substance. For, many years after the revolution, a large number of horses called "heretics" were wild in the Stone Hills, and were said to be the issue of his stock turned loose in the range.

Passing for a moment out of the immediate range of country through which we have been sweeping, and sliding within the bounds assigned in No. 5 for the Quaker settlement, we meet with the only relics of the Dunkers or Dunkards, within my knowledge, in this State. Their settlement was mainly on the Palmetto Branch, north of Bush River. Of this persuasion were originally the Chapmans, Summers, Lynches, Prathers and Martins. David Martin, the father of the family here named, lived on Salu-



da, near Hewett's ferry. Among these Dunkers, and the Quakers, without any definite participation in either, lived the Elmores, Mills, Hawkins, Brooks, Atkins, McKinseys, Larges, Gillilands, Abernathys, Coates, Downs, Hilburns, Thweatts, Sheppards, Ramages, Nances, Gillams, Coopers, Cates, Myers, Juliens, Rileys, Elsmores, Barretts, Curetons, Harps, Hays.

The Dunkers are baptized by immersion: they kneel in the water, and are thus plunged three times under it; they neither shave their heads or beards. Most of the leading Dunkers, in the settlement to which I have alluded, became Universalists, but not to the extent now held by that body of Christians. Many retained the long flowing beard. Often have I seen the patriarch of that settlement, the good old man, Joseph Summers, with his white beard, extending to and resting on his breast. He was a native of Maryland. He introduced the wheat called the Yellow Lammas, by bringing, as much as he could, in a stocking leg, from that State. It was perfectly white, when it was first brought. In a few years it became yellow, and was much valued. I fear in the many changes we have undergone, this valuable variety of wheat has been entirely lost.

My venerable friend, Giles Chapman, the great preacher of what was called Universalism, until within the last twenty years, certainly, always preached the Dunker faith. For I see "they deny the eternity of future punishment;" and such unquestionably was always his teaching. He, like his father-in-law, Joseph Summers, wore his beard.

Giles Chapman was a native of Virginia; he was born in 1748; his father, on immigrating to this State, first located himself for a season, at the place of our town. Giles Chapman was a saddler by trade. He married a



daughter of Joseph Summers. From my earliest recollection, 1799 or 1800, he lived at the place, where his worthy son, Samuel Chapman, Esq., now lives, and there he lived until his death, in, I presume, 1819.

He began to preach in 1782. Often have I heard his discourses. He was beyond all doubt an eloquent and gifted preacher; and seemed to me to be inspired with a full portion of that holy and divine spirit, which taught "*God is Love.*" His education and means of information were limited, yet his mighty Master spake by him, as he did by the fisherman "in words that burn, and thoughts which breath." His ministry was much followed, and in recurring to his spotless life and conversation, his continual zeal to do good, his kind and benevolent intercourse with men, and the meek humility with which he bore the railing of the sects of Christians, who differed in opinion with him, I have never entertained a doubt, that whether right or wrong, in abstract matters of faith and theology, he was indeed a disciple of *Him who came into the world to save sinners.*

I can see him *now* as plainly in my mind's eye, as I have seen him hundreds of times, as well in all the various pursuits and intercourse of life as in the pulpit; and yet I find it difficult to give of him a life-like description. He was rather above the ordinary size; grey hair and beard, not very long, but worn; his dress very much that of Friends; a face of the most placid and benevolent expression.

He married more persons than any other clergyman; he never would have more than \$1 for this service; "that was as much as any woman was worth," was his laughing reply to the question "how much do you charge?" This was his jest. For no man ever appreciated more highly woman, good, virtuous, suffering, feeble woman,



than he did, and none had ever more cause to value her; for certainly none better as wife and mother was to be found than his "ain gude wife."

As a husband, father, master, neighbor and friend, none was ever more justly beloved than Uncle Giles, as he was familiarly called by the country all around him.

The old Dunker meeting house stood near, and I think in the grave yard just at the edge of the Charleston road, a little north of east from Esquire Samuel Chapman's residence.

Recurring to the more immediate settlements, or rather sections of the district from which I passed to indulge myself in some recollections of the Dunker settlement, and to pay a just tribute to old friends and neighbors, I will, without further particularizing, say that until 1804, there were many of the inhabitants of the Stone Hills who belonged to that class called the pioneers of civilization, and who live more by hunting and fishing than work. Of these, I remember very well the Rialls who, between 1800 and 1804, removed to the far west. Among them occurred a swap of wives. One fancied the wife of his neighbor, and proposed an exchange; it was agreed to, and executed on the delivery of a jug of rum as boot.

Many will yet remember John and Thomas Downs: *they were both hunters and fishermen.* John was also, however, a hard-working man, but Tommy never loved either "the warm side or cold side of a corn field." Of him was told the story, that as soon as blackberries were ripe, he skinned with the bark entire, except on one side, two hickory saplings, and casing his legs in the bark thus obtained, he entered the briar patches for his living, exclaiming "I would not give thank-ye, for meat and bread."

It must not, however, be supposed, that the schoolmaster





was not in the south side of Newberry district. Three very good primary schools were on Bush River; James Howe, whose remains are in Chapman's grave yard, taught south of Bush River, for many years, on the plantation where Abijah O'Neill once lived, between the old brick house and Thomas Lake's, and in sight of the road leading to Mendenhall's mills. This gentleman was a relation of General and Admiral Lord Howe; he was a Londoner; he left England in consequence of some incidents attending his wife's death, which utterly disgusted him, and made him a recluse and a hermit. His penmanship I have never seen excelled. Under his direction the writer of this sketch, and many others, received the first impulses of that learning, which has made him and them, what ever he or they ever has or have been. No better, kind-hearted pedagogue ever ruled with or without "*an ickory*" the youths of Bush River. Another school north of the river, was headed by Richard Clegg, also an Englishman, who wrote a good hand, and understood arithmetic well; but he *loved liquor*, and at home or in his school, he *was like each and all of its votaries, a tyrant*. He removed and died in Ohio. The third school was taught by John B. Mitchel, a soldier of the revolution, who being captured and made a prisoner by the British, probably in New Jersey, accompanied their armies to the south, I think as a servant to one of the officers. He *here* remained. He was a preacher of the Methodist denomination for the last forty or fifty years of his life. He was an excellent teacher; many of the inhabitants of Newberry were taught by, and well remember "Master Mitchell." He lived far beyond four score, and died in Edgefield district, within the last six or eight years.

The Newberry Academy, built by voluntary subscriptions, went into operation, at the village, now town



of Newberry, in 1866. Its most palmy days were when taught by the Rev. John Foster and Charles Strong. Many of the men of Newberry, among whom are Chancellor Johnston, F. B. Higgins, Esq., Judge O'Neill, Drayton Nance, Esq., there received their academic educations. Its value to the community can only be sufficiently estimated by those who have experienced its benefits. It is hoped, under its present teacher, Mr. Williams, it will rival and even excel its past brightest days.

This number has carried me greatly beyond the usual limits; but I hope the information which it embodies may excuse its length. In our next, Mr. Editor, we will run hastily over the settlers of the original town of Newberry, give some account of matters connected with its history—notice briefly the public officers connected with the administration of justice, whose offices are kept at the town: and then in the succeeding number, if we can obtain the materials, we will indulge in a hasty glance at the old Bush River Baptist church and settlement.

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#### REV. CHARLES STRONG.

The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot. In estimating the relative value of human character, there is a vast difference between the standard adopted by the Bible, and that which obtains among men. On the page of profane history, the names of warriors, statesmen, and politicians, occupy a prominent place, and their exploits constitute the theme of eulogy; but in the Bible we have a record of the names,



and a history of the deeds of those who while in the world were not of the world. And the example of those who have walked with God, is exhibited for our imitation, that we may be stimulated to follow them who through faith and patience are inheriting the promises. Some of the most interesting and instructive portions of the Bible are those in which we have a delineation of the life and character of those who in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, did shine as lights in the world. And this scriptural example would seem to recommend the propriety of preserving a faithful record of the lives of those who were a blessing to the age and the country in which they lived. But not unfrequently it happens that the most useful men are so constantly employed in an unostentatious way, in works of faith and labors of love, that they have had neither leisure nor disposition to preserve a record of passing events with which they were identified. And hence the biographer searches in vain for such materials, as would enable him to do anything like justice to their memory. This difficulty is very sensibly experienced at the present moment, while I undertake to give a brief sketch of the life of a dear friend, who was removed from the scene of his earthly labors in the vigor of his days, and in the midst of his usefulness.

The Rev. Charles Strong, son of James and Letitia Strong, was born August 4th, 1788. The offspring of Christian parents, he enjoyed the unspeakable advantage of a good religious education in early life. By the diligence and care of his pious parents, he was, while yet a child, made familiar with that admirable summary of Christian doctrine which is contained in the Westminster standards. And in addition to the religious training which he enjoyed under the parental roof, it was his privilege



to enjoy the pastoral care of that thorough theologian, and that devoted minister of Christ, Rev. John Heraphill, D. D. Of the time when he was brought to submit to the yoke of Christ, and of his early Christian experience, the writer of this brief sketch has no definite information. All that is known with certainty is, that profiting by the religious instruction which he received, he was kept from running into those follies and irregularities into which so many of our youth are precipitated; and while he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of his father; and at an early period of life, made a public profession of the name of Christ. While yet a child, being distinguished for a sprightly and teachable disposition, and manifesting a fondness for books, his worthy father resolved to give him a good education, with a view to qualify him for usefulness in the church of God. Accordingly he entered the academy at Monticello, which was under the care of the Rev. James Rodgers, an institution somewhat famous in its day, and in which many of our distinguished professional men in the south received the rudiments of their education.

Having acquired that classical and scientific knowledge necessary to an entrance upon the study of a profession, Mr. Strong, deeply impressed with a sense of his obligations to redeeming grace, and anxious to make known to others the Saviour who was precious to his own soul, resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Accordingly having made known his intention to the first Presbytery of the Carolinas, he was received as a student of theology; and in the autumn of the year 1811, he repaired to New York and entered the Theological Seminary, which was under the care of Rev. John M. Mason, D. D., that prince of American theologians, and first of pulpit orators. Under this able instructor, Mr. Strong





devoted four years to theological studies, the usual term required in this institution. Having completed the preparatory course of study with honor to himself, he returned to his Presbytery and after performing with acceptance the usual exercises of trial, was on the 13th of July, 1815, licensed to preach the Gospel, as a probationer for the holy ministry. For the term of something more than a year, according to the custom of the church, he exercised his ministry among the vacant congregations under the care of the Presbytery. And being received with favor, he was soon urged to accept of a pastoral charge. And having accepted a call from the united congregations of Cannon Creek, King's Creek and Prosperity, he was ordained to the office of the holy ministry, and was installed November 8th, 1816. Here during the short period of his ministry, he discharged the duties of a Christian pastor with much acceptance, securing the confidence and esteem of the people over whom the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer.

In accordance with the arrangements of Divine Providence for the good of society, Mr. Strong selected as the partner of his joys and of his sorrows, Miss Nancy Harris, daughter of John and Martha Harris, to whom he was united in marriage February 13th, 1817. In the person of this lady, the Lord provided for Mr. Strong a wife of singular excellence, distinguished for piety and prudence, and one admirably qualified for the responsible station which she was called to fill.

Occupied in an extensive and interesting field of labor, enjoying the respect of the community and the warm affections of the people of his charge, Mr. Strong seemed to have before him the prospect of usefulness and comfort. Possessing a vigorous constitution, and enjoying a good degree of health, the church was promising herself



the long continued enjoyment of his valuable services. But how mysterious are the dispensations of Him whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known! In the short space of eight years, the work assigned to this faithful servant in the church below, was finished; and he was removed from his field of labor and usefulness on earth, as we trust, to the enjoyment of his reward on high. On the 20th of July, 1824, this young, ardent and devoted laborer in the vineyard of the Lord rested from his labors. His amiable partner remained behind, to mourn her irreparable loss, for the space of eighteen years; and on the 8th of November, 1842, was called, as we trust, to join her husband in the happy world where sorrow never comes.

The fruits of the happy union of this beloved pair, were five children, four daughters and a son. Of the four daughters, the youngest, who was the wife of Mr. A. L. Patterson, of Burke county, Georgia, has already been called to follow her worthy parents. Three, who yet survive, have been called to occupy stations similar to that which their excellent mother adorned, and are the wives of respectable ministers of the Associate Reformed Church. The only son, John Mason Strong, devoted himself to the healing art, and occupied a respectable position in the medical profession.

Mr. Strong was in person of the middle size. In a prepossessing countenance, mildness and benevolence were blended together; and these attractive qualities were lighted up by a peculiarly piercing eye. Gentle and unaffected in his manners, he was a most agreeable companion. Easy of access and familiar in his intercourse, he was always a welcome visitant among his parishioners. Unassuming, and at the sametime, dignified in



his deportment, his presence commanded respect. In the pulpit, free from everything like pharisaic austerity on the one hand, and levity on the other, his appearance was solemn and impressive. Possessing a voice clear, soft and harmonious, he was always heard with interest. Deeply impressed with a sense of the great importance of holding fast the truth as it is in Jesus, he determined in the exercise of his ministry not to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Disregarding matters of curious speculation, as unworthy of a place in the pulpit, it was his aim to preach the Gospel, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration, of the Spirit and of power. His preaching consequently was not of that character which is adapted to amuse the curious; but which is suited rather to alarm the careless, to encourage the anxious enquirer, to comfort the mourner in Zion, and to build up the believer in faith and holiness. But well qualified as this good minister of Jesus Christ was to be a successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and greatly needed as his services seemed to be, it pleased God to remove him thus early from the toils and the conflicts of the church below, to enjoy, as we doubt not, the reward of the faithful servant—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—they rest from their labors.

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**THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.**—Twenty-nine years have passed since the author of the following tribute to the memory of the Rev. Charles Strong saw him; still to-day, it seemed to him, as if he saw him, as he had seen him hundreds of times!

He was of a common size, five feet eight or nine inches high; hair black; growing back, and divided above his temples, so as to expose his noble, intellectual forehead; eyes black; teeth good; his face well formed, and rather



ruddy, betokening health; his disposition was cheerful and happy, and this was seen in his lively pleasant countenance.

He, with Joseph and James Lowry, entered the South Carolina College among the first students, probably, in 1805 or 1806. Their necessities compelled them to board themselves: this they did by furnishing their own provisions, and cooking for themselves, in a room of the College near to their dormitories and study, which they were permitted thus to use.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, by which many of the present youths would not only be startled, but would be turned back from the pursuit of an education, these clever young men pursued their studies with unabated ardor, and graduated, in December, 1808, good scholars, and prepared to be useful men. All these afterwards became ministers of the Gospel, teachers and preachers of their mighty Master's word.

Charles Strong, immediately after his graduation, took charge of the Newberry Academy, and there taught until the summer of 1812, with great ability and success. His school was a large one, and beyond all doubt fully remunerated him for his labors.

No better teacher could *then* have been found; his pupils showed *then* and *since* that they had been well taught. Gen. James Gilliam, Judge O'Neall, and F. B. Higgins, Esq., are three of his surviving pupils.

In 1812, he left Newberry, and went to New York to enter upon his ministerial course of study. At the end of three or four years, he returned home, married Miss Harris, of Mecklenburg, N. C., and took charge of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian congregations of Prosperity, Cannon's Creek, King's Creek and Head Spring, in Newberry. When his services *there* began is not certainly known; he was, however, thus employed before





1808; he settled among his people, within about six miles of Newberry, C. H., on the road leading from the Black Jack, by William Spence's to the Long Lane, and there lived in great comfort and happiness, dispensing benefits and blessings all around him, until the summer of 1821. In the latter part of July, or first days of August, he was called from his labors *here* to his everlasting rest! He was attacked with a high grade of billious fever, and died in a few days, leaving a wife, four daughters, and a son, him surviving.

On the first Monday of August, in the town of Newberry, in the presence of a great many auditors, Judge O'Neil, the President of the Newberry Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Society, delivered before them, in an extra meeting called for that purpose, the following address. It was the outpouring of the heart of a pupil and intimate friend, when his memory and virtues were fresh, and is therefore more to be depended on as faithful than anything which could now be given :

*Yellow-Members* : It has become my duty to announce to the Society the mournful event which causes it to meet. The death of our late President, the Rev. Charles Strong, was a circumstance so deeply affecting our interests and feelings as to justify an extra meeting. It has always been regarded by all bodies, whether civil or religious, as proper to bestow some mark of respect upon the memory of departed worth. It is true, it cannot be of any value to the dead, but it is of vast importance to the living. It sanctifies all our feelings of love, affection and respect, and in the language of Ossian, "It is like the memory of joys which are past; pleasant, yet mournful to the soul." The effect of such a tribute of respect, in exciting individuals to be also worthy, is manifest and striking. If the good and great men were permitted to



descend to the tomb without any observation or comment, all the effects of their virtues would be lost with their names. Society might mourn in silent sadness the loss, but no voice would arise from the tomb, bidding the survivors to "go and do likewise."

To those who knew our deceased brother eulogy is unnecessary! His life spoke the good man in every sense of the word! His virtues were proclaimed in every act of his life, whether public or private! And, were it reasonable for me, in the present state of affairs, to seek for the name of an individual, on whom there was neither spot nor blemish, I should exultingly place my finger upon that of the Rev. Charles Strong! It has been my good fortune to know him long, and to know him intimately; and whether in the relation of a teacher or of a friend, he was alike the object, not only of my respect, but also of an attachment which nothing but death could have terminated. The principal public duties of Mr. Strong's life were those of a teacher, a minister of the Gospel, and a founder of this society. As a teacher, no individual could have boasted more of uninterrupted success; and no person of his age enjoyed in that capacity a more extended fame.—Many of his pupils are now before me, and with me they will bear witness to the value of his instructions; and with me they will say "We owe him a debt of gratitude which can never be extinguished." As a preacher Mr. Strong never pretended to the highest claims of eloquence. He taught lessons of christianity in the plain language of honesty and truth. He addressed the understandings of his hearers with the argument of reason and piety, and like the dews of heaven, they descended, spread over, and adhered to every mind. One might have thought it strange that people could listen to him, without feeling



the necessity of worshipping God in spirit and in truth! He sought not to make converts by terror, but by love! He did not hold out God as an object of terror, but of love unto his congregations! Although possessing great learning himself, he never sought to array his sermons with its pedantry; they were delivered in plain, unornamented language, suited to the feelings and capacities of his hearers; and as such he rendered them practically useful; and hence he became, not one of the most eloquent, but one of the most useful ministers of the Gospel. That he was in earnest in his calling, and that he endeavored to teach others to be what he really was, the good Christian, needs no demonstration. His congregations, his friends, his acquaintances, and even those who never saw him but once, will bear witness to it. From the time he was ordained a preacher of the Gospel, he was "the vigilant watchman on the tower," proclaiming at all times the approach of the enemy. Temporal, when contrasted with eternal things, were considered as trash; and as one of the shepherds of Christ's flock, His staff and His scrip were preferred by him. His eyes were turned to the living God, whom he worshiped in spirit and in truth; and to his throne and the mercy-seat of Christ, he diligently called the attention of all people to whom his ministry extended.

Mr. Strong was the founder of the Newberry Auxiliary Bible Society. He was not only its founder, but also its support. His exertions prevented it from sharing, in common with many other good undertakings, an untimely fate. His unwearied attention to it, and his virtues, carried it triumphant through all its past difficulties. As being the means of distributing the word of God to the poor and needy, the ignorant and uninformed, the bond and the free, he cherished this society. It



is, and it ought to be, a living record of his Christian worth. The relations of life, whether those of neighbor, friend, husband, or parent, were all discharged by Mr. Strong in that way which will endear his memory to every one. When the tomb closed upon his body, it did not spread the pall of darkness upon his name. His neighbors, his friends, his wife, and his children, will shed, it is true, many a tear of regret over his grave, but yet sorrowing and in tears, they will say he was a good neighbor, a steadfast friend, and an affectionate husband and parent!

Such, fellow-members, is a brief outline of our founder, former President, and fellow-member. His death, while yet in early life, has deprived us and society in general of his valuable services. For such a loss and deprivation we must grieve; but that grief ought to be tempered and restrained by a pious resignation to the will of Divine Providence. We should say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" And our tears should be dried up with the recollection; that our deceased friend and brother, in the exchange of time for eternity, has entered upon that happy state, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." But notwithstanding the consolations of religion may dry up our tears, yet a sincere grief for his loss, a just and a virtuous attachment to his memory, and the claims of society, require of us a last tribute of respect.

"His saltem accumullem donis. et fungar, inani munere."

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No. 8.

In approaching the fulfilment of the promise given,





at the close of No. 7, I think it necessary to say a word or two more as to the location of the town of Newberry. It is situated immediately between the north and south branches of Scott's or Scotch Creek, and about a mile above their junction. The name of the creek is, in my estimation doubtful. For, although the pronunciation most general is Scotch creek, yet I have never been able to see the slightest reasons why it should be so called. The other name may be traced to an old settler, Thomas Scott, who lived near the south branch.

The town was originally entirely confined to the space between Harrington, Adams, Boundary and McKibbin streets. It was subsequently extended east, as far as Chancellor Johnston's homestead. The corporation now extends a mile, every way, from the court house, and I hope, in less than five years, all this space will be fully occupied, by an active enterprising population. The streets are entirely too narrow, being only 33 feet wide; they were thus granted by the proprietors, John and Henry Coate. They are generally described in the deeds "with the privilege of a street 33 feet wide, all around an acre square." If any of them should ever be abandoned as streets, then, instead of belonging to the lot owners, they will revert to the heirs of the proprietor. It is proper to remark, that in all the lots recently laid off in connection with the extension of the town west, they have been laid out 40 and 50 feet wide. The Greenville and Columbia Railroad now soon thus far to be completed, passes around the south and western parts of the village.\* The depot is immediately between the extension of Pratt and Friend streets. It stands upon an eleva-

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\*In March 1851 it reached Newberry, it with all its branches (164 miles) was finished December, 1853. The town of Newberry is now a beautiful, prosperous one; it contains 1,500 inhabitants.



tion which overlooks the whole of the old town, which lies east of it. The town of Newberry, when it comes to be well built up east, south, west, and north of the depot, shall be a very beautiful one. The north branch of Scott's Creek will run through it, just at the base of the depot hill; along its southern margin will run the extension of Harrington until it intersects Drayton street. Newberry may, like old Rome, boast of being built on her seven hills, and may even point to the creek winding its way through her clustering houses, as her Tiber. But if this dream, as many of our *wise ones* will no doubt call it, should ever be realized, I hope that the town of Newberry will never be disgraced by civil dissensions, immoral practices, or that most hateful and disorganizing of all business, *the dram shop*; but on the contrary, that she will be blessed by a harmonious, honest, working, sober, patriotic and religious people. If this be so, I shall proudly point to the town where much of my life has been spent, and to the prosperity of which I have devoted many of my energies, as worthy of all praise and imitation.

It may not be amiss, too, to remark that the supposition that the town is unhealthy is entirely without foundation. There was once good reason to say that it was so; but since the removal in 1831, of Farnandis' mill pond on the north fork of the creek, and since the town council have bestowed a *little care*, on the cleanliness of the streets, there is no local cause for disease; and accordingly, for several years past, it may challenge comparison for health, with any of the towns of the interior.

There are two meeting houses in the town.\* The

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\*There are now six, besides those mentioned in the text, are the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Seceders, and Lutheran.



Baptist was built in 1832, for the church which grew out of the great revival of 1831. This extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit took place under the preaching of Elder N. W. Hodges, assisted by Messrs. Barne, Chiles and Furman. The church thus gathered together, where none before existed, has had the services of Elders Barnes, Hodges, Mangum, Lindsey, Freat, Gibson, Landrum, Earnet, and has now those of Elder Brantly. Mr. Hodges was a native of Abbeville, and a graduate of the South Carolina College. He lived from December, 1831, to 1835, in the village. Under his care the church grew and multiplied greatly. He was afterwards the agent of the Baptist State Convention and resided at Greenwood for several years, until he was transferred to the Furman Institute, and took charge of the classical school. In 1842 he finished his useful labors and was gathered to his rest. His second wife preceded him by a few weeks; their children have been cared for by their brethren and sisters. Thomas Freat united himself to the Baptist church, at Newberry, on leaving the Methodist connection, in which he had been a local preacher. He was ordained, and occupied the place of Pastor of the church for a few years; indeed, until he was elected Surveyor General, and removed to Columbia. He is an Irishman; he has fine talents, and has very faithfully improved them. He still lives in Columbia. Long may he be spared to his family and to usefulness. The other meeting house is the Methodist. It was built about 1833. A very respectable body of Methodists and pious Christians there worship God. The Presbyterian house of worship called Aveleigh is about one and a half miles from the town.\* John Coate, (little) the original pro-

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\*Removed to the town.



prietor of the town, and of course the first resident, did not live within the first village, as laid off by himself. Indeed it was not extended beyond his dwelling, (on the lot now owned by Dr Thompson,) until after the death of his son, Capt. Henry Coate. I have no distinct recollection of John Coate. He must have died between 1802 and 1804. He was represented as a very skilful mechanic, capable of executing almost anything, as a blacksmith, or as a silversmith. He left many children, two of whom, Henry Coate and Marmaduke Coate, lived at different times in the village, and had much to do with its prosperity.

Henry Coate was the deputy of Sheriff John Speake, the first District Sheriff of Newberry, who was elected in December, 1800, and entered on the duties of his office in February, 1801. Most of the business of the office was conducted by the deputy, who was a man of business, and every way worthy of the trust. He performed the disagreeable duty of executing the first man hanged at Newberry, William Tate, otherwise called, and better known as William Tannyhill, who was convicted at March Term, 1802, and executed for horse stealing. In connection with this unfortunate man's fate may be stated a circumstance which created much excitement at the time: Two physicians, (one of whom was afterwards a man of much distinction,) determined on possessing themselves of the body. The poor culprit, at his request, was decently interred, and he had also made arrangements to have his grave inclosed

The doctors succeeded in disinterring the body, and dissecting it. One of them, who then lived at Dr. Biellers, (now Chancellor Johnston's plantation, at the mouth of Bush River,) put the bones in a bag, and actually carried them home, more than ten miles, at night. Just





as he reached Geo. McKinsey's (now Dr. Bobo's present residence,) his bag became untied, and he lost a part of the skeleton; he roused McKinsey from his sleep, got a light, and to the horror of the stout farmer, gathered up the *disjecta membra*, (the scattered bones,) and pursued his homeward way. The report got out, that he boiled the bones in Bieller's still, and many a whiskey drinker turned with loathing from the after runs of whiskey there made. The doctors were indicted for this sacrilegious invasion of the rest of the grave; one, the most guilty, fled the country, the other remained, and against him the prosecution was allowed to fall.

After this episode, which is longer than the main discourse, I must be allowed to return to Capt. Coate. He commanded for many years the company of cavalry, originally raised by Maj. William Craig and Frederick Nance, and finally commanded by Capt. John Cappleman.\* He was the surrogate of the Ordinary, Samuel Lindsey, Esq., (except a brief interval, which was filled by John Gould,) to his resignation, in 1815. He was also the deputy of Sheriff Long, in his brief sheriffalty of

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\* This company, originally a very fine one, dwindled down to a very poor troop. The horses and accoutrements of the troopers were very remarkable for their lack of every thing to constitute cavalry. I remember very well to have seen the squadron reviewed in 1808, south of the Academy. One of the men belonging to Cappleman's troop was McCart; he had neither cap nor other cavalry equipment, except a long dragoon sword; he rode a very small pony. In one of the charges he was fully 100 yards in the rear, accompanied by a dog, nearly as large as his charger. One of the students defeated McCart's file coverer by throwing a stone at, and hitting the poor dog, and sending him yelping from the field. It was on that occasion, that the reviewing officer drawing up his command in line before the Academy, said to Cappleman's company, "Gentlemen, if I was in your places I would be ashamed of riding such little rat tail ponies, which I could take by the tail, and sling over the Academy at one jerk."



1807. After his marriage to his first wife, Elizabeth Long, he ceased to reside in the then village. After her death, he married her sister, Mary. He died in 1827. Of him, I may well say, that he had many, very many excellent qualities.

Maj. Frederick Nance was, I presume, the first settler at and within the limits of the village of Newberry. He was a native of Amelia county, Virginia; he was born the 13th day of August, 1770, and died the 10th day of February, 1840. He lived in the house now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy B. Pratt.\* He married Elizabeth Rutherford, the daughter of Col. Robert Rutherford. Maj. Nance was the deputy of Wm. Malone, the first County Clerk of Newberry, from May term '91, till February, '94, when he ceased to be the deputy and Wm. Satterwhite was appointed in his place. At May term, '94, Wm. Malone resigned; and Maj. Nance was appointed County Clerk in his place. When the county courts were abolished in January, 1800, and the circuit district courts established in '98 and '99, went into operation, he was recommended and appointed by the Governor, Clerk of Newberry, and continued in office until 1807, when he resigned, and Y. J. Harrington, Esq., our present excellent Clerk, succeeded him.† The writer had not that sort of knowledge in 1807, which would enable him to speak with accuracy of the discharge of the duties of Clerk by Maj. Nance; but judging from his records, and *then* reputation, it is due to him to say that no one could have better discharged the duties. Indeed, few men had the influence which he had while in that office; he was pretty much the legal adviser of

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\*Mrs. Pratt is no more.

†Mr. Harrington died fall of 1850.



all the citizens.\* The process of arraignment of a criminal is a very imposing one, when properly carried out. The fine person of Maj. Nance, and his full knowledge of, and correct arraignment of a prisoner, made, in the spring of 1807, a deep impression on the writer, who, as a country boy, looked upon and listened to that ceremony when James Toland was put to the Bar. How he acquired the title of major ought perhaps to be stated: he was the lieutenant of the company of cavalry raised by Craig and himself. When Craig became the major, he rose to be captain. Prior to his promotion, Henderson and Williams, lieutenants in other companies, junior to him, became captains. On Craig's abdication of the command of the squadron, by leaving the country, Col. Creswell, who commanded the regiment, held under the law providing for promotion by seniority, that as Frederick Nance was the oldest lieutenant in the squadron, although the junior captain, he was entitled to the command of the squadron. He accordingly commissioned him major, and as such he commanded, at one regimental or squadron muster. Captains Henderson and Williams protested against Colonel Creswell's decision, and a Court of Inquiry reversed it. The consequence was that Frederick Nance and John Henderson both resigned, and James Williams became the major. After Major Nance's resignation of the clerk-

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\* He was also a merchant and laid the foundations of the wealth which he realized in the successful pursuit of that business. His direction to Y. J. Harrington, who was in 1799 his clerk, and who then had little acquaintance with the people trading at Newberry, is so creditable to our German population that it ought to be generally known. He said to him, "whenever a Dutchman asks for credit, you need not hesitate about it, and without consulting any one, you may give the credit asked."



ship, he was a candidate for Congress to fill up General Casey's unexpired term; he was defeated by Capt. Joe Calhoun; but he received an almost unanimous vote in Newberry. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor, December, 1808, and qualified with the Governor, John Drayton. In 1812, he was elected Senator in the State Legislature from Newberry, and served two terms. In 1816 he was appointed the Elector of President for the Congressional district, consisting of Newberry, Fairfield and Laurens, and voted for James Monroe, President, and Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice-President. Having served for two years, as a Representative, while Major Nance was Senator, enables me to say that Newberry never has had a more faithful and useful servant than he was. The deafness, which was creeping on him, induced him to decline a re-election in 1820, and he ever after lived a private man. He was twice married: his first wife I have already named. The death of this excellent lady took place in 1829; her many virtues endeared her not only to her own family, but also to her many friends. None, however, felt her loss like her husband. In 1831, he married Mrs. Theresa Ruff, who survived him. By his first marriage, he had eleven children, nine of whom, Robert R., Dorothy B., Drayton, Amelia, Frederick, Sarah, Frances, Alfred and Laura, lived to be men and women; by his last marriage, he had one daughter, Martha, now Mrs. Calmes.\*

Major Nance was an useful man. He was a good neighbor, a firm friend, a devoted husband and father. Having known him from my childhood to his death, it is right and proper that I should say he well deserves

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\* Of these nine only two, Frederick and Laura, in '58 survived.





to be remembered, when Newberry presents her most respectable and worthy citizens.

I think, at one time, Samuel Lindsey, Esq., lived in the village, and occupied as a tavern the old house, which stood on the ground, where the brick hotel now stands. This gentleman was a soldier of the revolution: he, with his brothers, John, James, Thomas and Col. John Adam Sumner, under the command of Col. Philemon Waters, brought off a field piece at the battle of Stono, which had been abandoned by its officers and men. From '99 to 1815 he was the Ordinary of Newberry district, and I regret to be compelled to say, that his office was neither well kept, nor its duties well understood. In 1813 an attempt was made by John Gould to have him impeached; this was pursued until December, 1811, when, after a regular hearing before a committee, of which Samuel E. Kerber was chairman, it was recommended that articles should not be preferred against him; this was concurred in by the House; and thus the matter ended. He was an intelligent, venerable looking man; he wrote a good hand but never understood anything of accounts. He drank intoxicating drinks to excess for many years before 1815; in the beginning of that year, he was struck with paralysis, which deprived him of the power of speech, and the use of his right hand, so that he could not write. In this miserable condition, he, by his surrogates, John Gould and Henry Coate, discharged the duties of his office until November, 1815, and actually made his mark to many an official paper. His resignation, in November, 1815, was sent to the Legislature, and James Farnandis, Esq., very much to the honor and advantage of Newberry, succeeded him.

Samuel Lindsey lived many years after the sad visita-



of Providence, to which I have alluded; in his old age, and laboring under this grievous infirmity, he experienced a change of heart, and was united to the Baptist church. He lived to be an old man, beyond three score and ten. He died probably in 1826 or 1827.

Here I may be permitted to remark, that with this exception, and possibly Sheriff Speake, Newberry, from 1785 to this time, has never had a *bad public officer*. *Never has a surety of a Sheriff, Ordinary, Tax Collector, Clerk, or Commissioner in Equity, been compelled to pay a cent for any default, in any one of these public officers!* *This is high praise, but it is true; and hence the unexampled prosperity of Newberry.* Such a thing as ruling a Sheriff *here* to compel him to pay money which he has collected, and about the application of which there is no dispute, *is, ever has been, and I hope ever will be, unknown.*

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No. 8 CONTINUED.

The old tavern occupied by Captain Lindsey, as he was often called, was afterwards occupied and kept by Nicholas Vaughan for a short time. There was nothing remarkable in his life upon which I can put my finger. His sons, by his first marriage, Drury, James and Walter V., were very well known in Laurence and Newberry. His second wife was Nancy Lee, the widow of Andrew Lee, of Lee's ferry, on Saluda. (Of her and her first husband, when I come to speak of the revolution, I may detail an anecdote.) By his second marriage he had one or more children. He died on Saluda, I think, about 1804 or 1805.



William Satterwhite, (commonly called Buck Satterwhite,) who was the deputy of William Malone, County Clerk from February, '91 to May, '91, and who was the Sheriff of the county from '98 till 1801, kept tavern in the house above described. It is probable he preceded Nicholas Vaughan. During the time he kept this house, his wife eloped with Maj. Wm. Craig, leaving behind her her infant child. Strange to say, she and Craig lived in Florida and Georgia, as man and wife, happily and respectably. Maj. Craig was an United Irishman of 1791, the object of which Society was, as stated in the address of '93, "universal enfranchisement and a real representation of the people in Parliament." Like Rowan and others, he had to fly from his country, where I have always understood he left a wife and children. He was a merchant at Newberry, and did business in a house which stood where the house now occupied by Mr. Jones as a cabinet maker's shop stands, and which was burnt. My impression is, he built in its place the house now standing, and there did business, until he fled from Newberry, taking with him the wife of his landlord and friend, in 1799.

This was a death blow to the injured husband; his habits of drink, which were verging to excess before, now became confirmed, and opened to him an early grave!

John Anderson, the third person buried in the village grave yard, kept tavern at Newberry. My impression is, he kept tavern, in 1802, in the house now owned and occupied by Hugh K. Boyd as a kitchen, and afterwards in the house occupying the site of the brick hotel. A celebrated wag, (John Gould) has often told, that at that period, "the various boarders at Mr. Anderson's hotel, each morning paraded on the hill, where the court



house stands, before breakfast; when the horn blew, each started at the top of his speed; if any one stumped his toe, he turned back, well knowing before he could get in all would be eat up."

This house (Boyd's) was afterwards occupied by Jacob Lewis, who was dubbed by the mischievous wags "Chew-wink," after a little bird having a cry somewhat resembling that name, and remarkable for its habit of bobbing up and down on a limb.

Poor Jake was a good natured, honest man, utterly unfit for such a business; and to use a cant expression, "he was soon used up." While living in Newberry, his niece was supposed to have taken laudanum. Jake was seen posting early in the morning to the doctors: "Where are you going, Jake?" was the inquiry, "I am going after the doctor, that d——d nephew of mine has taken lodamy draps," was the answer.

Among the early settlers of Newberry was Dr. Samuel Todd, who was a sojourner for a short time; he subsequently moved to, and died in Laurens, possessed of great wealth. Of him, during his sojourn at Newberry, a most laughable anecdote was told by John Thweatt. The Doctor was an Irishman, fresh from the *sod*. He had heard a great deal about bees; in a plum orchard, near the village, he fancied he had found a swarm; running into the house, he communicated the fact to his wife, who, like himself, was from Ireland: "Och, Dr. dear, and how shall we know our baes from Maj. Nance's baes?" was her anxious response. "Och, child," said the Dr., "our baes can be kenned well enough, they are as ba faced and as white-legged as our sorrel mear." He procured Peter Julien to hive the bees for him, and sadly to the cost of both, they found, instead of a swarm of bees, a large hornet's nest.





Peter Julien, better known as Esquire Julien, was long a magistrate, and afterwards the Coroner of Newberry district. He often lived in the village, and finally killed himself, where the old road leading through Chancellor Johnston's possessions by Frank Atkins old place into the Charleston road, near Esquire McCalla's residence, turned off from the Columbia road. This fatal deed was performed by hitching the trigger of a shot gun on the limb of a bush, and holding the gun to his breast, and pulling it forward. He was an old man, full of years, when he thus foolishly and madly cut short his career.

John Thweatt! who does not remember John? beyond doubt one of the most witty men who ever lived in this land. He was a native of Virginia. He lived often in the village. He was as remarkable for his good humor as his wit; yet to him was left the honor of beating the bullies of the Fork, and the 'Chinquapias, and thus making them very peaceable men. I allude to Honorius Sheppard and Wm. Montgomery, (commonly called Billy McGlamery.) John's usual occupation was wagoning. It is impossible to embody in such an article as this, the innumerable anecdotes in which he was concerned. I mention one with a view to follow it up, by shewing in his after life, that impenitence did not follow and close it up against hope. Driving his wagon on a warm day, in the spring, on a return trip from Charleston, along the old road, above Orangeburg, he came opposite to a clearing, in which a man and his sons had been engaged in burning the logs. They were as black and dirty as lightwood smoke and sand could make them; as soon as John saw them, he leaped from his horse, and kneeling down, he prayed in a loud voice "Great God, be pleased to send a shower to wash these poor people, for I have often heard that nothing unclean shall enter into the



kingdom of heaven, and if they should now be cut off in their present unclean condition, they never *there* can enter!" The amazement of his auditors may be imagined, it cannot be described.

He left Newberry for Georgia, where I think he now lives, a member of, and I have heard, a preacher of the Methodist denomination. Thus, indeed, although he began to pray in ridicule, he now, like Saint Paul, may be pointed out as a convert, for "*lo! he prayeth.*"

The "L" house, owned and occupied by Dr. Long, was built by Major Thomas W. Waters in '99 or 1800. Its first occupants (whom I remember) were John, George and Lewis McCreless. The latter was killed soon after he came to the village near the mile stone on the Columbia road, by his horse running away with him, and throwing him against a tree. He was the first person buried in the village grave yard. Miss Bond, the daughter of John P. Bond, of Lexington, and niece of John McCreless, was the second.

Of George McCreless, I have already spoken. John McCreless was a very remarkable man. Few men surpassed him in his capability to discharge any business. His information, for the time he lived at Newberry, between '99 and 1806, was rather above the common standard. He composed pretty good poetry. A friend, from memory, has furnished me with the following :

"Billy McGlamerey is come to town  
 To empty cups and glasses!  
 He takes the taverus, in a line,  
 And drains them as he passes.  
 He robs the flies of what is their right,  
 And leaves them not a taste, sir,  
 I warrant you he stays all night,  
 To see that nothing wastes, sir!

He sold out his possessions to Mr. John Johnston, the



father of Chancellor Johnston, and removed from Newberry. I next met with him in 1811, as a tavern keeper at Spring Hill, Lexington district. He was subsequently elected the Clerk of the Court for that district, and removed to or near Granby, and discharged the duties of Clerk, Register of Mesne Conveyances, Commissioner of Locations, and Ordinary, until the court was removed from Granby to Mrs. Corley's, the present seat of justice, Lexington Court House. This was about 1820. The last I knew of him was in the neighborhood of Columbia, in 1829. Since then I have lost sight of him; whether he be dead or not, I cannot say, though I presume he is.

Daniel Brooks, Esq., was another of the early settlers of Newberry. He lived on the lot where Dr. Harrington lived in 1850; he built the house which Vincent B. Pope removed from it. Brooks was a saddler by trade and a man of much intelligence; he wrote a good hand; he was long a magistrate of Newberry. He lived a few years since in the neighborhood of Due West Corner, Abbeville. His son John was one of the brave men, who went out from Newberry as a volunteer in the Mexican campaign, and returned, after treading, in victory and triumph, the streets of Mexico. Since, he madly put an end to his life.

Samuel Ker, Esq., was the first lawyer who ever resided in Newberry; he was *here*, I know, in 1801; how much earlier he occupied the ground I do not certainly know, probably in 1803. He lived in the house just spoken of, he had a fine practice; but was not, I think, a very well educated lawyer. Connected with his name and family is another very interesting reminiscence. His wife and her sister were from the West Indies. The latter, on the voyage thence to Charleston, was engaged to McNeill, of the firm of Sherman & McNeill of Charleston. He



alleged that the engagement was a mere piece of badinage on his part, but she made it earnest. They were married; the firm failed. McNeill, after sojourning for a time at Newberry, left for his place of nativity, Caswell county, North Carolina. He had contracted habits of intoxication, which soon carried him to his grave. One child was the issue of the marriage. In 1815, I saw his widow, she, who had once revelled in wealth, who had been the associate of taste, fashion and refinement, in a cabin, not 15 feet square, in the wild woods of a very remote part of Caswell county, every tittle of furniture about the house was not worth twenty dollars. At her feet were children born in her widowhood. Her child by McNeill was in the care of a highly respectable gentleman, James Yancey, Esq. How sad are the consequences of intemperance! Ker removed about 1806 from Newberry to Louisiana, possibly to New Orleans.

Simon T. Sherman, of the firm of Sherman & McNeill, Charleston, though not an inhabitant of the village, yet was the son-in-law and surrogate of Samuel Lindsey, Esq. He lived near the ford of the creek, on the road from Newberry to Higgin's ferry. He lies buried somewhere near the place where he lived, in that part of the plantation of Judge O'Neill on the creek, and above the ford, but where, though often sought for, cannot be ascertained. He died between 1811 and 1812, leaving, notwithstanding the failure of his firm, a considerable property in the possession of his widow; but a large debt of the firm to Hugh Patterson, for Penman, Shaw & Co., was set up after his death, and although compromised at a great deal less than was due, swept off the great bulk of his property.

George Schoppert settled in Newberry in '99. He went there as a mechanic, in the employment of his





brother-in-law, Thomas W. Waters, who was engaged in building the jail, the court house, and out of the refused timber for these public buildings, his "L" house herein before spoken of. Mr. Schoppert was an industrious house carpenter; he soon made out to buy the western quarter acre of the lot now belonging to Dr. Harrington. Here he lived from '99 to 1826, when he died. Here he raised his children, Precious, Philip, Joseph and Elizabeth; all of whom, except Philip, are now no more. Mr. Schoppert built most of the houses in the Village and its vicinity from '99 to his death. He was the ensign of the Newberry Artillery Company, and served the tour of duty at Camp Alston in 1814. He came to this State from Maryland, but I think he was a native of Pennsylvania. He was a soldier in the army embodied to put down the Whiskey Insurrection, and when in his cups, used to take great delight in singing an old soldier's song, beginning "We are the boys who fear no noise." The Dutch dance, "Hoop se saw" was another of his favorites, when he had a taste too much of the "overjoyful." He was of German descent, and was as hard working, honest, industrious a man as ever the sun shone upon. From great poverty, he struggled on to rather more than competence, notwithstanding an expensive family. His widow Catherine survived him. She was an universal favorite in the mirth-loving village of Newberry. Caty Chopper, as she was usually called, and her snuff-box were synonymous with *fun*, until 1819, when she became a member of the Methodist Church. Her husband soon followed and died 1825. She died about 1829. Their child, Joseph, died before either of them, I think in 1817 or 1818. Precious married Dr. Thomas Shell, whom she survived; Elizabeth married Joel Stevenson, who survived her; Philip is now an inhabitant of



Eutaw, Alabama. Like his father, he was a house carpenter; he partook much of his mother's temperament; he loved mischief and fun, and was rarely surpassed at either. No man has spent a more laborious life, and no one has more signally failed in securing even competence. He, like his parents, is a Methodist, and is, I believe, a Christian. If my good wishes could change the adverse current against which he has been rowing, he would have *them* now as he has ever had, with now and then a little more substantial than good wishes.

John Speake, the Sheriff from February, 1801, to February, 1805, never lived at the court house. He was a soldier of the revolution, and died, I presume, since 1828. The office of Sheriff had not many duties in his time; such as they were, he had but little to do with them. He, however, whipped the first man I ever saw whipped for the violation of the law. At October Term, 1802, John Sloan, (calling himself Col. John Sloan) a stranger in our community, was indicted before Judge Brevard, at Newberry, and convicted of passing, knowing it to be counterfeit, a counterfeit double guinea which was not current coin, and therefore not within the statutes against counterfeiting the current coin or passing such counterfeited current coin, knowing it to be counterfeit. I see, on looking to the indictment, he was indicted merely for passing a counterfeit double guinea knowing it to be counterfeit. I apprehend on such an indictment, no judgment could have been awarded, if the matter had been properly canvassed. I presume from the sentence passed, it must have been awarded under the statute, 3 H. S. c. 1, "against them that counterfeit letters, or privy tokens to receive money or goods in other men's name," and which provides punishment for such as be thereof convicted, "by imprisonment of



his body, setting upon the pillory or other corporal pain, (except pains of death"). The culprit was tied to the hickory, which once stood east of the old shoe store. He received 39 on his bare back; and every stripe upon his fair and fat back might have been counted by the marks, none of which cut the skin. He said that "it put him into such an exceeding good humor, he seemed as if he loved the world."

#### No. 8 CONTINUED.

Sheriff Speake was succeeded by P. B. Waters, the son of Col. Philemon Waters, of revolutionary memory, who was elected December, 1801, and entered on the duties of Sheriff in 1805. He married shortly before, or soon after he was elected, Sarah, the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Gillam. He and his wife lived in the house herein before described, built by Daniel Brooks, Esq. He removed from his plantation on Bush River to the house now owned and occupied by Major John B. McMorries, but did not live to complete it.\*

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\* David Gunn, after the removal of Major Cureton, hereafter to be spoken of, lived in this house to his death, in '27 or '28. He was a native of North Carolina, neighborhood of Fayetteville. He came to Newberry about 1811 or 1812. He was a wheelwright: he made gigs and Windsor chairs; he had very little competition, and must have made money. He worked first where Hugh K. Boyd lives; after he bought Cureton's lot, he built a shop on the corner, just opposite to L. J. Jones' dwelling. He was a violent Federalist, and when he came to Newberry he was in the midst of Republicans, and had, therefore, a very uncomfortable time as to politics, for years. For generally he was in a minority of one. He, however, worked constantly, and people overlooked his political errors, on account of his industry. He was a bachelor; when prosperity came to him, it brought in its train habits of drink, which not amounting to drunkenness, yet shortened his days, and wasted his means: he died with little more than paid his debts and the expenses of administration.



Mr. Waters was a surveyor, and a very good and successful one. The duties of Sheriff he was very competent to perform, and most faithfully did he discharge them. Mr. Waters was the librarian of the Library Society, which was raised about 1803, and consisted of the villagers, and many of the people of the country around. They had a pretty good selection of books, and much good did it do, by placing the means of information within the reach of many who could not otherwise have obtained it. But like many other good things, after a while it began to languish, and "languishing did live" until 1811, when it died, by the members ordering all the books to be sold. I am almost tempted to say, shame upon such folly! such an institution, *now* in the town of Newberry, would be worth more than thousands of dollars divided amongst its inhabitants. Many an one, with the opportunity of thus getting books, would be found reading instead of bending his elbow at that celebrated place called "Julia's."

Sheriff Waters died in 1807. (February,) he left two children, and a third was born soon after his decease. His daughter, Mary, is the wife of Philip Schoppert. Robert, his eldest son, emigrated to Texas, was a soldier in the Texian war against Mexico; was captured at Mier, and was long a prisoner in Mexico; was at length released, at the instance of Gen. Thompson, while minister to that republic. In the war of the United States with Mexico, he was one of the Texan Rangers, and died between Matamoras and Monterey. Philemon, his youngest son, emigrated to Alabama, and there died.

No better man ever lived in Newberry than Sheriff Waters. He was a well-educated, honest, high-minded man, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and all the relations of life; he was the worthy son of a worthy sire.





The house now occupied by Pope and Farrow,\* once stood in the rear of Steele's store house, now General Hunt's; it was then kept by John Gould, as a billiard house. He subsequently was associated with P. B. Waters, as a merchant, and did business in Henry Coate's house, which stood where Steele's store stands. He, in 1814, 1815, and 1816, kept tavern in the "L." house, then the property of James Farnandis.

This gentleman (John Gould) was the nephew of old Bill Gould (the Beaverdam King). He received a pretty good English education; wrote a good hand, and was often employed as a clerk by Capt. Daniel Parkins, Hugh O'Neill, and other merchants. At the sale of the personal estate of Capt. Daniel Parkins, in February, 1803, which extended through a week, he was clerk of the administrators. At that time he got the nickname of "the tongs." He was remarkable for very long and slim legs! A little bird had been caught in the snow, which then for several inches in depth covered the whole country, and given to the youngest child of the deceased, Mark, then an infant; it had fluttered out of his hands, and took refuge under a corner cupboard. Every body was anxious to retake the bird for the weeping child; among the rest, Gould had been in anxious pursuit, and when it took refuge under the cupboard, he got down on all fours, and was reaching under to seize it. Old Billy Mills sitting by the fire, and looking on, observing Gould, said to the company, "never mind boys, *the tongs* will get it."

Mr. Gould was also a teacher, and along the Beaverdam taught the young idea how to shoot. His frequent residences at Newberry made him the participant in,

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\* Since removed to make room for the Newberry Bank and Jones Law Office



and the maker of many a joke. An example is all which I can give.

Walking one night through the orchard, where Mooney's shop and brick house now stands, he heard some one praying, and walking up to the sound, he found a house carpenter and joiner, Dixon, with his neck handkerchief tied around his neck, and fastened to the limb of an apple tree, and him on his knees. Gould said to him, "what are you doing here?" "I am going to Heaven!" was the foolish answer. Gould replied, "everybody will be in bed and asleep before you get there." He untied the handkerchief from the limb, shouldered Dixon, carried him to the fence and threw him over it into the road, and that broke the love charm which was leading the old fool on to suicide. He afterwards married the *mother of the woman* for whom he was then about hanging himself. No man delighted more in mirth and a frolic, than did Gould. He married Charity Lindsay, the daughter of Thomas Lindsay; he had three children by her, one of whom, the youngest daughter, is, I think, married and living in the Dutch Fork. His wife died, and is buried in the village grave yard. After her death he removed to Georgia, and thence to Louisiana. There he was for a long time confined in goal for debt; he was released by an act of the Louisiana Legislature. He was last heard of in Natchez soliciting the charity of his Masonic brethren, and there he died.

No man had higher natural talents; these properly cultivated, directed and sustained by moral principle, would have made him any where, a first-rate man. As it was, early vicious association and habits made him a *free thinker*, and gave a loose rein to his appetites and passions, and when to this was added a continual grow-



ing and increasing propensity to drink, it is not wonderful that he did not live out half of his days, and that his life was closed in poverty and suffering!

James Caldwell, Esq., was elected in December, 1807, Sheriff of Newberry in the place of Sheriff Waters; he entered on his duties in February, 1808. He never lived in the village; the active duties of his office were devolved on his deputies, James Farnandis and William Caldwell. I shall have, I hope, hereafter, better means of doing justice to the memory of this good man, who bore upon his face the marks of Cowpen's well-fought field, and therefore for the present I pass him by.

James Farnandis was a native of Union district, and came to Newberry about 1805; he was first employed as the deputy of Major Frederick Nance, then the Clerk of Newberry. He was one of the deputies of Sheriff Caldwell, and had charge of the books. His accuracy was then as manifest, as it subsequently became well known. He married Sarah, the daughter of John Johnston, about 1810. In 1815, he was elected the Ordinary of Newberry, and set about the Herculean task of arranging the papers, and settling on just principles the accounts of the executors, administrators and guardians, who were accountable to his jurisdiction. He laid the foundations of that system, which has, under the successive administration of Cureton, Wilson, Boyd and Lake made the Ordinary's office, what it ought to be, the certain security of, and means of redress, for widows, orphans, and creditors. I know perfectly well, that few men possessed the intelligence or the energy which was necessary to bring order and right out of the chaotic confusion which then pervaded the Ordinary's office; yet Mr. Farnandis, in less than three years, accomplished that task; he resigned in 1818, and was



temporarily succeeded by Robert R. Nance. Thomas T. Cureton was, however, elected in 1819. Mr. Farnandis from 1812 till 1824 lived about a mile from the village, on the Higgin's ferry road.\* From 1824, to his removal to Mississippi, in 1838, he occupied and kept the brick hotel, of which he was part owner. He was also a merchant for many years, associated first with Y. J. Harrington. They built in 1815, the brick store house, where Mr. Robert Stewart has for many years successfully followed the same business. He was afterwards associated in business with Y. J. Harrington, Birt-Harrington and Alexander Chambers. Mr. Farnandis was one of the best farmers in Newberry district; he cultivated less to the hand than most persons, but his plantation looked more like a garden than corn and cotton grounds. He deserves to be noticed, too, as a slave

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\* At or near this place once lived James Daugherty. *He was a character*, and if I could transfer him to paper, it would well repay the trouble; but the hope is vain! He was an Irishman; he always kept bar, as it was called, for Major Nance, in time of court; that is he sold spirits for cash; he never gave change; he always made it his rule that the change should be taken in drink. He was also the Sexton of the burying ground of Friends at Bush River. He dug a grave for a female acquaintance; by mistake, he put the head, where the feet should have been. Her sister complained and, said "Jamie, how could thee serve her so!" "Done it on purpose: she never was like any body else; if you was to die, I'll dig your grave cross ways," was the reply. He was a thriving farmer, always had corn to sell or give away: a poor man, Robin Perkins, came to Jamie for a grist, it was freely given, and while shelling it, dinner came on; Robin was invited in to take "pot luck." When seated, he said to Jamie, "May I say grace?" "Yes, say grace, poor soul." He began and continued, until Jamie's stock of patience was exhausted; he broke in upon Robin's lengthened petitions, by saying, "Hoot toot, man cut it short!" Jamie's wit and love of liquor brought him to poverty before life closed, He died an old man, full of years, near to the plantation of his friend, John Kelly.





owner. His negroes were well-housed, well-clothed well-fed, never over-worked, and whenever an overseer exercised any cruelty on his people, he was instantly dismissed. When he removed to Mississippi, his slaves were ready to, and some of them did, abandon wives and children, (of their own will) rather than be sold, left here, and thus be separated from their master. This is as it should be. I would have every southern planter like him, and then, indeed, might we say to Abolition vaunting "Cease vipers, you bite a file." Mr. Farnandis died in Mississippi about 1813; he left his wife and five children, to wit: Caroline, John, Henry, Mary and Sarah, surviving him.

Mr. Farnandis was a firm, unflinching man; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left in the discharge of duty. He was a zealous and devoted friend; he bore *suffering* and misfortune with more uncomplaining fortitude than belongs to most men; he was an honest, just man, who loved and practiced truth and sincerity. He became a Campbellite Baptist before his death; and whether there be error or not in that form of faith, it is not for me, either *now* to discuss or praise. Of one thing I am certain, from my knowledge of Mr. Farnandis, that he firmly believed his profession to be right, and that he is now in the blessed company, whose robes have been washed and made clean in the blood of the lamb!

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#### No. 8 CONTINUED:

William Caldwell, son of James, (better known as Long Billy) was one of the deputies of his father, from



1808 to 1812; he married first the only child of Col. Jas. Creswell, deceased. His second wife was the interesting and intelligent lady, Harriet McDowell. He was the captain commanding the company of cavalry belonging to Col. Tucker's command in the Camp Alston expedition of 1814. Often have I looked upon him, at the head of his well-mounted, well-uniformed troop, and have heard his stentorian voice, commanding a charge, and in imagination have contrasted him with Kleber, who, like him, was a head higher than his fellow men, and concluded, if the times had served, his sabre would have led, and pointed many a column to victory. He was elected in 1816, Sheriff of Newberry, and continued in office till February, 1820. He died in 1825; his second wife survived him; he left two sons by his first marriage, James and William. No more noble and generous man ever lived.

The Hon. Ker Boyce mentioned in No. 8, as one of the citizens of the then village, now town of Newberry, has since fulfilled his course and been gathered to his fathers, after a life of honor and usefulness, and it is now altogether proper that the surviving friend of his youth, manhood and age, should give some fuller account of him. He was born 8th of April, 1757, in that portion of Newberry now called Mollohon; he was the fifth son of John Boyce and Elizabeth Miller his wife.

His father was an industrious, thriving Presbyterian Irishman. His sons were taught to live as he did, "whatever his hands found to do, to do it with his might."

The consequence was that they all began with *little*, but that *little* soon became *much*.

Ker Boyce was the clerk, in his commencement, with the late John McMorries. He delighted in recurring to this period of his life, and narrating the many laughable



circumstances in which he then bore a part. The impossibility of transferring to paper his mirth-loving and mirth-moving anecdotes, as he was in the habit of narrating them prevents the attempt.

He subsequently settled at Newberry, where he played deputy Sheriff for a time, and took part in everything calculated to produce fun. Many were the predictions that such a mischievous *clap*, as he was, would never be of any account.

But such prophecies were soon shown to be altogether wild.

In 1814 he bought the square lying between Adams and Caldwell and Friend and Pratt streets, in the town of Newberry, from his future father-in-law, Mr. John Johnston, with his stock of merchandize in the store which he then occupied. This was, as people supposed, the finishing blow for the "*mad cap*," Ker Boyce. An old store, and ruin for a young merchant are regarded as synonymous. But *here* again they were at fault. Mr. Boyce soon shewed that he knew perfectly well what he was about. His business prospered daily.

In Dec., 1812, he was elected the tax collector of Newberry by the Legislature. His description of his electioneering by fun and wit would be worth preserving, but it can not be fully done. One of his opponents had secured, as was supposed, the interest of a leading and excellent member from Greenville, Philemon Bradford. Mr. Boyce boarded at the same hotel and slept in the large room, where Mr. Bradford and his colleagues also slept. Mr. Boyce insisted he must sleep with Mr. Bradford, it was conceded, and by his attentions, wit, and good sense, he so won upon him that in a few days, noticing his (Boyce's) opponent mixing his morning toddy, he said to him "you drink too much, I can not vote for



you, I intend to vote for my young friend Boyce." Was not that a good temperance lecture for 1812? How many members of the Legislature of 1854-5 will do so likewise?

Mr. Boyce, finding the duties of his office inconsistent with his mercantile interests, resigned in 1814.

In the year 1813 he began to trade, overland, with Philadelphia. Cotton was hauled from Newberry and goods brought back by wagons. He and the late Thomas Pratt annually mounted their horses and rode to Philadelphia, purchased their goods, and each thus laid the foundation of their respective fortunes.

In 1815 they visited Amelia Island on horseback, purchased a stock of goods, which they understood was there for sale, and transported it to Newberry by wagons.

In this year, perhaps June, he married his first wife, Miss Nancy Johnston, the third daughter of Mr. John Johnston. No more lovely woman ever blessed a husband.

In 1817, finding Newberry to be too narrow a field for his enterprise, he and his brother-in-law, Samuel Johnston, formed a copartnership, and commenced business in King street, Charleston. Subsequently, they transferred their business to the Bay and became factors and commission merchants. Mr. Johnston was the most perfect man of business with whom I ever was acquainted; this added to an excellent judgment of his own as well as his partner's, with the latter's tireless energy and activity, made the firm certain of success, and accordingly they realized large profits. But the hand of death was on Mr. Johnston; he never had fully recovered from a mismanaged attack of bilious fever, in Caswell county, North Carolina, in 1815. Consumption exhibited itself, and remorselessly hunted him down. Before his death,





Mr. Henry was associated with them: the firm at his death, I presume in 1822, stood Boyce, Johnston & Henry. Here the writer may be indulged in dropping a tear on the tomb of Samuel Johnston, Jr., and saying he was good, virtuous and worthy of a friendship, which never was broken.

In 1823, Mr. Boyce sustained the first great misfortune of his life, his never enough admired lady died at the house of his brother-in-law, James Farnandis, Esq., and she sleeps the sleep which knows no waking, in the town grave yard of Newberry. Their children, John, Samuel and Mary, now the wife of Wm. Lane, of New York, survived her.

In 1825, was one of the great commercial revulsions, which South Carolina has again and again experienced. Mr. Boyce, on that occasion, trembled in the balance; nothing saved him from ruin, but the assets of his deceased partner, Johnston. He and Mr. Boyce had realized about \$50,000; this sum was in Mr. Boyce's hands as surviving partner. He put the whole of it in requisition to save himself from ruin. Then it was, that the friendship of the late Mr. Blackwood, President of the Planters & Mechanic's Bank, stood him in great stead. He had observed Boyce's previous great industry, and when he thought, notwithstanding the assets of Mr. Johnston, he must fail, Mr. Blackwood said to him, he could have funds, to any extent he needed, from the Bank over which he presided. This carried him through.

In, I think, 1826, he had the singular good fortune to replace the wife which he had lost, by her sister, equally lovely, Amanda Caroline, the sixth daughter of Mr. John Johnston. Mr. Boyce continued most successfully in the firm, first of Boyce & Henry, and then of Boyce, Henry & Walter.



In 1830 began the great Nullification struggle. Mr. Boyce was, *I know*, opposed to this dangerous experiment; but, like many other good men, he was forced by circumstances into the ranks of that party, who for years pressed upon South Carolina the fearful issue of a contest, either with the General Government or between the hostile parties of the State.

When the late Wm. Aiken was unfortunately killed, in March, 1831, the question was debated by the Union party of Charleston, who should be his successor, as a representative from Charleston. The writer was deputed to wait on Mr. Boyce, ascertain his sentiments, and he was told, if you can vouch for him he will be nominated. This was done, in both respects, and yet the Union party, by some strange fatality, nominated another. Gen. Hamilton was too good a tactician to suffer such a blunder to pass unimproved; he fastened upon Mr. Boyce, and with great adroitness, drew him in to go with him and his party, without, as he assured him, requiring any sacrifice of *principle*.

This blunder of the Union party secured the triumph of Nullification. For Mr. Boyce's many business friends scattered all over the State took very much his lead.

Although the writer and Mr. Boyce were, by his siding with Nullification, placed in opposite political ranks, yet it never disturbed their friendship.

When the Bank of Charleston was chartered Mr. Boyce secured a large amount of the stock, and in so doing realized a great deal of money.

In 1837 occurred another great commercial revulsion. In it Mr. Boyce was supposed to be much shaken. After it passed over, he told the writer that "he had to pay \$180,000 for his friends and customers; but" said he, "I was taught a lesson in 1825, for no man was I liable



who was not in visible property worth more than my liability for him." To meet this payment he had to sell a large amount of Charleston Bank stock, I think he said not less than \$150,000. This he then thought a great misfortune, but it was directly to the contrary. For he sold at a great advance, and in a short time the stock receded below par.

Mr. Boyce was concerned in the greatest improvements of the city. The Charleston Hotel and the Hayne-street buildings are mainly to be ascribed to him.

After the risk which he ran in 1837, he determined to retire from the factorage and commission business, which he accordingly did, and devoted himself to other sources of increasing his great wealth. For the last seventeen years of his life, whatever he touched seemed to realize the fabulous account of becoming gold.

He was President of the Charleston Bank for several years, and Senator for St. Philips and St. Michael's for at least two terms.

Between 1836 and 1840 he lost his second wife; no purer Christian, no better wife and mother ever descended to the grave. Mr. Boyce felt the loss was irreparable. He never married again. She left five children, the Rev. James P. Boyce, Nancy, the wife of Mr. Tupper, Rebecca, the wife of Mr. Burckmeyer, Ker and Elizabeth.

Mr. Boyce's eldest son John died in Florida about '48; his other children still survive.

For many years Mr. Boyce was a private citizen; his family and his estate demanded and received all his attention.

He died at the house of his son, the Rev. James P. Boyce, in Columbia, 19th March, 1854, having nearly completed his 67th year.



He made no profession of religion, although he attended regularly worship at the first Baptist church of Charleston, of which his second wife was a member, and of which his son, the Rev. James P. Boyce, and several of his other children were subsequently members.

Mr. Boyce, though no professor, felt, I have no doubt, the power of religion in his heart. He was a perfectly moral man. If he ever swore it has escaped the recollection of the writer. He was habitually temperate; when others drank to excess, and it was considered no disgrace, he was sober. He was for many years a member of the Charleston Total Abstinence Society.

Mr. Boyce was a man of high character in every respect; he was scrupulously honest and punctual; he always demanded his own; if he ever was guilty of a mean thing, it is a matter which to me, who knew him better than most men, is unknown.

He was an ardent and devoted friend. This is not mere praise, it is a justice, which many of his former friends in Newberry if now alive would vouch, as well as does the writer. One distinguished man in South Carolina was saved by him from utter ruin. It is true he was prudent in succoring his friends; he could and did say "no" at the proper time.

In the circle of his family my opportunity of observing him enables me to say he was the kindest of husbands and fathers. His wife and children met and enjoyed him as their best friend and companion.

At his death he left an immense estate, probably reaching to near two millions. Out of it he devoted \$50,000 to charitable education, and if he had been spared a few days longer, it is believed he would have been the liberal and venerated patron of the Furman University. But God, who sees not as man sees, called him from





earth, and left to his noble minded son, the Rev. James P. Boyce, to pour out his wealth upon the cherished institution of his denomination.

The death of such a man is necessarily to be mourned by those who loved or knew him; and yet standing by his tomb we are consoled by reflecting that he lived long, well, and prosperously, and hoping that he is now enjoying more than this world could ever give.

Thomas Taylor Cureton was elected Sheriff in 1812; he, therefore, succeeded James Caldwell, and preceded William Caldwell. Mr. Cureton was, I think, a native of Virginia; his mother Hannah's maiden name was Thweatt; she was the sister of John Thweatt, herein before spoken of. She was from 1801 a very infirm widow. The principal care of her and her daughters devolved upon Thomas T. Cureton, and certainly no son and brother ever discharged his duty better. He was the clerk of Hugh O'Neall in 1807; he was subsequently in the employment of Elisha Hammond, who carried on the mercantile business at Stoney Battery; he purchased out his stock and carried on the business on his own account afterwards. He was elected major of the upper battallion of the now 39th regiment, in 1810. When elected Sheriff, it was very much against the predilection of the villagers, who preferred James McMorries, Esq. Major Cureton was remarkable for his easy good nature. It was therefore predicted by almost every one that he would be ruined by his office. But he employed Anderson Crenshaw, Esq., late Chancellor Crenshaw, of Alabama, and he went through his office by his advice, and therefore without loss. He resigned his commission as major, when he removed to Laurens, about 1817; he was appointed by General Tucker, Deputy Assistant Inspector General of the 9th brigade. He returned to



Newberry, and was elected January, 1819, Ordinary of Newberry district, and continued in office till 1827, when he resigned, removed to Georgia, and soon afterwards died. He resigned his brigade staff appointment in 1819. He married soon after he was elected Sheriff, Mary Manning, the youngest daughter of Levi Manning, one of the first County Court Judges. He left several children. Major Cureton for many years before his death was a member of the Methodist church. He was an honest, conscientious, good man; he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts and book-keeping very well. He discharged with scrupulous exactness and fidelity the duties of his offices, when left to himself; his want of self-reliance sometimes made him yield too ready an ear to designing men. An instance of this kind occurred in the administration of Robert Cates, (deceased,) and had it not been for a plainly mistaken judgment of the Court of Appeals, would have injured him seriously. Their mistake saved a good man from heavy loss; as the opinion has never been published, and the error is not likely to be perpetuated as a matter of law, it may very well be classed as one of those chances where good comes out of wrong. Major Cureton lived in the house now owned and occupied by Major J. B. McMorries.

JOHN S. CARWILE.—The death of this really good man has made a great void in the social circle in which he lived and moved. To the writer he was as an elder brother, and as such he mourns him, but not with a grief which cannot be comforted. For in its midst he feels constantly that he is now an angel of light, life and glory.

John S. Carwile was the son of Zachariah Carwile, a soldier of the revolution, who lived to the great age of more than 90 years. He was born on the 17th day of February, Anno Domini 1786, in Laurens district. His



early life was spent in laborious occupations; still he managed to obtain a good English education. Few men wrote a better hand or had a more perfect knowledge of figures. He taught school in the Pitt's settlement, Newberry district, for many years. He married on the 20th day of December, 1809, Elizabeth Williams, his amiable and excellent lady, who preceded him to the tomb. They raised seven children, Mary, now the wife of Dr. Richard C. Griffin, Zachariah Carwile, Sarah, now the wife of Hillary Gary, John B. Carwile, Richard C. Carwile, Elizabeth and Caroline. Their eldest child, Stephen, a most interesting boy, died when young, to the great grief of his father, who had intended him to be trained for the profession of the law by his friend who now drops a tear on his tomb. Richard, mentioned above, was among the patriotic youths who composed company L, and, under the command of Captain (now General) Williams, marched to Mexico, and there perished from disease. This was the source of great and just grief to the parents, but in his excellent life they had their greatest consolation. To their other children, good, amiable and affectionate, they could, and did, turn with the feeling that God had further greatly blessed them. On the 9th of November, 1811, John S. Carwile was received as a member of the Bush River Baptist church.

In December, 1815, John S. Carwile was elected by the Legislature Tax Collector of Newberry district. He was one of the party who, returning from Columbia, were present when Dr. Ivy Finch was killed by his horse running away with him at the forks of the road in Butcher town. All of that party of ten are now, with the exception of one, in the silent grave.

In January, 1820, he was elected Sheriff of Newberry district, and entered on his duties in February of that



year, and served out his term of four years. In 1828 he was re-elected Sheriff and served another full term. The writer has had occasion to notice carefully for thirty-eight years, the manner in which Sheriffs in the State have and still do perform their duties; and he has no hesitation in saying Mr. Carwile was the best Sheriff who has ever come under his observation. His books are in the Sheriff's office at Newberry, and they are worthy of any counting-house in the State. Every transaction in his sheriffialties can be traced without difficulty. He never used the money of a party; he never was told to collect any money and failed to do it. If he chose to befriend a debtor, he paid the money to the creditor, and thus was both kind and just. He was never ruled save to settle questions of contested right. The writer recollects, while he was at the Bar, he had occasion to say, "Mr. Carwile, I must rule you in the case of A vs. C D." Nothing ever before or since excited an angry feeling on his part towards the writer. But it required "a soft answer" on that occasion to satisfy him; he had to be told it was merely a rule to settle who was entitled to the money.

On the 11th of October, 1817, he succeeded Stephen McCraw as the Clerk of the Bush River Baptist church. This office he retained until the 11th of October, 1829, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Gen. John K. Griffin. On the 6th of October, 1831, he and James Divver were dismissed from the Bush River Baptist church to become the founders of the Newberry Baptist church, which was about being gathered and constituted out of the converts in the great revival of September, 1831. Having been a Deacon in the Bush River Baptist church, he became also Deacon in the Newberry Baptist church. In this church he was appointed, and





continued to be the Clerk, until about a year before his death, when his feeble health caused his resignation.

He was for many years a delegate, first from Bush River, and then from Newberry, to the Association. He was also for many years the Clerk of the Association. The Circular of 1844, on "the daily reading of the Scriptures," was prepared by him. It is a short, simple, but beautiful *expose* of a Christian's thoughts on this interesting subject. The various duties he performed with a zeal and fidelity never surpassed.

After he ceased to be the Sheriff he became the assistant of his brother and friend, Y. J. Harrington, as Clerk and Register of Newberry. This office he filled to November, 1850, when he was called to follow the remains of his friend to his last resting place. Subsequently he was appointed by the Governor, Clerk *pro tempore*. He steadily refused to be a candidate for the vacant office. In discharging his duties as Assistant Clerk, and Clerk *pro tempore*, it is but justice to say he was fully equal to his friend, Y. J. Harrington, who was "*primus inter pares*."

Mr. Carwile was a member of the Board of Commissioners of Free Schools for Newberry district for many years, and was Clerk and Treasurer. He introduced the rule that teachers should keep a day-book, in which should appear the exact time in which the poor children of the district attended school. None save the poor had the benefit of the Free School Fund.

In 1836 he became a member of the Newberry Baptist Bible Society, and its Treasurer and Secretary. For fifteen years, without money and without price, he discharged the duties of that office. In every part, at every meeting, as the Society traveled over the district, he was seen alongside of his friend and brother, the President.



At length disease compelled him, in 1851, to vacate the office.

Mr Carwile was executor, administrator, guardian, and trustee in many, very many, instances. Under his management every thing was done right and exactly as it should be. Hence no one ever complained or thought hard of him in the discharge of his delicate trusts.

He became a teetotaller many years before his death, and no man was more sincere or devoted. He was a member of the Newberry Agricultural Society; and to him we are indebted for the recipe which relieved us and the country from *smut in wheat*.

For forty-one years he was a member of the Baptist church. None ever lived a more consistent and orderly life. He was a noble, firm, self-sacrificing Christian, "full of mercy and good fruits." The place where he and his brother, Y. J. Harrington, formerly sat in the house of worship belonging to the Baptists at Newberry, is now entirely vacant. *No one ever occupies it.* And the eyes of the members, as they fall upon it, see the fulfilment of the Scriptures, "the place which once knew them, shall know them no more forever."

In all the relations of life he was faultless; as a citizen, no duty was ever demanded of him that he was not ready to fulfil; as a friend, he was faithful and sincere; as a son, his aged parent experienced fully his grateful attentions; as a husband, father and master, he was among the kindest. His now deserted home has been moistened by the tears of friendship, filial affection, and servile attachment. Few and far between are the visits of such men to earth.

He was of medium size, hair black, his eyes dark hazel, nose Roman, features regular, mouth and chin



well formed. His temper was originally quick, but he had it completely under his control. His disposition was a lively, cheerful one; he loved society and partook fully in the pleasures of friendship. In his family circle he had great delight; his children were to him in his widowed state his greatest solace.

Ill health, which had often admonished him "be ready," confined him to his chamber for several months, until Monday, the 5th ultimo, when, after much suffering, his pure spirit was released from its tenement of clay, and, on wings of faith, flew away, and is at rest.

"Far from affliction, toil and care,  
That happy soul is fled.  
The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
Among the silent dead!  
Now he resides where Jesus is,  
Above this changeful sphere,  
The soul was ripened for that bliss,  
While yet he sojourned here."

In 1824 Col. Samuel Cannon was elected Sheriff. This clever and good man was descended from the earliest settlers of Newberry. The creek near which he was born, raised and died, was called after one of his ancestors "Cannon's Creek." He was a major in Col. Tucker's regiment, which marched in 1814 to Camp Alston, between "Garden's Corner and Pocotaligo" in Beaufort district. He was one of the court consisting of all the officers of the regiment, who advised Col. Tucker to disobey the Governor's (Alston's) order to detail two companies to throw up, under Col. Youngblood's direction, as engineer, *a tete du pont* on Port Royal Island. On his return from *that senseless campaign* of six weeks, he participated largely in the popularity of the colonel, who was blessed by the men as having, at great personal hazard, relieved them from a position



where military defense was wholly unnecessary, where no laurels could have been gathered, but where many a cypress would have been nurtured to weep over soldier's graves by the malaria of swamps and rice fields. He was soon after his return made the colonel of the 8th, now the 39th regiment. He was elected to the House of Representatives in December, 1816, and continued to be elected until October, 1822, when I think he was not a candidate. After the expiration of his term as Sheriff he was a private man. He died in '49, having passed beyond three score and ten, leaving numerous descendants, children and grand-children. He was a surveyor and teacher, and in these, as well as his more public capacities, he did his duty, and did it well. He was a member of the Methodist church. He deserved the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Robert Rutherford Nance, the eldest son of Major Frederick Nance, was elected Sheriff in January, 1832; he resigned and removed to Alabama in 1835; he was born 2d of November, 1795; he graduated in the South Carolina College in December, 1813, in the class of which George McDuffie and John G. Creagh received the 1st and 2d honors; he was principally engaged, until his marriage, in the mercantile business as a clerk in the firm of Pratt & Nance, in the house now occupied by Julius B. Smith. In 1817, he married Mary S. Pope, the second daughter of Capt. Sampson Pope, of Edgefield. He then entered upon the business of a merchant, as a partner in the firm of which his father had been previously a member! On the election of Judge O'Neill in August, 1817, to the command of the 8th, afterwards the 39th regiment, he was appointed by his early friend, fellow-student and room-mate in College, adjutant; he served until after the election of General Wright to the





command of the 10th brigade; he was then appointed Deputy Assistant Inspector General in the place of T. T. Cureton, who had resigned upon his election to the Ordinary's office. This office he retained until about 1825, when he resigned. On the resignation of James Farnandis as Ordinary, in 1818, he was appointed by the Governor to fill the office *pro tem.* until a successor was elected by the people. The election resulted in favor of T. T. Cureton; if Mr. Nance had stood upon his legal rights, under the exposition given to the constitution in the case of the State vs. Wm. M. Hutson, 1st M. C., 210, he would have been entitled to hold the office during good behaviour. But he knew he had in fact only been temporarily appointed, and therefore cheerfully pursued the right way, and yielded the office to his more popular rival. He was elected by the Legislature Tax Collector for Newberry, in the place of J. W. Tinsley, Esq., who resigned in 1824. This office he retained for two terms, and gave it up to become Sheriff of Newberry. In 1831 or '2 he became a convert to the truth, and united himself to the Baptist church at Newberry. As has been already said, Mr. Nance removed to Alabama, in 1835. He found the Sheriff's office a barren field, for it had been thoroughly harvested and gleaned in the preceding sheriffalties. In his term there was little debt existing in the district, and therefore little to do in the Sheriff's line. He thought it was necessary to remove to provide better for his family: *it was a sad mistake.*

The duties of the offices which he had from time to time held were well, faithfully and honestly filled. He was an honest, intelligent, conscientious man, who "knowing the right, still the right pursued." He died in July, 1846, leaving his wife and six children surviving; two of his sons, Rutherford and Frederick Sampson, went



out as volunteers in the war with Mexico, in the Newberry company, and were in the various battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec and the Garita de Belin, and returned *unscathed* to their mourning mother.

One who knew Robert R. Nance as the writer of this sketch knew him, may be pardoned in saying he deserved more than he ever obtained, *prosperity*. No purer man ever lived, no better citizen could, in his day, have been found; no more sincere friend and relative has ever been known by me. As a husband and father, if he had a fault, it was that he was too kind, too indulgent. *He was a Christian*, not known by profession merely, but by works—works evidencing the good, merciful and pious heart.

He was succeeded by Reuben Pitts, and he by General H. H. Kinard, and he by his brother, John P. Kinard, and at this time, the office is held for the second term by Gen. Kinard, who has thus been placed by the people alongside of Mr. Carwile, as worthy of being twice Sheriff of Newberry. These several gentlemen are still in the midst of life and usefulness.\* It would therefore be improper that I should undertake to do more in reference to them than to say they have well and faithfully discharged all their public duties, and deserve well all the honors heretofore conferred upon them. That they each may live to adorn a long life by many, very many acts of virtue, usefulness, prosperity and happiness, is the wish of a native citizen of Newberry.

Having now run through the Sheriff's office from 1797 to the present time, and intending hereafter as I may have the means, to give some account of the County

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\* Since this was written Mr. Pitts has been called to his Father's house.



Court Sheriffs from '85 to '97, I turn to the Clerk's office. I am unable to say anything more of the first Clerk, Wm. Malone, than that from the records; it appears he did the duty of Clerk entirely by his deputies, and that, as is said by my worthy friend, Col. Benjamin Maybin, "he was a worthy and respectable citizen." Of Major Nance, his successor, I have fully spoken.

Young John Harrington, Esq., was the successor of Major Nance. Although several months have come and gone since the excellent man, whose name is at the head of this paragraph, was called suddenly away, it cannot be amiss or uninteresting to sketch imperfectly his life and character. He was born in Union district, on Thicketty Creek, on the 5th of April, 1781. He was the son of John Harrington who died early; his mother, Frances, married Col. Robert Rutherford, of Newberry, in the year 1795, and with her family removed to his residence, nine miles below the town.

His mother was a member of the Methodist church, and remarkable for her many domestic virtues and exemplary piety. Her second husband, Col. Rutherford, performed a father's part in many respects to her children. His habits of industry led him to demand from his step-children similar habits. *Young John here* probably acquired much of that singular activity of character and devotion to business which was so conspicuous in his after life. The first cotton gin ever put in motion, in Newberry, belonged to Col. Rutherford; it was attended to by his step-son, Young John. Often has the writer of this heard him describe the quantities of cotton brought to be ginned in small parcels. This demanded from him unceasing attention, and *here* he probably learned the useful lesson of life, *to be accommodating and agreeable to all*. He was at one time put to learn



the waggon making business with one of the McClelands; he, however, remained *there* a very short time.

He came to the village of Newberry in '99. It was then a place of only three or four houses. He was the clerk of Maj. Frederick Nance, who was the then Clerk of the Court, and a merchant in extensive business. Young John became the general manager of the store; his age was then a little more than fifteen. His devoted attention and activity claimed and received the entire confidence of his employer. While thus engaged he performed, on a wager made by Major Nance and Benjamin Long, Esq., the then almost incredible feat of picking out 100 lbs of cotton from the pods in one day.

He married early, probably in 1804, his excellent lady, (now his mourning widow) Nancy Calmes; and settled permanently in the town of Newberry.

Young and active and cheerful, they brought into life the combined qualities of energy and concert, which made their lives so successful and useful.

With his step-father he was associated in mercantile business; this he followed successfully, till he was appointed Clerk, in place of Major Frederick Nance, who resigned in 1807.

This office he retained until a week before his death, in Nov. 1850. For forty-three years, therefore, he was Clerk; and if in that great period of near half a century he ever failed in the discharge of his duties, it is what never came within my knowledge. Indeed he was a *pattern Clerk*, worthy of imitation in everything. Kind, attentive, well-informed and intelligent, he was equal to every duty arising in the correct administration of the complicated affairs of his office. He wrote a good hand,—he wrote with great facility and accuracy; hence the ministerial business of his office was most correctly





carried out. He was often called on as Clerk, or as ex-officio a Commissioner of Special Bail, to decide legal questions; this he did with singular promptitude and accuracy for one not educated as a lawyer.

In term time if a criminal was to be arraigned, juries or witnesses to be sworn, there was no necessity to appeal to forms, or to be prompted through a stammering ungraceful performance of the duty demanded. It was done as well and as gracefully as it could be done. The writer has seen every Clerk in the State in the discharge of his duty, and never has he seen any one who could or did surpass Young John Harrington.

He was a merchant for many years in the village of Newberry. The profits thus acquired, added to his other means, made him comparatively a wealthy man.

In 1831 he with his wife was buried in the liquid grave with Christ his Saviour, and rose to newness of life as a *Christian*. He was one of the members who composed the Newberry Baptist church. With Thos. Pratt, he was ordained a Deacon; and so continued till his death. No church member ever passed a more consistent life; always at his post, always ready to act in the discharge of any duty, well may the church mourn her loss. Indeed, it will be hard to make its members forget his well-remembered face and active form. Often does the eye falling on his vacant seat turn away in sadness, and bedimmed with a tear, while the heart speaks "*he was, and is not.*"

He was from a very early day a warm and devoted member of the Temperance Reform. He belonged to the Head's Spring Temperance Society, and only ceased to be its President at the annual meeting preceding his death.

He was sorely tried in the death of and removal of



his children : his second son, his third and fourth daughters were called from their families to the bosom of their Father and God ! His eldest son and eldest daughter removed far from him. Still he bowed with unwavering meekness and humility to his mighty Master's will. He was still the same cheerful man he had ever been. He felt and wept, as a parent ever will—but as he looked upon his dying children, or clasped *their* orphan children to his bosom, he could only say of the dead as King David did : “ I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me.”

The breaking, however, of these natural bonds prepared him for the loosening of the “ silver cord ” of life ;—for some time he was strongly impressed with the belief that his days were numbered. He set about the preparation of his affairs ; “ he set his house in order ; ” but before all earthly things were ready the dread mandate came. On the 11th of November, 1850, he was kept within his house by rain ; in the evening he said he must visit the town ; (his residence being within the corporate limits, but some distance from the business part,) he accordingly rode over,—nothing unusual was remarked ; he was cheerful and happy as usual ; he failed to arrange the business which he desired—he returned home—eat his supper, conversed with his family, called them around the family altar, and poured out his soul before God. He retired to rest, and in a short hour ceased to be numbered with the sons of men. A disease of the breast, called by physicians apoplexy of the lungs, with which he had been often threatened, came down upon him like an armed man and summoned him to his Master's presence. May we all be like him, ready for so sudden a summons.

He left his affectionate wife and partner of his days,



and seven children to mourn their loss. Great indeed is it : but still to them it ought to be a constant consolation, that he has exchanged earth for heaven, trials for joys, tears for smiles, misery for happiness, and poor frail mortality for immortality.

His character may be drawn in a few words. He was a good man, a good citizen, a good officer, a good husband, a good father, a good master, and a good friend. In all these relations he did his duty, and the tears shed over his grave, and the respect testified for his memory by all, both friends and foes, constitute the only eulogy necessary. On his tomb let it be written, "he lived to die, and he died to live forever and ever, in mansions of bliss."

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No. 8 CONTINUED.

Major Cureton was succeeded as Ordinary by Mr. William Wilson, a native of Edgefield district, long and advantageously known as a merchant before his election. As Ordinary he discharged the complicated duties of his office with unexampled fidelity and rare intelligence. Though not bred to the law, he soon possessed himself of all the principles necessary to the adjudication of the difficult questions occurring in his forum, and certainly decided them with great correctness. He was one of the converts of the great Baptist revival at Newberry in 1831, and became a member of the Baptist church.

He died very suddenly, indeed almost instantaneously, in 1845. His wife, Charlotte, the daughter of Francis Higgins, had preceded him by many years to the tomb. He left two children him surviving, James



Wilson, of Spartanburg, and Sarah Anne, the wife of Burr Ramage, Esq.

Mr. Wilson was rather a reserved man, and after the death of his wife excluded himself more from general society than is perhaps advisable. But as an officer and a man he deserved the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

He was succeeded by Hugh K. Boyd, the present Ordinary, who had been the Tax Collector from 1836 to 1844. Of him, as of the surviving incumbents, Newberry has great cause to be proud, and in pointing to their officers and lives she may, like the mother of the Gracchi, say "these are my jewels."\*

The Commissioner's office, (in equity) was first filled by F. B. Higgins, Esq., who graduated in the South Carolina College, December, 1813. He was elected December, 1817, and continued to December, 1826. Mr. Higgins is an Attorney at Law, and has filled many important public positions. In all of which he has received the unqualified approbation of all who have been called on to notice his course. Knowing him from childhood to the present hour, and having had much to do with him in most of the relations of life, I may, I trust, be permitted to add my testimony of his life, that it has been characterized by educated intelligence, undeviating honesty, purity of purpose and great usefulness. His second son, John C., was one of the young men who volunteered and served out his entire Mexican campaign, receiving only a slight wound in the various battles in which he was engaged; he went out a private, he returned a lieutenant.

Mr. Higgins was succeeded by Drayton Nance, Esq.,

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\* Mr Boyd is now numbered with the dead.





the second son of Major Frederick Nance, and a graduate of the College in the class of 1821. Mr. Nance is also an Attorney at Law. He declined a re-election in December, 1838. Mr. Nance has ever since chosen a private instead of public life. With the single exception of the place of director of the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road Company, he has sedulously avoided public employment. To that great work he has, however, from the beginning given all his energies.

Of Mr. Nance, who is yet comparatively a young man, it may be indelicate for one who has known him from his birth to undertake to speak of him as he deserves. He is a clear-headed, well-informed, virtuous, good man. He does not give to himself that sweep of public usefulness which he could and will, I trust, yet do.\*

He was succeeded by Thomas H. Pope, Esq., in December, 1838; he resigned in 1840; he is the eldest son of Captain Sampson Pope; he also is a lawyer of extensive practice and well known reputation. He has served one term in the Legislature. He possesses a clear head and an honest heart, and is, I trust, to be long an useful man and virtuous citizen.† The present incumbent, Lambert J. Jones, succeeded him. He is the son of Elijah Jones, once the clerk of Hugh O'Neall, on Bush River, and afterwards well known as a man of business, for the few years he lived. He died young, and left his two children, Whitfield B. and Lambert J., who were infants.

Mr. Jones is a graduate of Brown University, Rhode Island. He is a lawyer of growing practice and reputation. By the energy which he has displayed in over-

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\* In September, 1856, Drayton Nance was cut off by apoplexy.

† Vain was the hope, for in February, 1857, Mr. Pope ceased to be numbered among the sons of men!



coming the difficulties of his early life, there is much to hope from the future. Glad shall I be to see him favored by length of days, virtuous and honored prosperity.

Of the Tax Collectors of Newberry, several have been already mentioned. After the resignation or death of Charles Crenshaw, in 1812, Ezekiah Eastland, under a *pro tem.* appointment, discharged the duties of the office. He was the son of Thomas Eastland, of Little River, and was a member and Deacon of the Bush River Baptist church. He was a man much prized by his friends and associates for the many sterling qualities which he possessed. He lived a short time in the village; he removed to Tennessee or North Alabama about 1818.

After Mr. Boyce resigned in 1815, George Dugan held the temporary appointment. He was a son of Col. Thomas Dugan; he afterwards did business as the clerk of Boyce & Harrington, and Birt Harrington & Co., and was subsequently the partner of Birt Harrington in the firm Harrington & Dugan. He lived many years in the village and was an universal favorite. He died unmarried about 1827 or 1828. Recalling him to memory: he stands before me, the friend of my youth, rejoicing in hopes never realized. He seemed to deserve length and happiness of days; but God who knows all things, and orders all things for the best, called him *home* early.

Major James W. Tinsley succeeded John S. Carwile as the Tax Collector. This gentleman was the son of James Tinsley, one of the few Whigs spared at the massacre at Hay's Station, and a grandson of old King's Mountain Jim, (Col. James Williams.) He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was the sergeant of the com-



pany enlisted and commanded by Major George Butler. He was elected major of the 35th regiment, commanded then by General John K. Griffin. A most ungenerous charge made against him by a personal enemy of embezzlement of the public funds, supported by an appearance of truth, arising out of slight neglects, drove him to the verge of madness, and certainly was the means of cutting short the life of his amiable lady, and finally led to his resignation soon after entering on his second term in 1824. The writer settled Major Tinsley's accounts as Tax Collector in the Treasury at Columbia, and it is due to his memory that he should state here what he did then, that there was not the slightest foundation to believe that there was any wilful or corrupt default. He had as acts of favor to the people frequently received taxes when his books were not present, and in some instances of small amounts had mislaid the memoranda or forgotten to enter them on his books. The whole deficit, after being subjected to the scrutiny of a malice which never tired, did not amount to \$100.

Major Tinsley remained in Newberry a few years, married a second time, removed to Georgia, and there became a man of wealth and considerable distinction. He died in 1846.

Alexander Chambers succeeded Robert R. Nance as Tax Collector in '32, and continued till December, 1836. This gentleman was of the mercantile firm herein before mentioned in the sketch of the life of James Farnandis. He lived in the village of Newberry for many years. He lives now in the State of Alabama. Good, honest, just and true in all the relations of life, may, and ought to be written on the stone which will not, I hope, for many years be placed over his mortal remains.

Of James Bonds, who succeeded H. K. Boyd as Tax



Collector, and Jacob Kibler, the present incumbent, it need only be said that they have walked in the steps of their predecessors; they have in every respect shown themselves worthy public servants. Having now closed a review of the public officers of Newberry district, the uniform plaudit of "well done" which has accompanied each and all, may seem to strangers like indiscriminate praise, *but it is not*. Nothing has been awarded which was not merited. Well may Newberry challenge comparison with her sisters in the State, and say "shew me such a body of men as the local officers of whom sketches have been herein given, and I will give place, but not till then."

Much, however, still remains to do justice to the village and its inhabitants. I shall speak of a few of the old inhabitants who have not as yet been noticed before. I briefly notice the resident attorneys and physicians, past and present.

Mr. John Johnston (the father of Chancellor Johnston) came to Newberry about the year 1806. I first remember business being carried on by him and a gentleman of the name of Bones,\* in the house occupying *then* the present site of Steele's storehouse. Whether Mr. Johnston then lived in the village, I am not certain. The latter part of 1806, or beginning of 1807, he and his family lived in the L house. Mr. Bones soon left the concern, and Mr. Johnston did business alone in the house where the brick hotel stands. He owned much of the land west of the creek now belonging to Judge O'Neill. Mr. Johnston was an Irishman, and like many others, began life poor and by industry closed it in

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\* This gentleman was said to have been a major in the army of the Irish Patriots of '95, and like McCalla, owed his life to an escape more than mercy.





wealth. The writer knew him well from 1815 to his final removal from Carolina, and has great reason to say he was a most kind, hospitable and good man. He had a large family, for each of whom he amply provided. He removed to Alabama about 1840, and died there, in a few years afterwards full of years, being beyond four score.

The first court house, when that which preceded the present was finished, was sold, and purchased by Robert and John Boyce, and was by them removed and converted into a tavern. It stood east of the printing office, and was successively occupied by Robert and John Boyce, Nathaniel Durkie, Robert Boyce, Henry Stringfellow, Robert McCullough and others !

Robert Boyce was the eldest son of John Boyce spoken of in No. 6; he lived at Newberry from 1802 to 1816, when he removed to Charleston, and there died about 1838. He married Lydia Waters, the daughter of Philemon Waters, (commonly called Ferry Phil. ; ) she was a most intelligent, well educated lady, energetic, and capable of managing any business; she well deserved, what she did not attain, a happy old age. She died in 1829!

Mr. Boyce was a singularly cheerful, mirth-loving, man. If he ever injured or wilfully pained another, it was not, I am sure, intended. He left two sons, John and William, him surviving; the latter is a highly promising lawyer of Fairfield.\* John Boyce, the second son of John Boyce, was a more energetic man than his brother Robert; his disposition was, however, a stern, uncompromising one. "Whatever his hands found to do, he did it with his might," the consequence was, that he died one of the wealthiest citizens of Laurens district.

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\* William W. Boyce is now a member of Congress.



Nathaniel Durkie I knew by sight, but had no acquaintance with him. He had the reputation of a speculating, failing tavern keeper.

Henry Stringfellow, (called by the youngsters of Newberry, Old King Cole,) was a native of Chester. He lived at Newberry from about 1811 to 1821. He was a kind hearted, honest man. He removed to Alabama, and there died, leaving three children, Frances, William and Thornton, him surviving.

Robert McCullough succeeded him as the owner of the hotel. Mr. McCullough is still alive, and lives, I presume, still in Edgefield. His life and residence in our town was accompanied by many difficulties, but he passed through them all, bearing, and justly bearing, the reputation of an intelligent, industrious, virtuous man.

Thomas Pratt came to Newberry as the clerk of Y. J. Harrington, in 1806. By patient, untiring industry and perseverance as a merchant, he became one of the wealthiest and best citizens of the town.

He and Ker Boyce, during the difficult periods of the war in 1813 and 1814, visited more than once Philadelphia, on horseback, laid in there their stocks of goods, and wagoned them overland to Newberry. So, too, they once paid a visit to Amelia Island, and there succeeded in purchasing goods, and in the same way transported them to Newberry. When the war ceased, he pursued the same business through the ordinary channels, to his death in 1837. He married in 1816 the eldest daughter of Major Frederick Nance, the amiable and excellent lady now Mrs. Dorothy Brooks Pratt. He and she were converts of the great Baptist revival in 1831. Messrs. Harrington (Y. J.) and Pratt, were the first Deacons of, ordained and set apart as such, by the



Newberry Baptist church. He left nine children, William, Robert, Simeon, Priestly, Amelia, Mary, Carolina, Virginia, Angelina, all of whom are still in our midst, except Priestly, who went out as a volunteer, and died in Mexico, at Puebla.\* Sad, indeed, was his fate, and that of the other young men, Summers, Stewart, Cole and Carwile, who left homes of ease and abundance, and died upon the fields of Mexico from that wasting disease which seldom released its hold upon its victims! Home, parents, brothers, sisters and friends, were ever before their sick and failing eyes, never, alas, to be "in reality beheld." Often have I looked with a bleeding heart upon the daguerreotype of Stewart, Pratt and Summers, taken in a group while in Augusta, on their way to Mexico. They stood together like brothers; two, Summers and Pratt, died in Puebla; Lieut. Stewart, after he had left the city of Mexico, on his return home.

Thomas Pratt deserves a much fuller notice than even an intimate friend is able to give from memory. His modest worth never challenged observation; but still in every respect he deserves all which honesty, virtue, piety and intelligence can demand.

William Pinchback, was one of the old inhabitants of Newberry. He built the corner house on Caldwell and Boyce-streets, now occupied by Mr. Bierfield as a hotel. Before he built upon it, the law office of Samuel Farrow, Esq., stood upon the corner. Mr. Pinchback came to Newberry from Chester, in, I presume, 1810 or 1811. He was a cabinet maker, and drove on an immensely profitable business in that line. He subsequently became a hotel keeper and merchant. He, like Pratt and Boyce, made one or more trips North, carrying out cotton and

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\* Amelia has since died.



returning with merchandize. On one of his trips he brought back a large quantity of oil stones, which had been thrown out of the ditches cut at Baltimore to throw up the intrenchments to protect the city from the invasion of the British, at the time Washington was burnt, in 1814. He was much laughed at about his cargo of *Whetstones*, but I have no doubt he made money thereby.

He removed to Charleston and there did business as a cotton speculator, and realized a fortune in 1825; he afterwards lived many years in Abbeville district, and there owned a large and valuable plantation. He finally removed to Mississippi, and there died in '48, leaving neither wife nor children. His large estate descended to, and has been divided among his collaterals, of whom our worthy townsman, John Holman, is one.

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No. 8, CONTINUED.

John B. Davidson, a native of Newberry, lived in the town of Newberry from 1805 to his death in 1828. He was a house carpenter and joiner by trade, but he loved to play "*gentleman of elegant leisure, and to sharpen his wits by grog*" too well to succeed by work. Instead of supporting his wife, as is the duty of every man, he was supported by her. Mary Anne Davidson, by her needle, realized competence, and yet maintained a drinking husband.

Many an incident in his life, spent in such a village as Newberry, afforded much merriment to the standers-by of the time, and could I transfer them to paper, would make many a one clasp their sides to prevent bursting





from the laugh which would attend their narration. This cannot, however, be done, and I beg to refer my readers to the 22d No. of the Drunkard's Looking Glass, pp. 176 and 180-1, of the Permanent Temperance Documents, for a better summary of these matters than any which I can now give.

Marmaduke Coate, the youngest son of John Coate, (little) lived in Newberry from 1812 to 1828. He was a surveyor of much experience and intelligence. He married Mary Coate, the daughter of James Coate, of Edgefield, about 1816, who died in 1827; he afterwards married Nancy Rotten, of Edgefield, and finally emigrated to Alabama, where I hope he still lives. He made the surveys of Newberry, Lexington and Richland, in 1820, under the authority of the Legislature, for the purpose of making an accurate map of the State. His surveys will be found in Mills' Atlas; they are remarkable for their fullness and accuracy; he built and occupied till 1829, the house now occupied by Mr. Seybt.

Duke (as he was usually called,) from his youth was like Falstaff, not only full of humor himself, but the cause of mirth and humor in other people.

This made him the boon companion of every idle man, in a village (*which has been always remarkable for the great encouragement it afforded to loafers*;) the consequence was, he contracted habits of drink, which led on to neglect, and finally to ruin.

No more honest and good-hearted man was ever an inhabitant of Newberry. It is sad to think of the ruin which has come down like a rolling wave from the storm-stirred mighty deep upon many such a man.

Lieut. Col. Birt Harrington long lived in the town of Newberry. Indeed he might have been said to have "grown with its growth, and strengthened with its



strength." He was for a time clerk in a merchant's store; then he wrote in the Clerk's office; again he studied law; but all at last yielded to the better business which he long pursued at Newberry, that of a merchant. He married in 1819, Harriett, the third daughter of Samuel Johnston, of Fairfield. He was successively the lieutenant and captain of the Newberry artillery company, the major and lieutenant colonel of the 39th regiment.

He removed to North Alabama about '39, where he still lives, and where I hope he is long to live, useful and happy. Newberry in him, as in many other instances, has to regret the loss of an excellent, intelligent man, from that continual desire to change which has so long pervaded our community. Indeed, Newberry district is to this State, Georgia, and the Western and Southwestern States a sort of Northern hive. Go where you will, *you find a Newberry man*, and everywhere such an one has made some impress on the society of which he is a member.

Messrs. John Holman and Robert Stewart are among the oldest surviving inhabitants of our flourishing town. They both have carved out for themselves the road to fortune. Both deserve everything which honesty, perseverance and virtue ought to expect. But they are in our midst, and of them there is no necessity for me to write. The same may be said, and deservedly said, of the younger men, John Coate, John B. McMorries, E. Y. McMorries,\* Vincent B. Pope, Joseph Mooney and G. T. Scott, who may be classed among the next oldest inhabitants of the town.

Hiram Hutchison, President of the Bank of Hamburg, and John I. Gracy, of Columbia, were merchants

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\* E. Y. McMorries died suddenly of apoplexy, in '54.



of Newberry. Mr. Hutchison, I think, began business at Newberry in 1819, and Mr. Gracy in a short time afterwards. They both removed to Columbia about '28, or '29. Mr. Hutchison in 1831 sold out his stock as a merchant, and became the first Cashier of the Commercial Bank; he resigned that post and transferred his position to Cheraw,—there he was blessed by uniting to his growing fortunes the amiable and accomplished lady, Miss Collins. He afterwards became Cashier and finally President of the Bank of Hamburg; he lives now in Charleston a man of fortune. Long may he enjoy the fruits of his labors, which, directed by intelligence and perseverance, have so fully succeeded. Mr. Gracy has steadily pursued his business as a merchant, until now he is one of the first merchants in Columbia. He married the excellent lady, Miss Bratton, of Fairfield, but had the misfortune to be early called upon to follow her to the grave; she left him, however, three little ones to receive his care. Mr. Gracy is one of the kindest and purest men with whom I have ever associated. It is gratifying to every just principle of our nature to see such a man prosperous and happy. May his life be continued to an honored old age, and be crowned with every blessing.\*

Having thus sketched some of the other inhabitants of Newberry, I now propose to give some account of the lawyers who once were there.

James McKibben, Esq., was at Newberry in 1804, and here remained until 1811. He was a lawyer not remarkable for learning, but unquestionably possessed of very considerable abilities. He did not trim the midnight lamp, nor did he undergo the twenty years lucu-

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\*Mr. Hutchison died in New-York, in 1856.



brations which Sir John Fortescue affirms to be necessary for a Judge; nor, indeed, even that commended by Justice Blackstone, in the introductory chapter to his first volume of the Commentaries, and the perusal of which I would commend to my young friends of the Bar at Newberry and every where.

Mr. McKibben was a member of the House of Representatives from 1806 to 1810. He there acquired, and deservedly, the reputation of a very useful member.

Indeed, his turn of mind was better calculated for deliberative assemblies than the rough and tumble of the Bar. In 1811 he removed to Union and there followed his profession. He was a candidate for Congress in 1814 and was defeated by Wilson Nesbit, Esq. In December of that year he was elected major of the brigade of State troops, for which provision was made by the Legislature, and of which Judge Huger was elected General.

Mr. McKibben was the Senator from Union to the State Legislature from 1818 to 1826. He died suddenly in 1827. He never was married; this with him, as with most men, took from him every noble motive to eminence and success.

No more convivial and social man belonged to any society than he was in the beginning of life. Long before his death he felt like he was a solitary and recluse—and as such he was little disposed to mingle in the societies which he once loved so well.

David T. Milling, Esq., a native of Fairfield, settled at Newberry in 1807 or 1808. He was a diligent practitioner for many years; he understood practice very well, and often availed himself of his knowledge of technicalities to overwhelm his more careless rival, (McKibben.) But he never could or would make a speech. On





one occasion he was commended by his client, who had non-suited his adversary on account of some slip which Milling detected: "Give me," said old Tom Lindsey, "a dumb lawyer." He married Maria Latham and removed to Georgia, where he died some years ago.

In 1809 (November,) Judge Crenshaw and John Caldwell, Esq., were admitted to the Bar, and settled at Newberry. Both were graduates of the South Carolina College, and both were very far from being dumb lawyers.

Anderson Crenshaw was the first graduate of the South Carolina College; he graduated in 1806; studied law with Judge Nott, of Columbia, and came to the Bar with a most accurate knowledge of his profession.

His cases were always well and properly made up in the pleading, and thoroughly prepared, he went to trial with great probabilities of success. His arguments were replete with good sense, but were never remarkable for eloquence. To him, more than any one else, may be ascribed the character of the Newberry Bar for legal knowledge and industry. He presented the example which has had effect, good effect, for forty years.

Mr. Crenshaw, however, lacked judgment; he often failed in cases where less learned men would have succeeded. He married in 1815 Miss Mary Chiles, of Abbeville; he removed to Alabama in 1819; there he became a Judge of the circuit law courts, and of the court of appeals, and subsequently a Chancellor. He died in '48, full of years, usefulness and honors.

John Caldwell, Esq., never pretended to the learning of his rival, Judge Crenshaw; indeed, he was not like him bred at the feet of Gamaliel. He studied law with Samuel Farrow, Esq., and kept an office for him at Newberry a year or two before he was admitted to the Bar.



Mr. Caldwell had in many respects greatly the advantage of his rival; he had been thoroughly educated, theoretically and practically, for a merchant; he was an accomplished surveyor; he commanded one of the first troops of cavalry in the upper country; he was one among the most active young men of his day; and he possessed an easy elocution, and a quick ready perception of both law and fact. These great natural advantages were often sufficient to carry him through all the defenses of his rival; but now and then his Parthian agility was unequal to the measured tread of the Macedonian phalanx of his adversary.

He and Judge Crenshaw were elected together to the House of Representatives in 1812; in that year Mr. Caldwell voted for the Bank and became a Director in that institution, and thereby lost his seat; he was elected the Cashier of the Branch Bank in Columbia, to which place he removed in 1814. In 1813, with Chancellor Harper, he was elected a Trustee of the South Carolina College. They were the first graduates honored with that high distinction. He remained in Columbia until after the death of his first wife in February, 1816. Elizabeth Caldwell, daughter of Judge Hunter, most amiable and excellent of women, on thy tomb should be written,

"Beneath this stone doth lie  
As much of virtue as could die;  
Which when alive did vigor give  
To as much goodness as could live!"

He resigned his cashiership, returned to Newberry, and married Abigail O'Neill, the eldest daughter of Hugh O'Neill. He has been the Representative of Newberry in the State Legislature for at least three terms since. He retired from the Bar several years ago.



He has been grievously afflicted for many years; but still he is spared; and would that it could be so, that his infirmities might be overcome, and that in comfort and happiness he might enjoy a green old age.\*

Of Judge O'Neill, Chancellor Johnston, Solicitor Fair, Messrs. Bauskett, Col. P. C. Caldwell, Pope, Heller, Jones, DeWalt, Ramage, Crosson, Williams, Garlington, and Baxter, it is not my purpose to speak.

I may be pardoned to recall the memories of John G. Brown, Simon P. Gray, Robert Dunlap, James J. Caldwell, Dennis L. Moon and George F. Eppes, and to mention another who has ceased to belong to our State, Spencer C. Harrington.

John G. Brown was the eldest surviving son of the revolutionary officer and soldier, Dr. Jacob Roberts Brown, who was also one of the County Court Judges of Newberry. He graduated in the class of 1811, in the South Carolina College, and received a high distinction. He studied law with Judge Crenshaw at Newberry, and was admitted to the Bar in January, 1814; he practiced law at Newberry to his election in December, 1815, to the office of Secretary of State. In 1817 he was elected with Judge O'Neill and Warren R. Davis, Trustees of the South Carolina College. They were the second set of graduates who received the honor of being set over the destinies of their Alma Mater. He was subsequently a member of the House of Representatives from Newberry. Judge O'Neill, John Caldwell, John G. Brown and Benjamin Maybin were the Representatives elected in 1824. Soon after the expiration of that term, he removed to Columbia. He was one of the members of the Convention of 1830, which was the result of our

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\* He died 15th of January, 1856, in the 71st year.



Nullification difficulties. He had been previously elected President of the Branch Bank of Columbia. He married in 1818 or 1819, Rebecca, the daughter of Governor Taylor; he died at the Limestone Springs in 1839.

John G. Brown was a man of very excellent abilities; indeed, I might, in one sense, say he was a man of genius. He was a wit; possessed great colloquial powers; told an anecdote as well as (if not better than) any body else. He wrote well, but never could speak extemporarily. He was the loved and cherished companion of his acquaintances.

Simon P. Gray graduated in the same class. He was the eldest son of George Gray; studied law with Judges Nott and DeSaussure in Columbia in 1812 and 1813, and he was admitted to the Bar, I think, in December, 1813, and practiced for a short time at Newberry. He soon, however, either became disgusted with his profession, or found a better and more profitable employment in his farm.

He removed from Newberry district to Alabama about 1819; married there, and died, I think, in 1835. He was never capable of speaking eloquently, though he always spoke with good sense. He was a companionable, pleasant acquaintance and friend.

Robert Dunlap was the second son of Major Wm. Dunlap, of Laurens; he graduated in the class of 1817; he studied law with Judge O'Neill, and was admitted to plead and practice law, December term, 1820. He married first Amelia, the second daughter of Major Frederick Nance, and afterwards Sarah, his third daughter.

Mr. Dunlap was elected in '26 to the House of Representatives. He removed to Alabama about 1833, and there died in 1836. His wife and three children survived him; only two of his children now remain.





He was a clear-headed, well-read lawyer; he never had any elocution; he spoke sensibly but with some hesitation. He had many virtues calculated to make his memory dear to those who knew him.

James J. Caldwell (Chancellor Caldwell) was a native of Newberry; he was the only son of Dan Caldwell. He studied at the Newberry Academy part of 1813, while Judge O'Neill was the teacher; after he ceased to teach, he prepared himself for College at Mount Bethel; he entered College in the Junior Class just as it rose in December, 1815; his father and mother both died in the great epidemic of January, 1816. He graduated in December, 1817, and began the study of the law with Judge O'Neill. The latter part of 1818 he took charge of the Edgefield Academy, where he taught about a year. He was admitted to the Bar in December, 1819, or May, 1820. He entered upon the practice of the law at Newberry court house, and single-handed, toiling on year after year, he at last reached the front ranks of his profession. He married in 1826, Nancy McMorries, the eldest daughter of James McMorries, Esq. He was elected to the Legislature in 1830, and continued a member until his election to the Solicitorship in December, 1835. In December, 1833, he was elected Brigadier-General of the 10th brigade. In 1844, he removed to Columbia; in December, '46, he was elected Chancellor, in the place of Chancellor David Johnson, who was then elected Governor; he died Monday, 11th March, 1850, leaving his wife and five children him surviving.

This gentleman shewed what could be accomplished by good manners, patience and untiring industry. He possessed talents of high order; he spoke and wrote well. If he had a fault in these respects, it was that he was



too diffuse. In all his public elections before the people, it is due to his memory to say *he never treated to a drop of intoxicating drink*. He possessed more equanimity than most men. Seldom, very seldom, did he lose this balance. He was a good man, a virtuous lawyer, a faithful Representative and a just Judge. Greater men have certainly been in the service of the State, but none of purer purpose.

Dennis L. Moon, Esq., a son of Dr. M. W. Moon, studied law at Newberry with Chancellor Caldwell; was admitted to the Bar in '25 or '26. In 1827 he managed the case of Meek *vs.* Atkison, 1st bail, \$1, and deserved to have gained it. Judging from his effort in that case, I think if he had been spared, he would have made a very respectable lawyer. But life to him was a mere morning; he died in a short time afterwards. His principles and disposition were such as must have given him the respect and esteem of society.

George F. Eppes, Esq., was also a native of Newberry district; he was the second son of Mr. Daniel Eppes. Mr. Eppes graduated at Randolph, Macon College, Va. He studied law and was admitted to the Bar in '42. He commenced the practice forthwith at Newberry court house, and was rapidly rising to eminence when death, like an armed man, entered upon him, and bore him away. He died in September, 1846, after a few day's illness. He died unmarried, leaving his mother and only brother him surviving.

He was a Methodist, and died in the full triumph of Christian faith. His talents, good humor, patience, industry and good habits would have made him anything which he desired to be. No man's death caused deeper regret, or produced more profound humility to the chastening hand of God, than his.



Spencer C. Harrington, the eldest son of Y. J. Harrington, Esq., was admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1828; he studied law with Judge O'Neill, and was his partner from his admission until the latter was elected to the Bench, December, 1828. He then was the partner of Drayton Nance, Esq., until he abandoned the practice. He was for some time a merchant; he owned the house now belonging to L. J. Jones, Esq. He and his wife were members of the Baptist church, Newberry. He removed about '36, and lives now in Mississippi.\* He is another of the native citizens who have been unfortunately carried from us by the fancied *El Dorado* of the Southwest. Such removals have drained us of many of our best young people. It is to be hoped the drain is now stopped, and hereafter, instead of going from us, they will begin to return.

Mr. Harrington is a good man. His talents were not of that order to make him a distinguished man, but were calculated to make him, what is far better, an useful man. If it were so that South Carolina could offer him sufficient inducements to return, none would hail such an event with heartier welcome than the friend who writes this sketch.

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#### NO. 8 CONCLUDED.

The physicians of Newberry village deserve a more thorough knowledge to portray their skill and character than I possess. Of the living, Drs. Thompson, Ruff, Long, Harrington, Caldwell, Pratt and James, I may not speak; they must speak for themselves in their lives and

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\* He has been also cut off.



conversations. But of the dead, Drs. Waldo, Adams, Shell, Dobson, and the absent, Drs. Johnston, Mendenhall and Benjamin Waldo, I may venture to speak.

Dr. Joseph W. Waldo was a native of Connecticut; he came to Charleston, taught school for a short time, and then came to Newberry, where he settled himself in 1800, at the house of his friend, John McMorries, to practice medicine. He said, when he landed in Charleston, he had but a single dollar. He soon attained eminence and distinction as a physician; he settled at Newberry court house in 1803, and here, with occasional sojourns in Charleston and elsewhere, for nearly thirty years he practiced medicine with singular and unvarying success. Few men understood as well as he did the nature of Southern diseases.

In 1812 he was for a short period deprived of his reason; this probably was mania-a-potu. During the prevalence of this disease, he attempted to kill himself. He escaped from the house and care of his friend Y. J. Harrington, Esq., saddled his horse, and riding to the place where Lewis McCreless was killed; he fancied the demons, who were driving him on, ordered him to dismount and kill himself; he obeyed and made the attempt. His friend, Harrington, who pursued him the instant he knew his escape, found him walking up and down the road, bleeding from both arms; he told him he had opened the main arteries of his arms, and run his lancet into his side in the region of his heart as far as he could push it for the handle. But he was mistaken. he had in his hurry only opened the veins of his arms; and the lancet in his side had struck a rib and run around on it. His friend bound up his arms and brought him back to his house. He got well, but the visions which haunted *then* his imagination, ever after adhered to it.





He became deeply impressed with his awful impenitent condition; after awhile he experienced a work of grace, and attached himself to the Baptist church.

In 1814 he married Elizabeth, the widow of his early friend, Luke Smith; by her he had two children, Benjamin and Elizabeth.

He removed to Connecticut, leaving his wife behind him in 1829. He died in Connecticut, at his residence, in 1838.

I have never known a man who had such a fixed and stubborn purpose, and who possessed so much real kindness of heart. He had great intelligence, and great knowledge of his profession. Certainly on religious and domestic matters his mind was greatly diseased from 1812 to his death. Yet I have no doubt, with all his eccentric thoughts and actions, he was really and truly a Christian.

Dr. Freeborn Adams, a native of Massachusetts, married Judith Finch, the daughter of Edward Finch, and settled at Newberry court house in 1806. He was a most patient and untiring attendant on a sick bed. That he gave general satisfaction, as a physician, was fully shewn by the flood tide of prosperity which he experienced. A friend said to me a few days ago, he was the most industrious man he ever saw. While other professional men would have been idle for want of something to do in their immediate vocation, he was engaged in any work which needed to be done about his improvements. He lived first in a house built by Dr. Waldo, north of the brick house, owned now by Joseph Mooney, and at the eastern termination of Boyce-street. He subsequently built the brick house just spoken of, and had opened it as a tavern and boarding house a short time, when he took sick and died in September, 1813. He



left his wife and three infant children, a son and two daughters, him surviving. Dr. Adams was a good man and well deserves to live in the memory of the people of Newberry, and for that purpose the street running north and south, in front of Mooney's brick house, is called Adams-street.

Dr. Thomas Shell was a native of Newberry; he studied medicine with Dr. Johnston; he married in 1816, while he was yet a student, Precious Schoppert. In the fall of 1816 and beginning of 1817 he attended the Lectures at Philadelphia, and on his return commenced practice at Newberry, which he continued to his death in 1826.

Dr. Shell was a man of plain good sense, of great honesty and morality. He was a good physician; his family was expensive and lived beyond his means; he died therefore insolvent, leaving his wife and three little ones to struggle with all the evils of poverty.

Dr. Daniel Dobson was a native of North Carolina, and I think a graduate of the North Carolina University of Chappel Hill. He taught school near Dr. Glenn's and at Newberry for several years. He was beyond doubt one of the best teachers whom I have had occasion to observe for many years. He studied medicine, and graduated at the Charleston College in 1845. He practiced, but did not obtain that full measure of business which his talents and acquirements entitled him to expect. In 1848 he visited Mexico for the purpose of bringing home the mortal remains of the gallant young man, Lieut. John W. Stewart, the son of his friend and patron Robert Stewart. He succeeded in his purpose, but died soon after his return, July 6th, 1848.

Worthy, talented and well educated, well may we



deplore the loss of such a young man; but our loss is his gain; *he died a Christian.*

Dr. Burr Johnston, the son of Samuel Johnston, of Fairfield, was a student of the Newberry Academy in 1807 and 1808; he entered the College in 1809, and graduated in 1811; he studied medicine with Dr. Waldo at Newberry C. H. in 1812 and 1813; the latter part of 1813 and beginning of 1814 he visited Philadelphia, attended the lectures; on his return he commenced the practice at Newberry C. H., and unremittingly continued it until 1840, when he removed to Alabama, where he now lives, and where long may he live with all the blessings of life around him. In 1818 he bought the plantation of Y. J. Harrington, where Col. Fair now lives; he married his first wife, Harriet Foote, the same year.

Dr. Johnston was an experienced, safe physician, a firm friend, a good neighbor and patriotic citizen. Every body regretted his removal, and even now gladly would he be welcomed back by his old friends.\*

Dr. M. T. Mendenhall is a native of Guilford county, North Carolina; his wife is the only child of the good man, Isaac Kirk, spoken of in No. 4. Both are descended from Friends, on paternal and maternal lines; both were born in the Society; both are now members of the Baptist church, Charleston.

DR. MARMADUKE THOMAS MENDENHALL—Dr. Mendenhall is no more, was a sad announcement to him who writes, when on Wednesday, 5th Nov., 1852, at Camden, it first fell on his ear. Still it presents itself to his recurring thoughts in enduring sadness. Farewell, friend, brother and co-laborer! This world has been passed, and

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\* In the last year this eminently good man died.



your journey to other and brighter worlds on high has been completed. May we there, in God's appointed time, meet in never ending joy.

To die as to live in well remembered honor and glory, is the just reward of him who has lived in usefulness and virtue. This great meed has been earned and won by him whose home is above. Few men lived to better purposes than he did.

Dr. Mendenhall was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, in the Society of Friends, on the 15th day of December, 1798. His father, James Mendenhall, is an elder in the Society of Friends; he still survives at the great age of eighty-two years. His mother, Miriam, was an eminent and gifted speaker among them; she died in 1845, aged seventy-one years. He received a tolerably good classical education, and having selected medicine as his pursuit, he graduated at Philadelphia, in February, 1822. Soon after, he became acquainted with Phœbe Kirk, the only child of Isaac Kirk, (deceased,) of Bush River, Newberry district, South Carolina, who like himself was born and raised a Friend. They were married on the     day of March, A. D., 1824, and soon after he removed to, and settled on, his wife's fine real estate, four miles south of Newberry. The mills on Bush River he thoroughly rebuilt, and made them merchant mills indeed. He here practiced medicine for several years successfully. Here were born their only two children, Pauline Eliza and James Kirk. In February, 1830, he removed to the town of Newberry, and there he and his wife became the subjects of converting grace, and in September, 1831, were immersed, and became members of the Baptist church at Newberry, which was constituted in the October following out of the many converts under the preaching of Elder Hodges and his assistants





Furman, Barnes and Chiles. He there resided until 1837, practicing medicine and aiding in every good word and work. In 1835 he was set apart as a Deacon.

In 1837 he removed to Charleston to engage in the mercantile business, under the firm of Fort, Townsends & Mendenhall. The beautiful brick building in Granite Row, corner of Hayne and Meeting-streets, was their house of business. They did a large and extensive business. Fort, the Georgia partner, died the second year, and the firm, thus reduced to the Townsends, of New York, and Mendenhall, of Charleston, pursued the business. He became, while thus engaged, a Director of the Bank of the State, and had the entire confidence of its President, the late Judge Colcock, for several years. Upon the dissolution of the firm Dr. Mendenhall retired a considerable loser, and entered upon a new field, that of a commission merchant. He was sustained by many friends, and apparently fortune smiled upon him. But, confidence in a broker, who removed to New Orleans, and a participation in his large hazardous speculations, and securityship for a brother Director in the Bank, and an apparently well doing man, but who suddenly disappeared from South Carolina, compelled him to close his doors in 1846.

Notwithstanding that bankruptcy thus came down upon him suddenly, and like a strong man bound him, yet he neither lost the confidence of his creditors, nor his self-respect. He soon burst the shackles which were around him, and in pure and virtuous honesty was taken by the hand, and sustained by the community in which he lived. He was elected, on the resignation of Mr. Lehre, to the Ordinary's office. At the expiration of his term he was re-elected. The duties of that great office he performed admirably well. Although having



no knowledge of the law when elected, he soon made himself master of all those points which usually were made in his office. His decisions on contested questions were remarkable for the clearness and perspicuity with which he stated and argued the case. The lawyers of Charleston often spoke of him as an accomplished Ordinary.

He joined, on removing to Charleston, the first Baptist church, and became a Deacon in it. He sustained Dr. Brantley in the trying circumstances attending a portion of his ministry. He has been the intimate friend of Mr. Kendrick since he had the charge of the church.

In 1842 or 3 he became a member of the Charleston Total Abstinence Society, and on the retirement of Benj. G. Howland, its first and never enough admired President, he became his successor. For several years he discharged most faithfully the duties of President. He early became a Son of Temperance, and in October, 1849, he became the G. W. P. He was from first to last an ardent, working and eminently useful *Teetotaller*. He was from its organization the President of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, and contributed much to its success.

Upon the resignation of A. J. Lawton he became the Treasurer of the Baptist State Convention. He was from an early day a member of the Board of Trustees of the Furman Institution, and from the beginning of the Furman University. He was a liberal contributor to every good work both in money and labor. He performed faithfully his various duties in the offices to which he gave himself in the promotion of religion and temperance. He lived to educate and to see his children settled for life. Pauline married Benj. Scott, Esq., and lives near Chattanooga in the enjoyment of the independent



comforts of a farm. James Kirk Mendenhall is the Pastor of the Camden Baptist church. His father attended his ordination in October, and soon after his return to Charleston was struck down with country or yellow fever, and in a few days closed his useful life. He died on Tuesday evening, the 2d of November, 1852.

With good old Jacob he could have exclaimed, "Few have been the days of my pilgrimage *here*." Yet, notwithstanding he was cut down while yet the summer of life was upon him, he was ripe for the harvest. His life had been one of active pious usefulness, and he was to be gathered early as rich fruit into the garner of everlasting righteousness and peace.

Weep not parent, wife, children and friends, although dead he lives, yea *lives here*, and *lives in eternal life*. He has experienced the value of the great scripture truth "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and his survivors will realize that "his works do follow him." No man has died in South Carolina whose death has excited more real sorrow. Every body was ready to drop a tear on his tomb, and say "a good man has been gathered to his fathers."

Dr Mendenhall was rather less than the common size, his hair was sandy, his complexion ruddy, his eyes blue, and his features regular and betokening great intelligence. He was a kind hearted benevolent man. His purpose was to do good, and he gave himself up to carrying it out. His disposition was social; he enjoyed his friends and family. Hospitality was a part of his nature. At his house his brethren and friends always found a hearty welcome. He was an exact and ready accountant. He wrote a good hand. He composed and wrote easily; his letters and other compositions were remarkable for their perspicuity and force. He spoke plainly,



forcibly and well. He made no pretensions to oratory ; but yet he never failed to secure an attentive auditory whenever he chose to speak. In all the relations of life, as a friend, child, parent, husband and master, he was good just and true. As a citizen and an officer he was never found wanting. Few, very few such men live or have lived amongst us as Dr. Mendenhall. His death has made a great void—still we must not mourn. With the poet let us say :

“Servant of God well done;  
 Rest from thy loved employ,  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master’s joy.

Dr. Benjamin Waldo, the son of Dr. Joseph W. Waldo, graduated in the Medical College of Charleston in 1836 ; he settled at Newberry in 1838, and with increasing reputation and usefulness pursued his business to the fall of 1847, when he removed to Florida. He married Sarah, the daughter of John Lipscomb, of Edgefield. Few men ever were greater favorites in Newberry, as was shewn in his election to the Legislature in 1844.

James Divver lived after 1828 in the house built by Marmaduke Coate, until December, 1833, when he removed to Charleston.

The life of this gentleman is romantic enough to gratify the morbid taste of the present age for the wonderful, if we had space to give it. He was an Irishman. He landed in New Brunswick, and there became a member of the Baptist Church ; his wanderings thence I cannot trace ; he came to Newberry district in 1819, with his bundle on a stick, and taught a common country school until the fall of 1820. In the summer of that year he began the study of the classics at the Newberry Academy, and at a school near James Mc Morris, in Laurens.





he completed his Academic education. He entered the Junior Class of the South Carolina College, by the bounty of the Clariosophic Society, incorporated in December, 1822. He was in 1823 elected Treasurer of the College, with a salary of \$100; he graduated December, 1824, and was elected at the same time tutor of mathematics in the South Carolina College, with a salary of \$1000. Such unexampled success attending the course of a stranger indicated rare qualities of the head and heart. Such had James Divver; he was one of the best mathematicians ever graduated at the South Carolina College; he was a true Irishman, generous and devoted. But an unfortunate habit, too much indulged in, of using intoxicating drink, made it necessary for him to resign. He came to Newberry, and took charge of the Academy in 1828, (January;) he married, in February, Sophia Coppock.

From 1833, Mr. Divver's arrival in Charleston, till 1845, he taught school for a great time with unexampled success. About that time he took charge of the Merchants' Hotel, King-street, Charleston; he died December, 1847, leaving a widow and eight children. Misfortune after misfortune crowded on his latter years, and he died largely insolvent; but his family were not left destitute; a provision which a friend induced him to make soon after his marriage for his wife and children saved them from poverty. From '42 to his death, Mr. Divver was a member of the Total Abstinence Society, and never tasted intoxicating drink. James Divver was a simple, pure minded, good hearted Irishman, an excellent teacher, the best of husbands and fathers.

David Boozer, (Big Dave, as he was usually called,) was an inhabitant of the town of Newberry, until Sunday, 10th of February, 1850, on which day, he blowed



out his own brains, and rushed into the presence of his mighty Maker. He was a native of Newberry. The writer knew him well from 1808 to his death: he was possessed of great energy of character; had generally a great flow of spirits, and until within a few years had been attended by unexampled prosperity. The change in this respect, although he was still surrounded by an ample estate, unsettled his reason, and led to the rash, mad act, which he committed. He left a widow, his second wife, and an adopted child to mourn their great loss. His aged mother, of more than four score years, still survives; sad and awful indeed was it to see her bending over his mangled remains, and lamenting her first born son only as a mother can lament. He was an honest, good man. How frail, however, is poor humanity, at all times, and never more sadly illustrated than in the case of David Boozer's suicide.

The Newberry Agricultural Society, constituted in 1838, is a district institution, but holding here its annual meetings, may be briefly noticed in connection with the town. Beginning with 1841, the annual meetings have since been numerously attended. Premiums were awarded for stock and various other matters *then* and since. One hundred persons now belong to it. The annual meeting brings them together to impart to one another the benefits of each year's observation and experience. They dine together, with cold water as their only beverage, and with improved and improving friendships they meet and separate. The reports from various committees are always interesting, and have given a high character to the Society. Newberry has improved under the influence of such a Society more than the most sanguine dared to hope. The officers of the Society are John Belton O'Neill, President; Dr. George W. Glenn, 1st Vice-



President; Simon Fairar, 2d Vice President; Silas Johnston, Recording Secretary, and W. B. D'Oyley, Treasurer. I trust I may be allowed to express the hope, that this Society may increase in numbers and usefulness, until Newberry shall be cultivated like a garden, and all her resources shall be fully developed.

There has been a Female Academy, with occasional intervals, in operation for many years. Lately the Trustees of the Academies, male and female, have applied a portion of their funds, derived originally from escheated estates, granted by the Act of 1828, to the purchase of a lot between Johnston and Boundary-streets, and have erected on it a beautiful and commodious brick house. There is a fine school now in operation under the charge of a well educated, intelligent and Christian teacher, Mr. DuPre.\* It is to be hoped that Newberry will not suffer herself, in the education of her daughters, to be behind any district in the State; and that the school will be such as to justify its teacher's permanent settlement among us.

Reader, before you is the village or town of Newberry from its earliest days. May it hereafter far surpass and exceed what it ever has been.

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No. 9.

In No. 8, by some strange forgetfulness, the names of Henry Summer, Esq., and Dr. Benedict Mayer were omitted among the professional gentlemen now living in the town of Newberry. Both of them have too much merit, both as men, and in the law, and in physic, to be omitted when Newberry is remembering her children.

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\* Now under the care of Mr. Hood and Mrs. Anderson.



Nicholas Summer, Esq., once well known in the town and district of Newberry as a young man of talent and a lawyer of promise, deserves to be chronicled among her past worthies.

He was the eldest son of Capt. John Summer, of Pomaria, formerly of Lexington, now of Newberry district. He was born 27th of October, 1804. In 1826, he applied to Judge O'Neill to study law, who advised him to graduate before he attempted the study. He accordingly entered the South Carolina College in December, 1826, and graduated with the first honor of his class in December, 1828. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in December, 1830. He settled at Newberry, and successfully pursued his profession as the partner of Robert Dunlap, Esq., and after his removal, alone, until February, 1836, when he and a younger brother, John, volunteered in Col. Goodwyn's regiment of mounted volunteers in the Florida campaign against the Seminole Indians. He was the orderly sergeant of Capt. Hargrove's company, and on the 30th of March was badly wounded by a ball fired by the Indians in an ambuscade, as the company filed into a swamp, which shattered his thigh bone. In this wounded condition he was carried to Tampa Bay, where he languished until the 13th of June, when he was released from pain and suffering here, and entered upon an everlasting state. His brother who accompanied him, and who had been constantly by his bed side, in a few days after his death sickened and died. Of them I may be permitted to say in the beautiful, inspired language of King David, when lamenting the fall of Saul and Jonathan, they 'were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' Sad, however, is the reflection, whenever we contemplate the bed of glory as the bed of death, and remember how





many noble men have been sacrificed, uselessly sacrificed, in such a war as that waged against the Seminoles.

Nicholas Summer was a well educated man, capable of being eminently useful! He spoke well, and there can be little doubt, had he been permitted to live, he would before this have occupied the front rank of his profession. As it was, he only gave the promise of the fruit by the richness of the flower.

Having discharged the pleasing, yet mournful duty of a just tribute to a young friend, I turn now to the more appropriate business of this number, the Bush River Baptist church. Their house of worship is near the River whose name it bears, and is about twelve miles southwest of Newberry. This venerable religious body, was constituted in 1771 by Elders Philip Mulkey and Samuel Newman. It consisted of nine members, one of whom, Samuel Newman, became the Pastor. It is remarkable, that with one exception, this church, from its constitution, in 1771, to the present time, has called its Pastors from its own members. Of Elder Newman, I have been unable to obtain any satisfactory accounts; his descendants, until very recently, lived near to the church, perhaps some may still remain. He died suddenly in, I presume, '73; as in that year, Elder Thomas Norris, a licensed preacher of the Baptist church of Little Saluda, in Edgefield district, was called to the care of the Bush River Baptist church, and accepted the call. He was ordained the same year by Elders Philip Mulkey and David Rees; and became the Pastor of the Lord's little flock of Bush River.

Elder Norris was a peculiar man, and endeavored to walk in the primitive manner of the Apostles. He visited his people and friends on foot, and as he entered a house, he said, in the language of his master, (Luke 10:



5.) "peace be to this house." He practiced the washing of the feet of his brethren, as taught in John 13, chap. 4, 5. His pastorship was in the troublesome times of the revolution. He taught the doctrine of *non-resistance*; for his boldness in thus preaching he was shut up in the prison of old Ninety-Six. His liberty was offered him again and again, if he would cease to teach and preach as was his wont. In the martyr spirit of Christianity, he refused to accept his liberty on any such condition. He was at length released without condition, and in his pure, humble and guileless way, continued to preach and teach "Jesus and Him crucified," until 1780, when he, too, like Elder Newman, was suddenly called home.

In 1781, John Cole, Sr., a member of the church, was called to be their Preacher; he entered upon the duties thus laid upon him; and in 1783, was ordained and set apart to the work of the Gospel Ministry by Elders Joseph Burson and John Web. The church, under his care, grew and increased daily, until 1791, when the church was first represented in the Bethel Association. At this time Michael Landers was appointed the clerk, and a regular record of the proceedings of the church began to be kept. In '94 it appears that that good man, David Mason, was one of the messengers to the Association. For more than forty years, I presume, he was a member of this church, and engaged in the blessed work of reconciliation and peace, which so much characterized him during my knowledge of him for the last twenty years of his life.

In 1802 was that great revival of religion, which may have been several times since equalled, but has certainly never been surpassed. It seemed as if the spirit of the living God was pervading the whole community, and that all were rising up and crying out "men and breth-



ren, what shall we do to be saved?" That many extravagancies were enacted, and much which, to us of a more sober day, seems to be no work of the gentle spirit of Christian grace, was present is true. The falling of many, and the spasmodic action of others, called "the jerks," occurred under the preaching of the ministers, who then and there proclaimed their Master's word. Whether such things be or be not the fruit of the Spirit, it is not for such an one as I to say. Still I would venture to suggest, that there is much more of human sympathy and terror than repentance in such scenes. But still many were truly converted, and became bright and shining lights in the Lord's house. From the 22d of August to the 30th of October, inclusive, ninety-four persons were received and baptized on a profession of faith. On the 4th of September, Charles Crow was received and baptized. This gentleman, as will be hereafter seen, was "a chosen vessel" of the Redeemer, destined to bear the word not only to his neighbors, but to a distant land.

On the 9th of July, 1803, Charles Griffin, Esq., was received and baptized. Mr. Griffin was first appointed a Justice of the Peace for Newberry in 1798, and continued as such, and as a Justice of the Quorum till his death in 1820. At his appointment, and for many years after, it was no small honor to be a Justice of the Peace. None but the most intelligent and virtuous members of the community were then appointed. Mr. Griffin was a member of the House of Representatives of South Carolina in 1810 and 1811. No man better deserved the affectionate regard of his neighbors; for he was indeed *a good man, and verily his works follow him.*

On the 13th of October, 1804, Stephen McCraw was appointed the clerk of the church in place of Michael



Landers, deceased. Mr. Landers I never knew, and cannot, therefore speak of him further than to say he seems to have been capable of writing a good hand, and keeping in very decent order the records of the church.

He died childless; his widow was the wife of John Gooch; and his adopted son, John Demony, after her death, was, by his will, entitled to his land.

Stephen McCraw was an active, bustling, intelligent little man, who, soon after the close of the war of 1812, was seized *with the mania* of bettering his fortunes in the southwest, and emigrated to Alabama.

On the 5th day of March, 1806, I find the following query was propounded to the church: "Is it a matter worthy of censure for brethren to *carry or send spirituous liquors to public places to sell by the small?*" The answer was: "*We think it is a practice beneath the dignity of a disciple of Jesus, and that it is not sanctioned by the Gospel!*" This was indeed the glimmering light of that better day of Total Abstinence which is now so radiant every where. Especially does it delight me that this venerable church, now near eighty years of age, should have been, forty-four years ago, permitted to testify against *the abominable traffic in intoxicating drink*. Brethren, may I not ask you to ponder well upon this ancient action of your own church, and inquire whether it is not your duty, one and all, to be alongside of your present worthy pastor in his war against strong drink?

On the 8th of August, 1807, two gifted brethren of the church, James Teague and Charles Crow, were called to the work of the Gospel Ministry, and Elders Palmer, Shackelford, Lilly and King were appointed to ordain them. On the 29th of August, Elders Palmer and King attended, and in the presence of the church, ordained them. On the 9th of November, 1811, John S. Carwile,





heretofore spoken of in No. 8, was received as a member. In 1817, 11th of October, he became the clerk of the church in the place of Stephen McCraw, resigned, which place he retained until 11th October, 1820, when he resigned and was succeeded by John K. Griffin. On the 6th October, 1831, Mr. Carwile and James Divver were dismissed from the Bush River church to become the foundation of the church at Newberry, which was about being gathered and constituted out of the converts of September previous.

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#### No. 9, CONCLUDED.

James Teague was not permitted to labor long in his Master's Vineyard; he died young.

John Cole, Sr., the third Pastor of the Bush River church, died full of years and pious usefulness, in 1816. For thirty-five years he had been the Pastor; he had seen the church begin as a little flock, grow, increase, and become as a great army. Every where his praise was in all the churches; and yet there is no record of him from which a fuller and better account can be given of his life and services. He lies in the quiet church yard of Bush River, in the midst of his flock and family. His glorified spirit is in the presence of Him whom he loved, honored and served so well here on earth.

On the 9th of October, 1816, Elder Charles Crow was called to, and took upon himself the pastoral care of the church. Never was any religious body confided to abler and better hands. Few preachers were better endowed with grace from on high; few men in or out of the ministry presented more loveable lives than Charles



Crow. He continued to discharge the duties till 1825, when, like many of his brethren, he thought it to be his duty to his family to seek his home in the southwest. There he has been permitted ever since to preach most acceptably his Master's Kingdom, and long may he be continued, faithful, able and venerable, as he is, to labor in that great work.

On the 12th of January, 1822, Daniel Mangum was received as a member. On the 9th of April, 1825, David Peterson, a member of the church and an ordained minister, was called to the care of the church; he accepted the sacred trust, but in a few months he was removed from usefulness below to glory above. Mr. Peterson was no common man. He had experienced a full share of the vanities of this world. Like Solomon, he had tasted the falsely called pleasures of the world; and like him he could have exclaimed "vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Like him, he had learned wisdom in the courts of experience, and like him he had turned to the living God! He had a limited education; but he possessed a great flow of words, not without ideas, but the just representatives of them. If he had lived, it is probable he would have been eminently useful. But God does not see as men see! He called him from his post; his hour of watching was past, and he was allowed to enter upon his rest!

Elder Daniel Mangum, Pastor of the Bush River Baptist church, Newberry district, is no more! This good man and faithful preacher of his Master's Word literally died in his work. He preached at the Reedy River Baptist Association, Hurricane church, Laurens district, on Saturday the 15th ult., he was taken sick, was unable to reach his home, and died at the house of one of his relations and brethren, Dr. Rook, on Satur-



day the 26th, at about half-past 6, p. m., in the 65th year of his age, leaving a widow and several children to mourn their irreparable loss.

No man has better performed his part in this world. No man was better prepared to enter upon his everlasting rest!

He became a member of the Bush River Baptist church, 12th January, 1824; on the 3d of November, 1825, he was set apart by the church for the work of the ministry; he was ordained as a preacher and evangelist on the 7th January, 1826; on the 12th of May, he became the Pastor of the church. This position he retained till his death. For twenty-six years he labored incessantly in that church as its Pastor, to lead his friends, relations and neighbors to righteousness and peace. Eminently were his labors blessed! Many precious and great revivals took place under his ministry. Perhaps the greatest was that of '31-'32, when 145 were added to the church. Scarcely a year has, however, passed away without some in-gathering.

He was for many years also the supply of the Cross Roads, Rocky Spring and Mount Zion churches. He was the supply of the Newberry Baptist church for over two years. Other churches he also attended, and faithfully led the people along the way of truth and righteousness. He was, from its organization, a member and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Newberry Baptist Bible Society. He was a Teetotaller, having early become a pledged man, and with undeviating fidelity, maintained his position as a friend of temperance. He was elected Moderator of the Reedy River Baptist Association in 1851, and again in '52. Of him, the friend and brother who pens this imperfect sketch had occasion in 1850, to say "Mr. Mangum has been now for



twenty-four years constantly and laboriously engaged in preaching. Few men can point to more fruits. Indeed, few men have had the physical ability to undergo the labor which he has performed. In the midst of constant preaching he has not failed to seek and obtain knowledge. He has improved a limited education to very good purpose. Often have I listened to his discourses and found them replete with argument, wisdom and piety. Sometimes I have been delighted with bursts of genuine eloquence. He has taken a part, a noble part, in all the benevolent operations of the present day of Christian Light, Missionary, Bible, and Temperance. I call his part a noble one, because he has often been called to sustain these good causes against the ignorance and prejudice of brethren whom he loved." This which was said as living, may be now repeated as posthumous praise, with the addition of two years spent in the same good way.

Mr Mangum was not only a preacher of righteousness and a philanthropist; he was a good citizen, neighbor and friend. In all these relations he was never found wanting. Occasionally he taught the young children of his neighborhood to enter upon the duties of life! Every public duty demanded of a citizen he discharged! The bed of sickness, and the chamber of death in and out of his congregation, never failed, when within his reach, to have his presence, services and sympathy! He began life a poor man, but by patient industry, aided by his excellent wife, he attained to competence. He could have said to his people, as Samuel did to Israel, "Behold, here I *am*; witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed?"





or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind my eyes therewith?" He was an honest, pure, good man, full of mercy and good work. Blessed with an even good temper, a cheerful, social and happy disposition, when these came also to be purified by religion, he became indeed worthy of the great love and respect which he received from all who knew him.

Mr. Mangum was about six feet high, of a large and powerful frame. His voice was one of great power. It was often tasked to its utmost by preaching to large congregations in and out of doors. For years his friends remarked his failing physical powers, but notwithstanding he must have known that he was wearing away, the work was before him, "the fields were white for the harvest," and he could not, and would not hold back.

In the pulpit he sang, prayed and preached, with the power and zeal of the early Apostles. "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins," fell from his lips with no ordinary power, on the ears of hundreds of believing, trembling sinners! He was indeed a man of God, and as such he entered upon his great and everlasting rest.

The loss is ours, the gain is his. His wife, children, brethren, sisters and friends may and will mourn as human nature demands, but their tears should be dried by remembering—he lived a man, he died a Christian, and he lives now a saint in everlasting glory.

On the 6th of October, 1826, General John K. Griffin, Esq., was received as a member; on the 8th of November, 1828, he was ordained a Deacon, and on the 11th of October, 1828, he was appointed Clerk, and continued in the discharge of its duties until his death in 1841.

The various duties of Member, Deacon, Clerk, and



Messenger to the Association, were most exemplarily performed by General Griffin.

General Griffin was born 13th of August, 1788; married very young, I think when about nineteen, the daughter of Col. John Simpson; she died, I think, about 1828; he married, in '36 or '37, Sarah Dunlap, the widow of Robert Dunlap, Esq., and third daughter of Major Frederick Nance.

In 1814, John K. Griffin, then a captain of militia, was marched under the command of Major Jason Meadow to the neighborhood of Georgetown, where he performed a tour of six months in the regiment under the command of Col. Alston. He returned from that expedition a very popular man. He retained his popularity, thus beginning, to his death. In October, 1816, he, with George W. Glenn, John B. O'Neill and Col. Samuel Cannon, was elected a member of the House of Representatives; he was again elected in 1818; in 1820, he was elected Senator in place of Major Frederick Nance, and continued to be re-elected, '24 and '28. In 1830 he was elected to Congress in the place of his friend, Gen. Starling Tucker, who declined a re-election.

He was re-elected, '32, '34 '36 and '38. In 1840 he declined a re-election. In 1825 he was elected Brigadier General in the place of his friend, John B. O'Neill, who had been promoted to the rank of Major General of the 5th division.

In 1829 he was elected Major General in the place of John B. O'Neill, who in December previous, had been elected a Judge. In 1833, December, by that Act of the Legislature which vacated all the military commissions in the State for party purposes, and which better deserves the brand of "*unrighteousness*" than any ever passed, he ceased to be a Major General. On the 1st of August,



1841, he closed his useful life in the full triumph of Christian faith.

General Griffin was a good man, and a faithful public officer; he possessed plain unpretending good sense, with a great deal of practical, useful knowledge. He approached his various public trusts with great diffidence; but he never failed by persevering industry to make himself fully equal to the duty demanded.

His brother, Col. Beaufort F. Griffin, was received by the Bush River Baptist church as a member on the 12th of November, 1831; on the 6th of August, 1841, he succeeded his deceased brother as clerk, and is now in the discharge of its duties.

Having now glanced hastily over the history of this ancient church, it may be permitted to observe that from her have proceeded Mill Creek, (now Cross Road's church) which was constituted in 1801; Mount Zion and Mount Olive, constituted, I presume, since 1831.

Bush River church is not only the oldest Baptist church in Newberry, but probably in the upper country. She is one of the largest and most powerful among all her sisters. She has been heretofore signally blessed, in being provided constantly with a shepherd to lead the flock, and in the continual out-pouring of the spirit of all grace.

May her present worthy pastor long be spared to her. May she continue to grow and increase and multiply until she shall far exceed her former self.

NOTE.—Charles Griffin, Esq., herein before spoken of, was born 23d June, 1763; he died 9th of August, 1820. He was born in Virginia. He was a soldier of the revolution, and wounded just above the left hip joint. This occurred at Musgrove's Mills on the Enoree. He was taken at Hay's Station. How he escaped, or other par-



ticulars of his revolutionary service, cannot now be ascertained. He was appointed a magistrate in 1798—(not 1788.)

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No. 10.

In this number I propose to give some further and fuller account of the Fork, that is, the tract of country lying on Broad River, between Enoree and Tiger, and separated from Union by the district line from Avery's Ford on Enoree to Hill's (now Crenshaw's) on Tiger, which is about equal to six miles square. This section of Newberry possessed, and still possesses, many great natural advantages. The rich rolling land lying between the rivers was once as fertile and productive as could be desired. Improvident culture has made many of the hills bare—still good husbandry, as illustrated on many farms, has shewn that although wasted they were not impoverished. The Broad, Enoree and Tiger Rivers furnish a navigation for mountain boats, whereby most of the produce raised sought, and still seeks, a market.

The original settlers were the Lyles, Jones, Sashal Grasty, the Kellys, Chandlers, Bonds, Gorees, Fergusons, Hills, Hancocks, Stewarts, Gordons, Curetons, Dicksons, Nolands, Avereys, Andersons, Caldwelles, Wadlingtons, John Clarke, James Murphy, the Littletons, Greens, Robisons, Shadrack Vessels, Daniel Mackel Duff, the Maybins, (William and Matthew,) Thomas Wilson, Thomas Perry and John Walker. They were generally immigrants from North Carolina and Virginia, except the Maybins, who came from near Ballamena, Antrim, Ireland.





Before I enter upon the account of the other inhabitants of this interesting section, I trust I may be pardoned for first speaking of the family of my friend, Col. Benjamin Maybin, and himself. From him the materials for the sketch of the old inhabitants of the Fork, and the incidents of the revolution, were principally obtained. Since he communicated them he has been gathered to his fathers, and of him, therefore, I may venture to give as perfect an account as my means will permit.

William Maybin, the father of Col. Benjamin Maybin with his wife and one child, his wife's mother and sister, and a younger brother, Matthew Maybin, landed in Charleston in 1771, and thence passed on to the place whereon the Colonel lived, at his death, well known as Maybinton, and there settled. He and his family were Presbyterians, and like all of that class, took the side of liberty. In 1776 he was in Williamson's memorable campaign against the Cherokees, in a company commanded by Capt. Cureton, and in the regiment commanded by Col. John Lyles, and was beyond doubt present, and participated in the ring fight and other affairs leading to the complete overthrow of the Cherokees. A full account of this expedition will be found by the curious in the memoir of Major McJunkin, published in the second volume of the *Magnolia*, at page 32.

After the fall of Charleston in May 1780, William and Matthew Maybin, Shadrack Vessels and others, joined Sumter, either in North Carolina, or on the Catawba, in this State. They were present on the 7th of August, 1780, at the battle of Hanging Rock, in which Col. Maybin stated Vessels was killed, his father taken prisoner, and that his Uncle Matthew made his escape. In this there must be some inaccuracy. For at Hanging Rock Sumter was victorious, and although it is possible



that Vessels was there killed, yet it is not likely that a prisoner was taken by the vanquished party, or that there was any necessity for any of the victors to escape. It is most likely that William Maybin was taken prisoner at, and that his brother Matthew escaped from Sumter's surprise by Tarleton, at Fishing Creek, on the 18th of August, 1780, eleven days after the battle of Hanging Rock, and this is made almost certain by a subsequent part of Col. Maybin's narrative, in which he speaks of Vessels' death taking place at Sumter's defeat at Hanging Rock. William Maybin was taken to Charleston, and died on board a prison ship, *that charnel house of liberty*, to which British pride, tyranny and cruelty consigned so many of the gallant spirits who fought and bled for Carolina. He was *here* before his death found by his wife's brother, Benjamin Duncan, who was a soldier in the British army. He prevailed on his officers to permit the soldier of liberty, William Maybin, to be brought on shore, and interred in his mother earth. He sleeps in what was then called Potter's field.

Benjamin Duncan then visited his bereaved sister, and after some stay with her, returned to his duty; but promised, as soon as possible, to come back, and take care of and provide for her and his other single sister, and as a pledge, left with Mrs. Maybin his watch and other things. It was soon reported among the Tories that Mrs. Maybin's brother had left with her his gold watch; it, however, was magnified by rumor, as usual, for it was only a silver one. Spoil, spoil, ever first in the thoughts of many of those guilty traitors, who were hurling the most deadly blows at their bleeding country, soon brought two of this band of marauders to the house of the widow and orphans; they demanded the watch, accompanied by threats that they would take the lives of



the women, Mrs. Maybin and her sister and the children, if it was not delivered. Mrs. Maybin, with a mother's feeling predominating for the safety of her children, fled to the woods, leaving her sister to contend with the ruffians. The watch was hid under the head of the bed; she succeeded in baffling their cupidity; they found it not. It descended to, and was worn, preserved and valued as a precious relic by the late Col. Benjamin Maybin; doubly endeared to him as a memento of his uncle, and of the sufferings and fortitude of his mother and aunt.

The family of William Maybin, after his death, suffered the usual privations of the revolution. When Rawdon's army pursued Green on his retreat from Ninety-Six, they encamped about a week at Col. Glenn's, now Brazleman's Mills on Enoree; they then marched through the Fork, and crossed Broad River at Lyle's Ford. On this march the soldiers plundered everything in their way! The only piece of meat left for the food of the family of Mrs. Maybin, and which she had hid on the *wind beams* of her house, was found and taken. A small grey mare called *Dice*, her only beast, was also borne away, though she afterwards fortunately recovered her. Such a *foray* is so disgraceful to a regular army, that I am reluctant to conclude that it could have had the sanction of the commander, *an Irishman*, (Lord Rawdon) afterwards the celebrated Earl of Morra. But his command, which followed him from Ireland, was made up very much from the goals; and, therefore, it may be very well supposed that they were a set of accomplished rascals, capable of stealing even the last morsel from the widow and orphans.

On another occasion, a tory visited Mrs. Maybin's cabin, and finding a piece of homespun in her loom, he cut it out and bore it off as a prize. What a fiend



must such a man have been, who could look upon the almost naked children of a poor lone woman, and take from her the means of a scanty covering? He, however, did not escape. For little Ephraim Lyles afterwards meeting with him, and finding the cloth upon his legs in a pair of leggins, inflicted upon him a severe drubbing, and made him give up the cloth. This was justice, nobly and happily administered, and if little Eph. (as he was usually called) had never done any other good deed, his memory deserves to be cherished and respected for *this, so characteristic of a generous Carolinian.*

The family, as I have before said, were Presbyterians, and worshipped as often as they could, at King's Creek, where lies Col. Maybin's maternal grand-mother. Benjamin Maybin was born 10th of February, 1775; he was, therefore, a mere infant during the dark days of the revolution. He was born where he lived and died.

Of his early life I know but little. He had, I have no doubt, to struggle with many difficulties; but the same unconquerable spirit, which carried him unbent through many of the trials of his subsequent life, enabled him to triumph over *them*. He obtained a pretty good English education. He was for many years a merchant, and by patient industry accumulated a handsome fortune, and made his homestead on the main road from Henderson's bridge on the Enoree to Buncombe, a pretty little village bearing his name.

He commanded during the war, the 8th, afterwards 38th regiment of militia. He resigned, when General Starling Tucker was elected Brigadier, in 1815. He was twice a member of the House of Representatives. He died the 27th of May last.

The last twenty-four years of his life were spent in re-





tirement. He was twice married. By his first wife he had a large family, none of whom survived him except his son, Major William Maybin, of Columbia. He with two grand-children, the children of John Maybin, (deceased,) are his only lineal descendants. His second wife, the youngest and now the only surviving child of Col. James Lyles, was the widow of Capt. John Henderson when she became his wife. One son, the only fruit of this marriage, a fine promising boy, was cut off, while pursuing his Collegiate course. Mrs. Maybin survived her husband, and is now (March, 1856,) in the 69th year of her age. Any one who looks upon her, will see at once that she is the descendant of a *race of heroes*, and that she could, and would if necessary, play the part of the Spartan mother, when she said to her son, as she delivered his shield, "return to me victorious, or be borne upon this shield!"

Having known Col. Maybin intimately for thirty-five years, it is a duty which I discharge with pleasure (if there can be pleasure in speaking of a deceased friend) to do something like justice to his memory.

He was a well informed man in most of the matters affecting his own rights or those of his country. In private life no man maintained what was due to himself with more unflinching firmness. Many undertook to oppress or overcome him. *None ever succeeded.* The poor unaided orphan boy maintained his foot hold among the Lyles, Gordons, Wadlingtons and Malones; and after many years stood "*primus inter pares.*"

As a public officer, he discharged his duties in the most faithful and exemplary way. Ever at his post, and ever ready to do what duty demanded, he deserved more than he ever obtained, *unceasing popularity.* He was *too honest, too sincere* to be always popular. His



opinions he never disguised. Such as they were, popular or unpopular, the people knew them. The consequence was he could not always be elected to the Legislature, when he desired to be. He was a Union man, when the storm of Nullification scowled over the sky of South Carolina. To be in such a minority tried the nerves of a man. As a husband and father, he was all which affection ever demanded. He was often called to stand by the bed of death; his first wife and his many children were borne from him. Still he was seen like King David, rising from the affliction, and exclaiming "I shall go to *them*," but they "shall not return to me!"

Col. Maybin was a man of violent passions; but I never knew him do a mean act to gratify them. He had enemies, who hated and pursued him with a vengeance which seemed never to tire. Such he met with a similar spirit, and it may be, that on such occasions, his passions may have carried him too far, and that in striking at his enemies, he may have touched those, who until then, were not his foes.

In reference to one matter of his life, the children of his last wife by her former marriage, I can speak with great certainty. No man ever exhibited a greater desire to treat them with a parent's kindness than he did. When they, as was natural, looked at him with the jealousy with which children generally regard a step-father, well do I know that his heart was wrung by it; and that he was ready, always ready, to bestow upon them a father's care and a father's blessing. After the death of his youngest son, this disposition was fully shewn, in a division among them of what he considered their mother's estate.

He is gone! His earthly course is closed; he has entered upon his everlasting state. Full of years, full of



usefulness, he has been gathered to his fathers. May those who are his descendants imitate his virtues, and be like him, entitled to have written on the tomb which covers his remains: "He had his faults, but they were specs on the beautiful snow white drapery of a virtuous, honest, good life."

Ephraim, John and Williamson Lyles were brothers. Ephraim settled on the east side of Broad River; he was the father of Col. Arromanus Lyles, Col. James Lyles, Big Bill, Big Eph, Henry and John; all of whom settled, except Col. Arromanus, west of Broad River; all were actively engaged in the revolution. Their father, Ephraim, was shot in his own house before the war commenced, (as is stated by Col. Maybin,) but this I presume, means before the fall of Charleston, in 1780. For, until then the upper country scarcely knew the war.

John Lyles, the brother of Ephraim, was elected colonel, and may have served in the campaign called the snow camps, beginning in November, '75, and taking its name from the great snow which fell upon the encampment of the army at Hollingsworth's, now Simpson's Mills, Rabun's Creek, Laurens district, on the 24th of December, at night. A full account of this expedition, will also be found in the memoir of Major McJunkin, 2d Magnolia, 31.

Col. Lyles commanded in the expedition of the subsequent year against the Cherokees, to which allusion has already been made. In No. 7, I was mistaken in supposing Col. James Lyles had the command. The memoir of Major McJunkin was right. Who was present at the battle of Hanging Rock is uncertain. Col. Maybin states that Col. John Lyles was too old to take part in the revolutionary struggle subsequent to the fall of Charleston. Col. James Lyles, it seems from his



statement, died at Chester, 1st July, 1780; he could not, therefore, have been present. I presume it was John Lyles, the youngest son of Ephraim, who, as Col. Maybin says, commanded the Fork company, and which we know was in that action on the 7th of August. It was nothing unusual for a captain commanding an independent detachment to be called colonel in accounts of the revolution.

James Lyles, the second son of Ephraim, was appointed colonel, on the resignation of his uncle, John, after his return from the Cherokee expedition in '76. He commanded and bore part in all the partisan affairs, until the fall of Charleston.\* Retreating then before the enemy, he was taken with the small pox, and was borne by his troops and friends on a litter to Chester court house, where, on the 1st of July he died, leaving a widow (afterwards Mrs. Gorce,) and three infant daughters; the youngest and only surviving one of whom is Mrs. Elizabeth Maybin herein before spoken of. At his death, his younger brother John probably succeeded to his actual command; not more than a company proceeded on, and joined Sumter on the Catawba, and fought the battle of Hanging Rock.

John Lyles after the war became major of the lower battalion of the Enoree regiment, by seniority, and removed to Georgia.

Williamson Lyles, the youngest brother of Ephraim and Col. John Lyles, was also too old to undergo the

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\* In Tarleton's Campaigns in the South, '93, he speaks of one Lisle who was from the district between Enoree and Tiger Rivers, being banished to the Islands, returning, he took place in the regiment formerly commanded by Col. Nash, then by Col. Floyd, in the British interest, and carried it all off and joined Sumter. Who the *Lisle* spoken of by Tarleton may be is uncertain.





hardships of the war, after 1780; he had only one son old enough to take part in the bloody struggle for liberty. Ephraim Lyles, (commonly called little Eph.) was that son, and gallantly did he perform his part. Like most of his compeers, little can be told of what he did or suffered.

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#### No. 10, CONTINUED.

Sashal Grasty was a good whig, but too old for active service, when the tide of war rolling from the sea-board overwhelmed the whole interior, he was seized by the British, or Tories, with five or six negro slaves, and marched to Ninety-Six goal, where being imprisoned with others who had the small pox, he caught that fatal disease and died. He left children, one of whom, Patsy, was the first wife of Samuel E. Kenner, Esq., another, Mrs. Susan Lyles, widow of Col. Arromanus Lyles, died within the last twenty years at Maybinton; her descendants are in that neighborhood. Her life, if it could be gathered together, would shew that truth is sometimes more marvellous than fiction.

James Kelly was a soldier in the regiment raised in the beginning of the revolution, called Thompson's Rangers. He was on Sullivan's Island at the memorable repulse of the British fleet, 28th July, 1776. From the names of the officers actually in the fort, given in Moultrie's Memoirs, 1st vol. pp. 153, neither Col. Thompson nor any of his officers seem to have been *there*; but from the vote of thanks by Congress, to be found at the same page, it is manifest Col. Thompson's regiment had a part in that glorious affair. It is probable, as they were



riflemen, that they were stationed to prevent the landing of the British on the Island. This service they performed while Moultrie and his gallant compeers were comparing the strength of Palmetto logs, manned by Carolinian hearts, with the wooden walls of old England, sustained by her noble tars, who had victoriously unfurled their master's flag on every sea, and *hitherto* against every power.

He was appointed a lieutenant in the militia service; he was present at, and bore a part as a good soldier, in the capture of Fort Granby, on the 14th of May, 1781. Of his other services I am uninformed. He lived long after "wild war's rude blast was blown," and enjoyed the precious fruits of *constitutional liberty*, which his services contributed so much to obtain, and died, leaving a posterity to inherit the 'glorious estate thus won—and which may they, and all of South Carolina, and the other people of the United States, ever enjoy unmarred by *disunion, or any sectional parties or factions*.

Mordecai Chandler belonged to Capt. John Lyles' company, which was scouring the country below the Saluda. (This must have been in December, 1780, or January, 1781.) They (that is the company) found two men in the woods, unarmed. On being questioned, they professed to be whigs who had escaped from the British fort at Granby, and were endeavoring to make their way to General Morgan's camp, at the Grindal Shoals, on Pacolet. Mordecai Chandler and George Reddin were detailed to conduct them to *the old wagoner*. They proceeded some distance, at some point in Union, having encamped for the night—while Chandler and Reddin were asleep, the pretended whigs rose on their escort, seized their arms, and in the conflict which ensued, wounded Chandler severely in the head, and



finally made both him and Reddin their prisoners, and marched them to Ninety-Six and delivered them to the commander, Col. Cruger, by whom they were kept as prisoners until that post was evacuated. Chandler was thence taken to Dorchester, where he remained until he was exchanged near the close of the war.

In the war of the revolution, both whigs and tories guarded the passes of the great rivers, especially the fords. Noah Bonds was one of the guards stationed west of the Broad River, at the Fishdam ford. The tories held the eastern bank. They often taunted the whigs with ban- ters and opprobrious words across the river. It is at the ford about a quarter of a mile wide. Noah, unwilling to bear such abuse, determined to try *his big rifle*. He levelled her at a tory, who was exposing his rear to an attack, and, strange to say, lodged the ball in the back part of his thigh! My informant, (Col. Maybin,) says the ball struck the water before it reached the eastern bank. The aim and direction, however, being true, the rebound carried it home. The colonel remarked, "it was said the man was not killed, *but he did not appear there again.*" One dose of American lead was quite a sufficient one for him.

Major Thomas Gordon, it is supposed, was elected major under the command of Col. John Lyles, and served with him in the snow camps, and in the expedition against the Cherokees. He took an active part in the revolutionary struggle; but, like many another, the details of his services cannot be now obtained. He was the *first Sheriff* of Newberry, entering on his duties at the first county court, held at the house of Col. Robert Rutherford, 5th September, 1785. His term of office was two years, according to the constitution of 1778. The duties of his office were correctly performed; and



as such, I am proud to say, they have ever since been performed. His descendants are still, I presume, to be found in the Fork.

Captain Curenton (or *Cureton*, perhaps, for I know this name was often pronounced Curenton,) commanded the company to which William Maybin belonged, in the expedition commanded by Williamson, herein before spoken of. David Dixon was his lieutenant.

John Caldwell, Esq., (father of Esquire John Caldwell and Joseph Caldwell, of Enoree, and therefore grandfather of Davis and John Caldwell, of Columbia, and Robert Caldwell, of Charleston,) was captain of one of the revolutionary whig scouts. He was killed in the Dutch Fork.

John Clarke settled on the Enoree, near the place now called Clarke's ford; he was a zealous, staunch whig during the war. In a skirmish, at Clarke's ford, under the command of Capt. Jones, he was shot through the leg, and escaped to a bluff a mile distant. To this place the enemy traced him by his blood—took him prisoner. His mother furnished him with a little salve and some cloth to bind up, and, afterwards, to dress his wound. His captors compelled him to mount a very poor horse, and thus to ride him, with nothing to separate him from his sharp back bone, except an old quilt which his poor mother took from her scanty bed covering, and gave to him. With his feet bound under *this garron*, he was compelled to ride in great increasing agony to old Ninety-Six, more than forty miles. There he was in his wounded condition cast into prison, in the very midst of persons suffering under a virulent type of small pox. Nine of his fellow prisoners died. He was the tenth, and most marvellously got well; he was liberated, made his way home, and lived long after the revolution.





His descendants are still to be found in Newberry district. Capt. Jones, under whom Clarke served, was killed in the skirmish, and lies now on the bank of the river, near the ford. Johnson, not an inhabitant of the Fork, a brother-in-law of Clarke, was taken in the skirmish, and hanged on a tree just above the ford. Charles Littleton, (father of Mark and Charles,) was taken prisoner, carried to Ninety-Six goal, where he also contracted the small pox, and died before he reached home. William Greer was a staunch whig and did good service; he was shot and killed by a tory in his own house.

Shadrack Vessels, heretofore spoken of as falling in Sumter's defeat at Fishing Creek, was, like his father, a firm, devoted whig. Charles Vessels, his father, lived at Snow Hill, (I presume now known as Liberty Hill,) opposite Augusta, Geo. Charles Vessels was a boat builder. While the British were in possession of Augusta, a sentinel was posted on the bank of the Savannah opposite to, or so as to be seen from, the boat yard. Vessels conceived the possible notion of killing the poor sentinel on his post. He swam up the river, with his butcher knife in his mouth, crept upon the sentinel and killed him. *This was murder*, it belonged not to war.

Charles Vessels was afterwards taken by the British. They were altogether uninformed of his murder of the sentinel; if that fact had been known, he would have been hanged, and justly hanged, on the first tree. He was considered as a mere prisoner. On account, however, of his turbulent disposition and stubborn spirit, he was put in irons and shipped for England. On the voyage the ship sprang a leak: the captain proposed to liberate him if he would assist in stopping it. He swore he would not; and wished they might go to hell together.



The leak was, however, stopped without his assistance. He returned after the war, and if my memory be not at fault, I heard of his chopping off the head of a sleeping, or drunk Indian with his broad-axe, at a place where he was building a boat, or flat, on the Ogechee. It is stated by my friend Col. Maybin, that he, Charles Vessels, after his return from England, took charge of the two sons of his son, Shadrack Vessels, whom he raised to nearly man's estate, when he died. Is it not a mysterious providence, that such a man of blood should die in his own bed? The scriptures are generally literally fulfilled in that "the violent man shall die a violent death." Daniel Mackel Duff, a celebrated partisan, was also taken prisoner, and, with Vessels, sent to England, where he remained until the war terminated; he then returned. He married a daughter of Col. William Farr, of Union. He was well known as a claimant for losses and pensions, during the revolution, in the State Legislature.

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#### No. 10, CONTINUED.

Col. Ferguson after Cornwallis' victory of the 6th of August, moved from Camden at the head of the 71st regiment, with the view of visiting the tory settlements of the upper country, training their young men, and afterwards rejoining the army. In the execution of this plan, he passed through Fairfield, crossed Broad River at Shirey's, (now Hughey's ferry,) and camped in the Duch Fork, on Heller's Creek, near the late residence of that good citizen, David Hentz, who was called from us by his mighty Master, about the same time



that Col. Maybin obeyed the same awful summons! He here remained encamped for several days. Resuming his march, he crossed the Enoree at Kelly's ford, and encamped in the Fork, at the plantation of Col. James Lyles, deceased. He thence marched by John Robison's, plundered his house, and continued his march towards the mountains. Little did this accomplished officer, but ferocious enemy of American liberty, dream that he was marching to rouse the mountaineers, and that they, like the Highlanders of his own native land, would be gathered to his overthrow by the fiery and bloody cross, which he was preparing by oppression to light and wet with blood, and which, though not to be borne from hand to hand, as in Scotland, was to be seen and heard from, until the whole mountain region of South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, should be in arms. *But so it was.*—In less than two months, he and his men, regular and militia, were hunted to the death by the hardy mountaineers. On King's Mountain, he gallantly met his fate; there he and Col. Williams, of the Americans, lie with no other monument than the naked mountains, and no other requiem than the cry of the eagle, as he nightly seeks his mate.

In January, 1781, Matthew Maybin, James Chandler, Mark and Charles Littleton, little Eph. Lyles, and others living in the Fork, left their homes to unite with Morgan before the battle of the Cowpens. That glorious battle was fought and won; and the news reached them on the way. Still they were able to do good service. They fell upon a part of Tarleton's baggage train at Love's ford, near Gov. Johnston's plantation, and captured it; horses, negroes, wagons, and all other property, they managed to get safely into the block house on Pacolet,



where the whole was divided among the captors. Seven negroes thus captured, were part of the spoil to which our friends of the Fork were entitled.

It is a highly important fact, and worthy of being especially recorded, that the inhabitants of the Fork were more united in their devotion to liberty, than any other settlement in the upper country. When the British regarded South Carolina as a conquered province, a proclamation was issued, inviting all the friends of the King to remove below their line of posts, extending from Ninety-Six by Granby to Camden, and that they should be protected; only one man from the Fork availed himself of the ignoble privilege, and sad was it for him that he did so, for the whigs afterwards caught and killed him.

Heavy, however, were the calamities with which the Fork was visited—plantations were wasted, families were in poverty and want; and last but not least, nine heads of families, in the six miles square, had been forever removed. Five were killed; two died in Ninety-Six gaol; one on a prison ship at Charleston; and one, Col. James Lyles, who had to be carried from home in a litter, with the small pox on him, got wet in crossing Broad River at the Fish Dam ford, and died at Chester. Nine widows and their orphan children in the narrow compass of six miles square, is indeed a sad memorial of even a war waged for liberty. How slowly and fearfully should we approach a war, which is to make our happy homes desolate, our wives and children, widows and orphans, and liberty itself *a thing which was!*

The inhabitants of the Fork at the revolution were more generally under the influence of religion than, perhaps, most of the other settlers, with the exception of the Friends. Many of the patriots, hereinbefore mentioned,





were members of the church. All of them (except the Maybin family,) were Baptists. The Baptist meeting house of that day was called Littleton's meeting house; it stood on the bank of the Enoree at Littleton's ferry, and in the plantation now belonging to Maj. Jesse Maybin. It has undergone two removals, and is now located near the village of Maybinton.

After the revolution, Samuel E. Kenner, the Hendersons, Sims, Hardys and others, immigrated to the Fork; and some of the old settlers, Wadlingtons, Littletons, Gordons and Lyles', moved south and west. Samuel E. Kenner was the step-son of Maj. Spencer Morgan; he was a man of great native talent. Few men of my acquaintance possessed a clearer head and sounder judgment than Samuel E. Kenner. He had considerable information; he had traveled and observed faithfully. He had been the super-cargo of one of the slave ships employed or owned by Gen. Hampton. He was twice a member of the Legislature—first in 1810; then in 1814. He was universally respected; and his popularity was such that he could at any time have been elected. He was a magistrate for many years. His first wife was Patsy Grasty, the daughter of Sashal Grasty; by her he had five children, all of whom, although living to be men and women, are now in their graves. His second wife was Lucy Goree, the half sister of Mrs. Elizabeth Maybin, by whom he had eight children, all of whom, except two, are numbered with the dead! He himself, after attaining to a good old age, died in 1844. His widow still survives, and resides where he lived and died.

John Henderson (commonly called Capt. Jack Henderson) lived at the place on Enoree, where his son Thomas Henderson now lives. He was the son of David



Henderson, and was a married man when he came from Virginia, between '90 and '94. He had then three children. Capt. Henderson was a worthy, bold, frank man. When he was a friend, he was one indeed; and when he was an enemy, it was equally well known—concealment was no part of his character. He raised and commanded a fine troop of horse; the same afterwards so well commanded by Capt., afterwards Col., John Glenn. He gave up his commission in consequence of the dispute about the majority between himself, Maj. Nance, and Col. James Williams, spoken of in No. 8.

He was elected to the Legislature in 1812 and 1814. In this last year, when the detachment of troops under Col. Means and Maj., afterwards Gen., Dawkins marched from Spartanburg and Union to Charleston, they were quartered for a night at Henderson's. His house and barns were opened for their accommodation; his beeves slaughtered, and his flour and meal baked for their food; and all without money or price. This was exactly in character with his life—he was generous to those whom he loved.

He died 1st January, 1816, in the great epidemic of 1815-'16, which was then, for a second time, experienced in Newberry district, and accompanying its ravages went up the universal wail of death! Mr. Henderson left a numerous family, all of whom survive, except his son D. Waltour Henderson, who died in a few days after him, leaving an only child, now Mrs. Elvira Nance, of Newberry. None more sincerely lamented the death of Capt. Henderson than the writer of this sketch. He had been his friend when he needed friends; and he felt and knew that in him, if his life had been spared, he still would have been, as he had been. But to that, as all other chastenings, he has been able to say, "God's will be done!"



## No. 11.

The office of Historiographer, when the materials are scattered everywhere, and when tradition more than written authority must be appealed to, is far from being an agreeable one; yet the task of the Biographer, when everything depends upon the memory of the writer, or of others, is still more difficult, and still more disagreeable. In short biographical sketches of men of other times there is, however, a rich vein, worth—well worth—being explored. This task is about being undertaken, with very imperfect materials; still, such as they are, they will afford great interest, and may lead some one better informed to do greater justice.

A much valued friend has furnished me with the facts which will enable me to speak of a revolutionary soldier at present little known, and at the same time to speak of another instance in the History of Newberry, where the third generation is in his ancestral home! Maj. Micajah Harriss, one of our best citizens, now in his 53d year, lives upon a tract of land granted to Jeremiah Williams, 20th June, 1753, lying on Heller's, formerly called Williams' Creek, which was conveyed by him to the grand-father of the present occupant, Burr Calvert Harriss, 19th January, 1773; he occupied it until his death; his youngest son, Micajah Harriss, succeeded him, and lived upon it until his death, in 1814; his widow continued the possession to her death, in 1819; she was succeeded by her youngest son, Maj. Micajah Harriss, who has ever since occupied, and long may he, in honor and usefulness occupy, *his patrimonial acres!* This is another instance where the descendant of an original settler is still looking upon the scenes, treading the soil familiar to his ancestors, and drinking from the same



noble fountain from which they drank; *here* too repose the ashes of the grand-father, grand-mother, father, and mother of the present owner. How can such an one do otherwise than exclaim,

“This is my owa, my native land!”

Burr Calvert Harriss was an immigrant from Virginia, and is supposed by his grand-son to have been of English extraction. His son, Micajah, was a soldier in the Indian war, supposed by my friend to have been Grant's, (but this could not have been, as that took place in 1761, and Burr Calvert Harriss came from Virginia about 1773). It is probable he, Micajah, took part in the wars with the Cherokees in 1776, under the command, probably, of Col. John Lyles, in General Williamson's campaign. Micajah Harriss was an active soldier of the revolution, and on the 12th January, 1780, was commissioned by Gov. John Rutledge, *lieutenant*; his commission to that effect is still preserved, as a precious relic, and is in possession of his son. It should be framed and hung up in his parlor, like that of Gen. Marion, which is thus preserved in the drawing-room of one of Charleston's noble sons, who married a relative of the great Carolinian hero! Micajah Harriss afterwards became captain. His services *in the times which tried men's souls* were, beyond doubt, arduous and full of trials; but the remembrance of them has perished generally. A single instance of the spirit of self-sacrifice of that glorious era can be given. He with his wife's brother, James Sheppard, were taken prisoners by a tory scout, and were carried to some halting point, on King's or Indian Creek, where it was proposed to put them to death.

When a halt was ordered, one of the tories proposed to another to shoot them: he offered the unwelcome duty





to a third, and he to another, until the whole scout declined the bloody work. They then offered to the prisoners, if either would shoot the other, he should be discharged. This was indignantly rejected. Sheppard then said to the captors: "If one life would satisfy them, he was single; his brother-in-law, Harriss, was a married man, and had one or two children; let me, therefore, be the victim." This alternative Harriss would not consent to accept. "If one has to die, let us both die together," was his manly reply. The Tories, struck by the self-sacrificing spirit exhibited by their prisoners, discharged them *on parole*; but that they should not depart entirely from their usual vocation of blood and plunder, they kept Captain Harriss' fine mare which he rode, and sent him home on foot.

In 1781, a party of whigs, under the command of Col. Hays, passed in the neighborhood of Coats' shop, (Newberry court house,) to Jacob Brooks', (now the plantation of Harrington Pope.) Two of the party, James Tinsley and John Campbell, a lad, son of Captain Angus Campbell, of Laurens, and brother of the present Dr. Robert Campbell, diverged from their direct route to have a horse shod at Coats' shop, at the Cedar Spring, just below the village grave-yard. Having accomplished this, they started to rejoin their companions at Brooks'. They were fired upon just about where the barn of Drayton Nance, Esq., now stands, on Higgins' road. One ball took effect in the bridle arm of Campbell; his mare jumped from under him, and accompanied Tinsley in his flight to Brooks'. There the command turned out, and retracing Tinsley's steps, they found Campbell dead. The persons, whoever they were, who had wounded him, had completed the work of death. His companions bore him to Coats' shop. On the margin of Scott's Creek



he was buried; and there he slept the sleep of death until, in 1849, the excavations for the railroad laid bare his remains. They were collected, with pious care, by his excellent brother, Dr. Robert Campbell, and buried in the family burying ground.

Shortly before the close of the revolution, at the Shop Spring, about half a mile south of Bobo's Mill, on Bush River, a similar thing occurred. A whig scout, commanded by Captain John Sloan, from whose expression about the lock of his musket, that it was "stiff of the frizzen," came the saying, "stiff of the frizzen, like Sloan's musket," passed the mills, called *then*, after their proprietor, O'Neill's, (now Bobo's). In his command was a man named Ichabod Wood. He was a New Englandman and a sailor. In an almost famished condition he had, years before, attached himself to the wagon of William or Henry O'Neill, in the neighborhood of Charleston, and with one or other of these gentlemen had come into the interior. He lived much with William O'Neill, and was remarkable for his inoffensive disposition and industrious habits. He was always averse to fire arms, and especially to shooting them. He had been married but a short time, and was either living on the land of his early patron and friend, Wm. O'Neill, or very near to it, when he was summoned to do duty in Sloan's scout. He, Sloan, and the rest of the party, were seen to ride into and through Bush River, at the old ford below the mills, by William O'Neill and his son, Hugh. Soon afterwards they started to walk to dinner at the residence of William O'Neill, south of Bush River, and west of the mills about half a mile. In their way, they were nearer to the Shop Spring than at the mills. A gun was heard to fire, and William O'Neill said to his son, Hugh, "That was sorely against poor



Ichabod's will;" alluding to his known dislike to a gun being fired. In a few moments, however, a messenger came to tell them that indeed it was "sorely against poor Ichabod's will," for *Ichabod Wood was shot*. It seemed that he and Sloan rode to the Shop Spring for water, and were fired upon from the thick wood around the spring. The ball was no doubt aimed for Sloan. It, however, passed through the lungs of poor Ichabod, who in a few hours ceased to live. He lies in the quiet yard of Friend's burying ground, near Mendenhall's Mills, Bush River. The assassin never was discovered.

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#### No. II, CONCLUDED.

I propose to close this number with some slight account of the former proprietor of the plantation, now owned by the Messrs. Crofts, Capt. Daniel Parkins. Whether his father settled the place, I do not certainly know. The family came from Winchester, Va., and, I think, consisted of the brothers and sisters. I remember to have heard this anecdote in relation to the grave-yard at that place: One of Capt. Parkins' sisters was the wife of Hugh O'Neill, who settled at, and owned the mills, on Little River, at the place now called Milton, Lauren's district. One of his brothers, Thomas O'Neill, died at Parkins', and while the family were debating the question where he should be buried, a ball of fire, as they called it, a meteor, as it really was, passed over the house, and was seen to fall where the grave-yard is. They regarded it as a divine intimation where the dead was to lie—he was accordingly there buried, and thus began the grave-yard called Parkins'.



Capt. Parkins was born in 1758. He was therefore a man fully grown before the tide of war reached the interior. Like many other good and mistaken men, he was supposed to be a loyalist in principle. He, however, took no active part. The principles in which he had been raised and educated were those of Friends. He owned a mill on Saluda, just below the ford (Parkins'). He was usually employed in attending the grist mill and in preparing meal for the country around him. A party of whigs from Indian Creek, to whom he was obnoxious, was on their way to capture, or kill him. Their approach was discovered by one of his sisters, while they were yet several hundred yards from the dwelling house, which was two or three hundred yards from the mill. She started in a run to inform her brother of the approach of his enemies. They seeing her, and guessing her purpose, put their horses in full speed to anticipate her. As soon as she discovered this, she began to halloo, so as to attract her brother's attention; the noise of the machinery of the mill prevented him from early hearing the outcry. The leading horse soon came along side of her; she seized his bridle, pulled it off his head and turned him into the woods, and continued her race; the second she served the same way. By this time her brother was aware of what was going forward; leaping out of the mill, with his gun in his hand, into Saluda, he pursued the shoal until he was enabled to reach the island now called Pope's, then a dense forest. There he was safe, for the party knew not how to reach it; and if they had been able to do so, they never could have found him in its impenetrable thickets.

He married Jane Caradine, the daughter of Abraham Caradine, who lived below him on Saluda, at Caradine's ford. Soon after his marriage the house was surrounded





at night by a party of whigs, probably the same who had attempted to surprise him at his mills. There was only one manner of escape, that was by boldly dashing through the surrounding party. Caradine and Parkins sprang from their beds, the former snatched down a musket and throwing into her barrel a handful of powder and shot, and prising in the same hurried way, he threw open the door and fired upon the party, killing one who sat upon the fence just before the door. Both took advantage of the confusion, and sprung out the house and ran for their lives. Parkins made good his escape. Caradine was an elderly man and ran heavily; he was shot in one of the corn rows of his field; when the party came to where he lay, he enquired "if the rascal he shot at was dead?" and being told that he was, he quietly remarked "he was satisfied," and soon was himself in the silent house of death.

Capt. Parkins, after the revolution, was regarded by all as a virtuous, good man. He had particularly the friendship of that gallant old soldier of liberty, Col. Philemon Waters, his near neighbor. Either at, or soon after the re-organization of the militia, he was elected captain of the Saluda company, in the 8th (now 39th regiment) of militia. In '96 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace; in '98 he was re-appointed; in '99 he was appointed, with Robert Rutherford, Edward Finch, Isaac Kirk and Hugh O'Neill, a Commissioner of Public Buildings. He discharged all the duties appertaining to these respective appointments in that faithful way which insured him the respect of every one. He was a merchant of extensive business—at first on his own account, afterwards as the senior partner of Capt. Sampson Pope, in Edgefield, and Hugh O'Neill, on Bush River, Newberry. He also did an extensive business in



Greenville, under the management of Mr. Beverly Borum. He, by these various pursuits, realized a handsome fortune. He was a rich man, but this did not stay the approach of the fell destroyer? Many of his children had been taken from him in their early life. As early as '99, 1800, 1801 and 1802, Capt. Parkins' place was regarded as a sickly one. Fever and ague was every year a visiter of his household. But, in 1802, the angel of death, in the great epidemic of that year, entered his house. On Sunday night, the 7th of November, his eldest son, Abraham, a noble young man, thoroughly trained and educated for a merchant, died. On Wednesday, the 10th, his third son, John, a fine, promising lad, died. On Thursday, the 11th, his excellent wife, Jane, in the 41st year of her age, died; and on Friday, the 12th, the sad drama was closed by the death of the husband and father! On Saturday, the 13th, in the presence of an immense multitude, he and his wife were placed in the same grave, and his son, John, alongside of them. During the sickness of his family, he had exhibited no particular disease; but as one after another died, it seemed as if cord after cord, which bound him to this life, was breaking. On the death of his wife he announced to his friends that he could not live. He desired to provide for two of his widowed sisters, (the Mrs. McDaniels) and a nephew, Daniel Parkins. He directed notes for \$300 each, to be drawn payable to his sisters; these he signed. He then called for his pocket book, and out of it directed \$100 to be taken and given to his nephew, and after cautioning the attending physician, Dr. Moon, to give him nothing to blunt his faculties, he gradually sunk and passed away as peaceably as if falling asleep. He left four sons, Charles, Isaac, Allen R. and Mark. Charles died in



1807; Isaac in 1809; Mark in 1817—all unmarried. Allen R. became therefore the heir and possessor of the fine estate of his father, which had rapidly accumulated during his infancy, and had been further increased by the addition of his brother Charles' estate. He married in 1816, a most amiable and excellent lady in Greenville, Miss Paul. He soon sold his fine estate in Newberry to Mr. Edward Croft. He resided to his death, in 1837, in Greenville district; he left a widow and several children. His eldest son, Daniel, recalls to my mind, each time I see him, his grand-father. Capt. Daniel Parkins was under the common height, but he was remarkable for his large compact body and limbs. Few men possessed as much strength and activity. I well remember to have seen him once throw down and literally strip a man twice his size, who had treated him rudely and torn his clothes. His complexion was sallow, arising, I suppose, from his frequent sickness. His eyes, of black, were full of intelligence and energy. No kinder man, better neighbor, affectionate father, husband or brother, ever lived. No firmer man, in all his public or private relations, lived in Newberry. Cool in danger, undaunted in execution, he passed through life as he died, without quailing at danger.

His character, in this respect, may be better understood by a circumstance of great danger, in which he acted a bold, fearless and successful part. In passing to old Ninety-Six, for many years after the war, it was the custom in passing from O'Neill's mills, on Bush River, to cross Saluda River, at Parkins' Ford, and go up the old Charleston road. Plank was then hauled from Bush River to Ninety-Six, as it now is from the piney woods to Newberry C. H. A wagon and team belonging to Mary O'Neill, and driven by her son John, (a lad 17 or 18,)



and another belonging to and driven by John Jay, were engaged in this business. In one of their trips, on reaching Saluda, the stream was found to be swollen; a consultation was had, and it was concluded it could be passed. The team of Mrs. O'Neill's was in front, and attempted the passage before that of Jay. As soon as the wagon reached the deep water it floated, as might have been expected from its load, (plank.) The consequence was, that down the stream went horses, wagon and driver. The latter made every effort to extricate his team by cutting them loose, but he either failed by loosing his knife, or, in the excitement, by not cutting his hame-strings. Jay attempted to swim to the rescue, but was seized with the cramp and had to get upon a rock to save himself from drowning. Parkins hearing the noise ran to the river, and seeing the dangerous position of the young driver and his team, plunged in and swam to their rescue. He cut the lead mare loose, and attempting to cut another loose, in the struggle the knife was knocked out of his hand—he sprang upon the mare cut loose, swam her to land, got another knife, swam her back, cut loose the other horses and saved them, driver and Jay.

The great epidemic of that year, 1802, called afterwards the cold plague, was then first experienced in Newberry, in 1815-'16; it again returned, again and again it has since re-visited us. But for the last several years it has disappeared; and, it is hoped, never to return. Fearful indeed has been the judgments of God in this behalf! May we avert them by humbling ourselves in His mighty presence.





## No 12.

Col. Robert Rutherford, as one of the early settlers and prominent citizens of Newberry district, deserves a prominent place in the sketches which we are now attempting. Would that I had the honor of knowing him intimately, then I might have done something like justice to his name. A friend who knew him intimately, and who felt for him all the esteem which gratitude creates, has given to me the benefit of his recollections. Still our united endeavors will present a very imperfect *picture*. Such as it is, it is better than none, and therefore it is presented.

He was born in April, 1734, in the State of Virginia, and served his apprenticeship to the carpenter's trade, at Hobb's Hole, in the neighborhood of which place he married his first wife, Dorothy Brooks. How long he resided in Virginia is not known; he removed to Chatham county, N. C., where he became colonel of the county, and this gave him the title which he bore to his death.

Before the revolution, or perhaps before 1780, he removed to South Carolina, and settled in Newberry district, nine miles east of the town, at a place which he called Liberty Hill. What part he bore in the revolution is not known; that he was a whig, and perhaps an active one, is shown from the position which he maintained in society after its close. He was for many years a member of the Legislature. He was appointed a County Court Judge at the very beginning of the system in 1785, and continued to act till 1791.

In 1791, or 1792, he was called upon to experience that greatest misfortune which can befall a man in this



world--the death of his wife and the mother of his children. He had a large family of children by her, one of whom was Mrs. Elizabeth Nance, heretofore spoken of; and another, William Rutherford, long well known as a citizen of the eastern part of the district. In 1795, he married the widow, Frances Harrington, of Union; by her he had no children. *Her* children, however, received a father's care and attention.

In 1796, he started one of Whitney's Cotton Saw Gins; this is believed to have been the first put in motion in the upper part of South Carolina. This great invention is what has made cotton the subject of universal trade, and the commercial agent which now very much governs the monetary affairs of the world. Before the discovery of the saw-gin, cotton was separated from the seed by the slow process of the fingers, or the roller-gin. It was therefore little regarded, except for domestic consumption. But when it was found that by the saw-gin thousands of pounds of seed-cotton could in the day be picked and baled up for market, it became matter to which industry could be profitably applied. The cotton saw-gin has given to the Southern States the supremacy which they now enjoy as producers. In a day of sectional hatred, it ought to be remembered--gratefully remembered--*that Whitney, the inventor of the cotton saw-gin, was a Yankee.* Great as was his invention, it benefited him little; his patent was violated and justice denied to him everywhere, *except in South Carolina; here he was paid by the Legislature for his invention, and his patent made free to the people.* This model gin stood in the Secretary of State's room until after 1820.

About 1809, Col. Rutherford built in the neighborhood of the town of Newberry, where his step-son, Y. J.



Harrington, Esq., afterwards lived, and there he died in 1814, in his eightieth year. Col. Rutherford was, I should think, about five feet eight; more remarkable for his ponderous heavy grey eye brows, than any other feature which is remembered,

He was a man of great energy of character—"whatever his hands found to do, he did it with his might." This was shown by the success which attended him during life; he succeeded in whatever he undertook. As a merchant, planter, and public undertaker, he was tried and not found wanting. He was one of the first cotton planters in Newberry, and an eminently successful one. He was one of the Commissioners of Public Buildings with Daniel Parkins, Edward Finch, Isaac Kirk and Hugh O'Neill, appointed in 1799. Under their direction and jealous supervision, was constructed the court house and gaol, which preceded those now in use. In 1805 he built the Newberry Academy; to this institution he was a large subscriber.

The friend whose pen gave me the benefit of a short sketch of the colonel's life and character, says: "He had a heart open as day to melting charity, which he never withheld from any, (except a drunkard, or a lazy person.)" Those gentlemen of elegant leisure, he utterly abominated. "*Work, Sonny,*" was his injunction to such. One of his observations may here be very well chronicled: He said people often said "it was too dry or too wet to work." God, he said, gave the seasons—it was man's duty to work—"work dry, work wet"—and he never failed to find that "God gave the increase." When a poor woman, Mrs. Myers, was left with a house full of little children, in very difficult, if not destitute circumstances, by the death of her industrious husband, John Myers, *the rope maker*, the colonel



sent his negroes, horses and ploughs, and cultivated her crop. To deserving young men, especially his stepsons, he extended a helping hand in placing them in situations to live and do well.

His last wife was a very pious lady, who belonged to the Methodist communion. The colonel made no profession of religion, yet he was always seen at meeting with his excellent lady, although he had no great liking for the shouting and other violent excitements, which were perhaps more common *then* than *now*. On some occasion, about the commencement of the last war, he was at a camp-meeting, and just as a good deal of excitement was getting up, and as a popular preacher was about to offer to sinners the opportunity of asking for pardon, the colonel, who occupied a seat in the midst of the congregation, rose to make his way out. The preacher seeing this, called on all who felt that they were sinners and needed a Saviour's pardoning love, to come forward and kneel down. The colonel was still receding; again he invited Christians to kneel down, still the colonel was erect: at last, said he, "let all who are Republicans kneel." This, as the story goes, brought the old gentleman down! He could not bear to be counted as an enemy to the country, under whose glorious stars and stripes he had grown to competence and honor, and had been blessed with countless blessings. Might not many an one, at the present time, imitate the colonel, and bending down in the presence of the King of kings, ask him in mercy to avert *that worst of all evils—Disunion*.

I propose next to speak of another of the old settlers of Newberry district—William Calmes. He was born near Winchester, Va., about the year 1761. At twelve years of age, he accompanied his father to South Caro-





lina, who purchased the tract of land before spoken of, granted to Pennington, known as the Cane-brake on Enoree, and now the property of Richard Sondly, eleven miles east of the town. He returned with his father to Virginia, and at sixteen years of age, volunteered in the army of the Revolution. He served for some time as a private; he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which capacity he served under the command of the Marquis De La Fayette, in those brilliant manœuvres which baffled the skill of the greatest captain of the English army, Lord Cornwallis, and finally cooped him up at Yorktown, and delivered him and his fine army captives to the great American General, Washington; thus making "Cornwallis," in the language of a Virginia negro, "Cob-Wallis." This was no bad pun, in a play of words.

Here I may be pardoned for digressing, to tell a Charleston anecdote connected with the surrender of Cornwallis. Count Rochambeau, it will be remembered, commanded the French forces who aided in the capture of Yorktown. A French barber's shop was the general resort of the proud officers of the English garrison, then occupying Charleston, for the purpose of being shaved. The news of the capture of Yorktown had just been received, one of the officers was submitting his chin to be reaped by the handy Frenchman. He said to the barber, very contemptuously, "*I hear your great Rochambeau is a barber.*" "*Aha,*" said the knight of the razor, "*Rochambeau one barber! Bigar, me tink he shave Cornwallis damnation close!*" *It is needless to add, another Briton was defeated.*

After the war, Mr. Calmes married, and removed to the place before spoken of as bought by his father, and which had been by his will left to him, about 1782 or



1753. On this place he resided until 1806, when he purchased from Abel Insko the place near the town of Newberry. He removed to it for the purpose of educating his children at the Newberry Academy.

He was elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1804, and served his term, (two sessions;) he declined to be a candidate for re-election, and spent the balance of his life (thirty years) in retirement. He had a large family, eight children, who lived to be men and women, of whom five now survive; the eldest of whom, Mrs. Nancy Harrington, is too well known to require more to be said of her than that as a wife, mother and friend, she has few equals. William Calmes died 8th January, 1836, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was about five feet nine or ten inches high; remarkable for the firm compact figure of his person. He possessed singular vivacity and facetiousness—nothing delighted him more than to practice some innocent mischievous joke upon one of his friends. He bore with singular firmness the many trials of life to which he was subjected. While his heart was bursting with agony, he was seen *externally unmoved*. Like Col. Rutherford, he had the misfortune to lose, many years before his death, his wife—the excellent lady who had soothed his sorrows and moderated the whirlwind of his passions; and who was the mother of his many children. But, unlike him, he did not supply her place. He placed her remains in the burying ground, in full view of his evening and morning observation. There he sleeps, himself, surrounded by his children and grand-children, and great-grand-children. He was a Virginian, and possessed *the real old Virginian character, fearless and frank*. He loved his friends; he was ready to serve and do them good, at all times. We cannot say he



hated his enemies; we hope that what they called hatred, did not permanently abide in his heart. He, however, took great pleasure in making his enemies know and feel that he knew they were not his friends; and that between him and them "*there was no love lost.*"

In all his public and private relations he did his duty as an officer and as a man. He liberally educated his children, and left them an ample patrimony to be shared among them. "He is gone, and the place which once knew him, shall know him no more, forever;" but he is known in his children and numerous descendants, and long may he be thus known—and may they, like our country, increase in honor, usefulness and glory, until a long line of virtuous and good posterity may be traced to him as its head and ancestor.

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No. 13.

Col. Philemon Waters, of whom I am about now to speak, was a native of Virginia, and I think he was raised in or near Winchester. The time of his birth cannot now be ascertained; he probably was about the same age as General Washington, who was born the 22d February, 1732. His parents died, it is supposed, when he was very young, for he was an apprentice in Winchester, and was used hardly, from an anecdote which I have often heard. He was called by both master and mistress, until his stock of patience was completely exhausted; and he said to one of his associates, "it was Phil. *here* and Phil. *there*; he wondered what they (his master and mistress) would do if the Devil had Phil." He had much of his early training in that rough and



tumble school about Winchester, in which General Morgan and his early associates practiced fighting to such an extent as to give the village the name of Battle Town.

In 1754 he enlisted in the regiment raised by the State of Virginia to maintain her rights to the territory on the Ohio, then occupied by the French. This regiment was commanded by Col. Fry; his second in command, the Lieut. Colonel, was George Washington, who in advance of the regiment, took post at the Great Meadows, with two companies; in one of them, it is believed, was Philemon Waters. With these companies, Col. Washington surprised and captured a party of French, who were on their way to surprise him. The commander M. Jumonville, was killed. On the march of the residue of the regiment to join Lieut. Col. Washington at the Great Meadows, Col. Fry died, and the command devolved on Lieut. Col. Washington. He erected at the Great Meadows a stockade fort (afterwards called Fort Necessity,) to secure the provisions and horses; and after leaving a sufficient guard to maintain the post, he pushed on with the balance of his command, less than 400 men, to attack and dislodge the French at Fort du Quesne, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, (now Pittsburg.) They were halted "at the western most foot of Laurel Hill," thirteen miles from the Great Meadows, by the intelligence of the friendly Indians, who informed them, in their figurative language, that the enemy were rapidly advancing, *as numerous as the pigeons in the woods!*" A retreat was deemed necessary, and accordingly Col. Washington fell back to Fort Necessity, and commenced a ditch around it. Before it was completed, the enemy 1,500 strong, under the command of Monsieur De Villier, appeared and attacked the fort. The action was continued from ten in





the morning until dark, when the Frenchman demanded a parley, and offered terms of capitulation. Those first offered were rejected, "but in the course of the night articles were signed by which the fort was surrendered, on condition that its garrison should be allowed the honors of war—should be permitted to retain their arms and baggage, and to march without molestation into the inhabited parts of Virginia."

While this expedition was in progress, an incident in the life of Col. Waters occurred, which rests altogether in tradition, but which I have no doubt is true, from the source from which it is derived. It was stated to have occurred at Fort Necessity, and without looking to the historical account of the attack, and the surrender of that post, I supposed (as it was told to me,) that it had taken place during the siege. This version is given in *Random Recollections of the Revolution*, 4th vol. *Southern Literary Journal*, 97; but I am now satisfied there is some inaccuracy in this respect, as there was in fact no protracted siege. During the occupation of Fort Necessity, the sentinel had been night after night shot down at a particular post. Waters was detailed in his turn for that station; knowing its dangers, he loaded his musket with slugs or buck shot, and took his post "*wide awake.*" In the course of his turn, he heard some noise like the grunting of a hog, and observing by the moon light, at the same time, the tall grass of the *prairie* shaking, as if some animal or person was moving therein, he put, to use his own expression, "three hails in one," fired and killed two Indians and three Frenchmen! They were on all fours, behind each other, stealthily approaching the sentinel, when his well directed fire defeated so fatally their purpose. On the surrender of the post, the French commander inquired for the sentinel, who had



occupied the post, fired without hailing, and killed the two Indians and three Frenchmen, with a view of excepting him (as it was supposed,) from the amnesty granted to the garrison. Washington, unwilling to expose his gallant young soldier, for *once* spoke falsely. He had fallen, he said, in the attack and defence of the post. Waters, in his after life, speaking of this incident, said, he stood behind his colonel when the question was made and the answer given, with his rifle well loaded, primed and cocked, and if, said he, "he had said Phil. Waters, he would never have spoken again."

He was one of the brave Virginians who fought in the disastrous battle of the Monongahela, where Braddock was defeated and slain. Of them Washington said, "The Virginia companies behaved like men and died like soldiers; for I believe out of three companies on the ground that day, scarce thirty men were left alive." He was present, at an earlier day, when the wagoner, Daniel Morgan, received five hundred lashes, under the sentence of a drum-head court martial. As this affair descended to the author of these sketches as a family tradition narrated by an eye witness, William O'Neill, it may not be amiss it should, with a subsequent occurrence in the life of the undaunted wagoner, be here stated. Daniel Morgan and William O'Neill were wagoners from Winchester, Va., in Braddock's army. Morgan, in a frolic, took a twist of tobacco from an Indian; he complained to a young British officer, possibly the the officer of the guard. He most haughtily ordered Morgan to give up the tobacco; in perfect Virginian recklessness, Morgan replied he "would give it up when he got ready." The officer struck him with the flat of his sword. No one ever struck the hero of "*Battle Town*" without being struck again, and accordingly he knocked



the officer down. For this offence he was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes—and did receive it, without speaking or complaining. To those to whom he could speak, he swore he would, if ever opportunity offered, kill the officer who had subjected him to this degrading punishment. After Braddock's war, he and the officer met, mounted and armed, in the mountains of Virginia. Morgan said to him, he had long wished for the opportunity which was then presented. "I have sworn," said he, "to kill you, therefore fight for your life, or," drawing a pistol and presenting it, "I will kill you like a dog." The officer declined the battle. Morgan then said to him, "get down on your knees and beg your life." This he refused to do. Morgan returned his pistol to the holster, remarking to him that "a life which was not worth fighting for or begging for, *was not worth taking.*" He rode on, and left his craven oppressor to his own contemplations.

Whether Waters remained in the Virginia army till Washington's resignation in 1758, I do not know. He removed to South Carolina before the revolutionary war. At its commencement he lived in Newberry, near the ferry on Saluda River, once well known as Waters', now Holly's. In that time *which tried men*, and showed *how far professions were supported by acts*, he took the part of Liberty and Independence. His sword, which was then drawn, returned not to its scabbard until both were won and secured. He was in the battle of Stono, on 26th of June, 1779; he was then a captain, and on the retreat from the attack made on the British lines, he observed an American field piece, which had been abandoned by its officers and men, he directed his men (some of whom are remembered, to wit: John Adam



Sammer, Samuel Lindsey, Thomas Lindsey, and James Lindsey,) to lay hold of the drag ropes and carry it off; this was done, and the gun saved. It seems from the records in the Comptrolier's office, that he was a captain in 'Thomas' regiment, Sumter's brigade State troops, to the end of the war in 1783. It seems, too, he served in 1782 as a captain under Gen. Pickens. His nephew, Philemon Waters, Jr., better known as Ferry Phil., was under his command at the battle of Eutaw, and after the action was over, said to him, "Uncle do you call this a *battle*, or a *scrimmage*?" I had supposed that in this action he was a major; the tradition is, that he *then* commanded as such. But it does not seem, from the public documents, he had any such commission. In some of the partisan affairs with which the country abounded after the fall of Charleston in 1780, he was under the command of Col. Brandon. He captured a man (a tory) peculiarly obnoxious to the colonel.—After the skirmish, when the prisoners were presented to the colonel, he, on seeing Waters' prisoner, drew his sword, and was in the act of rushing upon him to slay him. Waters threw himself between them, and announced to his superior that the prisoner was under his protection, and "*should not be harmed.*" The purpose of vengeance was not abandoned, and Capt. Waters was peremptorily ordered to stand out of the way. "Africa," said he to his servant "bring me my rifle;" no sooner said than done.—With his rifle in his hand, and an eye that never quailed, he said to the colonel, "now strike the prisoner—the instant you do. I will shoot you dead."—The blow was not struck: the prisoner was saved. He was an active, daring officer with a head to conceive and a hand to execute the most difficult enterprises. He was in most of the regular actions fought at the South, and in many a





partisan affair. He often said he "never was in a pitched battle in which he was not defeated." "Eutaw," he said "was the nearest approach to a victory in such a battle in which he had ever participated; but," said he, in the boastful style pardonable in the veteran soldier, "I never fought a partisan affair, in which I was commandant, in which I was not victorious." After the battle of Eutaw, and after the British had been driven to the lines of Charleston, Waters erected a block house at his plantation at Waters' Ferry, Saluda, and encouraged the deluded tories to come in, lay down their arms, and become peaceable citizens. Many, very many, afterwards valuable citizens, were thus saved to the district and State.

After the war, he was for some time the Collector of the Taxes, in a part of Ninety-Six district. He, as such, made his return to the Treasurer in Charleston, and paid over to him the money collected. Money then was in gold or silver, or indents; and traveling was performed on horseback, and always in some peril. In the country between Dorchester and Charleston this was particularly the case, from a gang of outlying negroes, headed by a notorious fellow named Primus; they robbed all who passed the road by night, or who, like wagoners, were compelled to encamp within their accustomed walks. Waters passing with a considerable sum of public money in his saddle bags, was overtaken by night in this suspicious district. He was armed, having his trusty pistols in the holsters before him. Thinking about the possible danger, he involuntarily laid his hand upon a pistol, cocked, and drew it half out of the holster. As his horse passed a large pine tree, the bridle was seized, and a robber stood by his side; in one instant Waters' pistol was drawn and thrust into the side of the assailant;



it fired, and, with an unearthly yell, he let go the bridle and fled. Waters put spurs to his horse, and galloped to the house where he intended to lodge, some two miles distant; there he obtained lights and assistants, and returned to the spot where he had been attacked; there they found a club and large knife, and blood; following its traces a short distance, a large powerful negro fellow was found shot through the body and already dead. It may not be improper for me here to say, that this gang of negro outlaws was at last driven from their fastnesses in the swamps by the Catawba Indians, who were hired by the planters to hunt them. Their leader, Primus, and perhaps others, were hanged.

Waters was an eminent surveyor—many of the grants in Newberry district were surveyed by him; he and William Caldwell located the court house square of Newberry district. He was a County Court Judge from 1785 to 1791. He was repeatedly a member of the Legislature. He was also a member of the convention which ratified the constitution of the United States; he was opposed to it, being one of the *ultra republican party* of that day; but fortunately his opposition was vain, and like his great countryman, Patrick Henry, he lived long enough under it to rejoice *at his defeat*, in this instance. He was colonel of a regiment of militia in the Fork, between Broad and Saluda Rivers, from the peace in 1783, until the reorganization of the militia in '94; he was not re-elected; his opponent, John Adam Summer, was elected colonel of the 8th, now the 39th, regiment.

When General Washington, in 1791, made the tour of the Southern States, Colonel Waters met him at the Juniper, on his way from Augusta to Columbia. It was the meeting of brother soldiers, who, together, had faced many dangers and shared many difficulties. Both had been



great shots with the rifle, and on a challenge from the General, their last meeting on earth was signalized by a trial of their skill off-hand, at a target one hundred yards distant, with the same unerring weapon. Who was conqueror in this trial of skill is not remembered.

Colonel Waters died between '96 and '99. He was taken sick at Newberry, and was carried in a litter by the way of O'Neill's (now Bobo's) mills on Bush River, to his then residence near the mouth of Bush River, now the property of Chancellor Johnston. To the writer of this sketch, though then a mere child, the passage of Bush River through the ford by men bearing the litter, seems to be present, indistinct it is true, like an imperfectly remembered dream. Colonel Waters left four children—Philemon B. Waters, Wilks B. Waters, Rose, the wife of Colonel John Summers, and Mrs. Farrow, the wife of Wm. Farrow, of Spartanburg. One of the colonel's grand-children, John W. Summers, was a well known citizen of Newberry, and ought to be gratefully remembered by all who prize the Greenville and Columbia Railroad as a great public work, both for his energy and success as a contractor.

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#### No. 14.

The subject of this number is a soldier of the revolution, alike remarkable for his ready wit, colloquial powers, and unflinching bravery; and yet the incidents of his life are buried in so much obscurity, that it is difficult to disinter even fragments; but it is a duty which I owe to the living and to the dead, to do as much justice to the memory of Dr. Jacob Roberts Brown as I can.

He was a native of Amherst county, Va. He entered



the army of the United States at the beginning of the revolution, in the Virginia line; he was a lieutenant, and was, at the close of the war, entitled to a large body of valuable land granted to him by the State of Virginia, and located in Warren county, State of Ohio, near Waynesville. This land, about 1799, he sold to Abijah O'Neill and Samuel Kelly, of this district, and who emigrated hence and took possession of their valuable purchase. One of the purchasers, Samuel Kelly, was still alive in 1859, and able to ride at the great age of eighty-seven, and possibly more. Of Dr. Brown's actual military service very little is certainly known; he bore his part from the commencement to the close. On the 11th of September, 1777, he was one of the Virginians who met the British regulars on the field of Brandywine, and of whom it was said that they "behaved exceedingly well in some of the actions of this day, exhibiting a degree of order, firmness and resolution, and preserving such a countenance in extremely sharp service, as would not have discredited veterans."

An anecdote illustrative of this, may be here stated, as related by one of the actors: Towards the close of the day, when the American army was in full retreat, it was found that an attempt would be made by the British cavalry to cut off a part of the retreating columns. To prevent this, it was necessary a pass should be gained and maintained; if this could be done, the enemy would be compelled to make a sweep of several miles before they could again strike at the retreat. A company of Virginians from Washington's immediate neighborhood volunteered for this perilous duty. They were, apparently, indeed a forlorn hope, and were so called; they were commanded by James O'Neill, who subsequently rose to be a major in the American army, and during the war,





or at its close, threw the O from his name as an aristocratic distinction, and called himself afterwards James Neall; he settled and died at Wheeling, Virginia. Under his command was his youngest brother George, who imitated his example as to the name, and lived and died near Nicholasville, Jessamine county, Ky. From him the particulars herein related have been derived. It was well known if they (the forlorn hope) failed to reach the pass before the cavalry, they must be cut to pieces. They were young, athletic Virginians, accustomed to Indian warfare, with nerves strung for any service, and capable of a long and steady run. They therefore sprang forward to the race upon which depended their own lives and the safety of the army. They reached the ground and formed their hollow square, covering the pass, as the head of the British column of cavalry appeared in sight. A few moments observation satisfied its commander—he was foiled. Wheeling his squadrons, he made the attempt to reach the retreating army through the longer route. The perilous duty was now only half-performed; it remained to rejoin the army. Again the Virginian metal and bottom were to be tried, and again they succeeded; they rejoined in safety their regiment, under the command of Colonel Stevens, and aided in checking the pursuing enemy and covering the retreat. Next morning Washington reviewing his line, called for the forlorn hope; they presented arms, and were reported *as all present*. He lifted his hat, and with streaming eyes said, “God bless you, boys; I never expected to see you again!”

In the action of Brandywine, General La Fayette made the first offering of his blood in the cause of American freedom. When, in 1825, he visited South Carolina, and was met at Columbia by the Governor, his military family, and the militia of Fairfield, Chester, York, Lau-



rens, Newberry, and Lexington, he was introduced to Colonel John G. Brown, and told that he was the son of Dr. Jacob Roberts Brown, a lieutenant in the Virginia line; and he instantly said, "I remember perfectly, that Dr. Brown, your father, assisted in binding up my wounds received in the battle of Brandywine." Lieut. Brown was in the battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October, 1777. He was probably in Colonel Matthews' regiment, which penetrated to the centre of the town, and made a large number of prisoners; but, when the American army was forced to retire, they were surrounded and made prisoners. I do not know, nor is there any tradition, that Dr. Brown was taken prisoner; he was badly wounded in the action, and while prostrate from his wounds, a column of cavalry passed over him, the hoof of one of the horses struck him on the side, breaking one or more of his ribs. Of his after revolutionary services, I know nothing.

Soon after the revolution he came to South Carolina; indeed, it is possible he might have accompanied the American army to the South, and remained. He married Christian Neely, a rich young heiress, and settled in Newberry, near the Laurens' line. From '89 to '99 he was one of the Judges of the county court of Newberry. During most of that time, and perhaps for some years after, he was a member of the House of Representatives from Newberry. The late Edward Rutledge was a distinguished member of the House, during Dr. Brown's service. His habit in speaking was to lean against one of the columns; upon this, very much to Rutledge's amusement, Brown wrote, "It is not fair to shoot with a rest, when shooting off-hand is the fashion."

In that time intelligence did not travel aided by steam or electricity. The people generally had not even the



opportunity of reading a newspaper once a month. For what was done in the Legislature; they had very much to depend on the verbal reports of the members. When Dr. Brown returned home from a session, his house was thronged by his neighbors of Laurens and Newberry, to know *what laws had been made*. The Doctor was fond of a joke, and one of his neighbors, a cynical man of the name of McGinn, was always ready to help out anything of the kind at any body's expense, so that he did not get scathed. A neighbor, an Irishman, whom McGinn had dubbed "*Cooney*," was often the subject of their combined effort. On one occasion they represented him as returning from Dr. Brown's in great tribulation, and saying to his daughter, "Hoot, Matty, and what think ye—they ha'e taxed the mush pots; away, away, and mak a wheen of the mushes, and stack it up, and put away the mush pots, so we will no ha'e them to be taxed." Again they represented the old gentleman as sitting on Sunday, in his own house, listening to the reading of his daughter Martha. She was reading the 15th chapter of Judges; she read the 4th and 5th verses: "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took fire brands and turned tail to tail, and put a fire brand between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go in the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives." And just as she finished them, they represented her father as breaking in upon her and saying, "Hoot-toot, Matty, what na buke is that ye are reading?" "Father," said she, "It is the Bible." "Na, na, Matty; it is none of the Bible. The Bible is a gude booke—that is a lying booke. There is Dr. Brown, who has got as gude hounds as any Samson, and he never caught three hundred foxes; put it away, Matty, it is a lying buke."



When this rather sacrilegious story was reported to the old gentleman, he very quietly remarked, "I reckon I ken the Scriptures as well as Dr. Brown, and I reckon I read them as much." This was a fair Rowland for an Oliver, and the Doctor did not soon again crack another joke on his neighbor.

Dr. Brown was an intelligent, useful man; he cared not for wealth: he improved, therefore, very little his wife's fine estate. His own princely estate in the rich military lands of Ohio he sold for a very inadequate sum. He took perhaps the Poet's philosophical view of life:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

He certainly, in the most good humored easy way, enjoyed life. In the year 1805, he was in the act of mounting his horse to join in a hunting party; his hunter's horn was swung around his neck and resting upon the side injured at Germantown; his horse became restive, and he fell from his horse, deeply injuring the wounded side. He died in a few days, leaving his wife and four children, John G., Sarah, afterwards the wife of Henry Rees Hall, Esq., Wills, and Caroline Matilda, afterwards the wife of Dr. Anthony Foster Golding.

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No. 15.

In attempting to do justice to the memory of a gallant soldier, over whose body the rank grass has waved for more than sixty years, many difficulties have been encountered and overcome; and yet it is to be feared that a very poor measure of justice will be awarded.

Colonel David Glenn was a native of Ireland, and emi-





grated to the then British colonies about '73 or '74. He had been married a very short time, previous to his abandoning the green fields of his native land. I can very well appreciate the feelings of the gallant exile, forced by the unnumbered oppressions of British rule, to leave that beautiful gem of the ocean, described under the name of Scotia, by St. Donatus, while residing in Etruria, now Tuscany, in the seventh or eighth century :

“ Far westward lies an Isle of ancient fame,  
 By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name,  
 Enrolled in books ; exhaustiles ; in her store  
 Of veiny silver and of golden ore ;  
 Her beautiful soil forever teems with wealth,  
 With gems her waters, and her air with health ;  
 Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow ;  
 Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;  
 Her waving furrows float with bended corn,  
 And arms and arts her envied sons adorn ;  
 No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
 Creeps through the grass or settles in the lake—  
 A nation worthy of its pious race,  
 In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.”

Colonel Glenn and his wife were among the last of the emigrants permitted to leave Ireland before the American revolution. They landed in Savannah, Ga., and thence came to South Carolina and settled on Enoree, in Newberry district, at a place once known as Glenn's Mills, now known as Brazleman's. Colonel Glenn, like all of the Irish Presbyterians, acknowledged it “ was better to endure some evils than encounter the horrors of a revolutionary war ;” but that yet, it was still better “ *to endure all the protracted miseries of a revolutionary struggle, than to fail to enjoy liberty of person, property, and conscience.*” Arriving in America when the dispute between the mother country and the colonies was waxing more and more fierce, he took the part of Liberty and Inde-



pendence; and when, in '76, the United States declared themselves free, sovereign, and independent, he made "no backward step," but grasped with a stronger hand and a more determined purpose, the naked sword of Independence. Like his noble countryman, Gen. Montgomery, whose blood stained the ice-bound rocks of Quebec, he was ready to water with his the woods of his adopted Carolina.

Until the fall of Charleston, (11th of May, 1780,) the upper part of South Carolina scarcely knew the revolutionary war, except in name. True, she had seen Col. Richardson's gallant army in December, 1775, commonly called the Snow Camps; had heard the thunder of Moultrie's guns of deliverance, directed from the first Palmetto fort of liberty against the wooden walls of old England, and wept over a few of her slaughtered sons on the 20th June at Stono, and on the 9th of October, 1779, at Savannah, yet, in the main, peace pervaded the country above tide-water. That horrible desolating war, which armed fathers against sons, sons against fathers, brother against brother, and neighbor against neighbor, had not yet commenced. After the fall of Charleston it began, and for near three years it swept with unmitigated fury over South Carolina, above the falls in the great rivers. At the close of the war, Ninety-Six district, which then covered all the tract of country lying above a line drawn from the Silver Bluff on the Savannah River N., 17° E., by the mouth of Rocky Creek on Saluda River, to Hughey's ferry on Broad River, numbered, according to Ramsay's History of South Carolina, "fourteen hundred widows and orphans!"

According to the public records, it seems that Colonel Glenn, as a private soldier on horseback, did duty from the 1st of October to the 5th December, 1780. During



this time, he must have been on duty with Gen. Sumter, and must have participated with him in the glorious defeats of Major Wemy's at the Fish Dam on Broad River, on the 12th of November, and of Tarleton, at Blackstock's on Tyger, on the 20th of the same month. The tradition in his family is, that he bore his part in this last, but of the former they have no remembrance. Being, however, in his term of service, and in his immediate neighborhood, it is fair to conclude that he was one of the glorious militia-men who, rallied by the *Game Cock* of the revolution, after the disastrous defeats at Camden and Fishing Creek, were cheering their country with the hope of liberty, *even in her widowed weeds*. From the 25th of December, 1780, to 4th May, 1781, one hundred and thirty days, he was on active duty as adjutant and commissary, under the command of Colonel James Giles and Colonel John Lindsey, then a captain. In this interesting period, was fought the battle of the Cowpens, on the 17th of January, 1781—in it Colonel Glenn participated, and was probably on duty as the adjutant of Col. James Giles' militia command. How or when Colonel Glenn and his companions were attached to General Morgan's little army, does not appear; it is probable, when Morgan reached Grindall Shoals, on Pacolet, and there encamped and sent off Colonel Washington, at the head of his own regiment and two hundred militia horse, to attack a body of Tories who were plundering the Whig inhabitants, that Colonel Glenn was a part of that command which routed them at Hammond's old store, (now Huntsville, Laurens district,) and a part of which, on the next day, under Cornet Simmons, captured William's Fort on Little River, where General Cunningham commanded. This is rendered probable by the tradition in Colonel Glenn's family, that on Green's retreat from the siege of Ninety-Six, Col.



Glenn accompanied Morgan, and thus was present at the battle of the Cowpens; but the battle of the Cowpens preceded the siege of Ninety-Six by several months, and Morgan never was in South Carolina, after the retreat from the Cowpens. The probability, therefore, is, that by confounding his services on the line towards Ninety-Six, under Colonel Washington and the retreat, as Tarleton's column placed its head upon the road leading through Newberry towards Ninety-Six, to a junction with Morgan before the battle of the Cowpens, this tradition, erroneous in its main features, was created. It is, however, sufficient for us to know that at the Cowpens Col. Glenn was present, and most likely as part of Washington's cavalry. For in that arm of service his first tour of duty (a private on horseback) had been performed. His family have preserved the remembrance that he was at the siege of Ninety-Six, commencing the 23d of May, and ending the 19th of June, 1781, although the public accounts do not notice any of his services as then rendered. The probability is, that his death, immediately after the close of the revolution, prevented his accounts from being properly stated, and this is still rendered more probable, by the fact that his family were never paid one cent for his various revolutionary services! I hope they will be yet paid—for, notwithstanding the great lapse of time, in the language of Samuel Farrow, Esq., "time, or the Statute of Limitations, never ought to prevent the payment of the just claims of any revolutionary soldier."

It appears from the Comptroller General's accounts, that Colonel Glenn, as the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the lower regiment in the Fork between Broad and Saluda Rivers, was on duty from the 20th of September, 1781, to the 1st of April, 1782; and from the 1st of May, 1782, to 1st of June, 1782. Here again is another over-





sight in stating the services of Colonel Glenn. He was in the battle of Entaw on the 8th of September, 1781. There occurred an incident which he ever after lamented. In the pursuit of the British, when their lines gave way, and fled before the vigorous charge of the American troops, Glenn overtook a British soldier, and ordered him to the rear, as a prisoner. The man, frantic with terror, seized Glenn's horse by the bridle, and begged for his life; he was told he was a prisoner—he was safe; still he clung to the reins. He was ordered to let them go; he still held on. At this juncture, two of the British dragoons were seen approaching. Glenn had no other alternative than he or the prisoner should die; the latter fell beneath his sword, and thus freed, he was able to save himself.

Many incidents common to the partisan warfare of '81 and '82 occurred, which must be given without reference to date. Colonel Glenn was a stern, uncompromising whig, who never took *protection*, and who exhibited unceasing hostility to the tories, murderers, and horse-thieves, with which the country abounded. His life was, therefore, sought by them with unappeased avidity. On one occasion, Cunningham's mounted loyalists, as they were designated in the British service, surrounded Col. Glenn's house. A demand for entrance was made. Col. Glenn, not knowing why, or by whom it was made, sprang out of bed, and without dressing himself threw open the door. He was instantly seized by two of that ruthless band, whose previous or after service had obtained for them the unenviable distinction of the "Bloody Scout." On seizing him, they inquired for a man named McClusky, a friend of Colonel Glenn, who lodged with him that night. Not knowing still the party or their purpose, he informed them that McClusky was asleep in the upper



part of his house. In a few moments a party had climbed to his place of rest, and stabbed him with their bayonets. He begged for his life, and that being unavailing, he cried murder, murder, at the top of his voice. This was more than Colonel Glenn could bear; he called for the officer in command, and demanded protection for his friend. The men who had hold of him (Colonel Glenn) ordered him "hold your tongue; your turn will be next." In an instant after, feeling that the grasp of his keepers had relaxed, he, undressed as he was, by a violent effort, jerked loose, and sprang through the crowd, and out at the door, and notwithstanding it was a clear moonlight night, he made his escape through his peach orchard. Several guns were fired, none took effect. In his race, he passed one of the party, who had retired for a few moments, and was in the corner of the fence, near to which the colonel passed; hearing the cry of shoot him, he snatched up his gun, which was lying by his side, and aimed it at the colonel; fortunately, it snapped; and before he could again prepare to shoot, Colonel Glenn had jumped the fence, and was sheltered by the trees of the wood!

At another time, excited to vengeance, bloody vengeance, by the death of a brother, Dick and Ned Turner, two of Cunningham's boldest and bloodiest braves, accompanied by Bill Elmore, and very probably others of their associates, made a descent upon the whig settlement of the Long Lane, and captured two whig lads, Robert and James Dugan, tied them and took them about a mile from home, where they left them under guard. The party went on to the houses of John Ford and Jacob Anderson, and shot them both. They inquired for William Wilson (the uncle of Col. Wilson Nesbitt,) and Col. Glenn; fortunately, they were not at home, and thus



escaped a vengeance which never knew to pity or to spare. Both were absent on the expedition to Eutaw. The party thus foiled as to two of their victims, returned to their prisoners, and hewed them to pieces. The next morning their poor mother, accompanied by Robt. Mars, found their bodies; one had his hand chopped off, the other a thumb and finger cut off; one of their heads was literally split open! The weeping mother, and sympathising friend, gathered those mangled remains, wrapped them up in sheets, and buried them without coffins! Horrible! horrible! is the exclamation of humanity; yet to such sad scenes must humanity come *in civil war!* It is the tradition, in Colonel Glenn's family, that Capt. William Cunningham commanded this party, and that his sword performed the shameful butchery to which I have just alluded. But I am sure it is a mistake. One who lived in those times, and who knew most of those who acted and suffered on that occasion, assured me that it was the sudden outbreak of two ferocious spirits, Ned and Dick Turner, raging like tigers to be slaked with blood! Cunningham's memory is loaded with a sufficient load of blood and vengeance, without adding to it the acts of others. *He was not present on that bloody night.*

The Long Lane settlement, consisting of Glenn, Casey, Wilson, the Dugans, Virgins, Murrays, Mars, McCrackens, Smith, Colonel John Lindsey, and others, was thoroughly whig, and hence the inhabitants were often struck at privately, and in detail, by the tories. *They never met them in a fair field and in broad day, without repenting their temerity.*

On one occasion, probably before the event just alluded to, a party of tories from below stopped at old George Montgomery's, who then lived near where Col. Rutherford once lived, (lately called Bauskett's, now



Wadlington's) and having previously heard that Col. Glenn had returned from a tour of duty, and was probably at home, enquired the way to Glenn's mills. Montgomery suspecting their object, directed them some rather roundabout way! As soon as they were out of sight, throwing a bushel of corn on his horse, to cover his real purpose, if he should fall in with the party, he went to Glenn's mill over the nearest route he could, and found the colonel in his mill; he had not more than time to warn him of the approach of his foes, and to give him time to plunge into the cane break on Enoree, and conceal himself, before his house and mill were surrounded. *The bird was flown*; and all that vengeance could do, was to pour out execrations upon his name, and to call down impotent vengeance on his head.

During the war, probably while acting as commissary for Capt. Lindey's command, Col. Glenn and other whigs made a tour beyond Bush River, through a notoriously disaffected settlement; on their return, they halted at Jacob Chandler's (known as Chandler's, now Senn's mills.) Col. Glenn was an expert swordsman; a tory, or one who had taken protection, a man of the name of Steen or Skein, challenged him to a bout, at fencing. This is always a dangerous game with swords. But with swords, they passed through all the variations of attack and guard; striking, thrusting, parrying and guarding without harm. Glenn supposing the game over, was in the act of putting up his sword, when his cowardly opponent struck him a backhanded blow, on the jaw bone, inflicting a deep wound, and knocking out one or two of his teeth. James McCart, (a brother Irishman,) on seeing the dastardly act, fell upon Steen or Skein, and took ample vengeance for the wound in-





flicted upon Glenn. In the meantime, Capt. Lindsey (afterwards Col. Lindsey) sewed up Glenn's wound and otherwise dressed it, so as to secure it, and render the colonel as comfortable as possible. As soon as this was done, he sought his assailant, and on finding him prostrate and bleeding from McCart's wounds, he sheathed his drawn sword, saying "it should never be said that it took two men to kill such a dastard." This piece of foul play, it was believed by Col. Glenn's friends, was the result of a premeditated scheme to cut him off.

Col. David Glenn, George Ruff and Esq. Leitner, were the Representatives of Newberry in the first Legislature of South Carolina, which met in Charleston after the war. This was, I see on referring to the Public Laws, in March, '38, John Lloyd was President of the Senate, and Hugh Rutledge, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

One among the many losses sustained by Col. Glenn during the revolutionary war, was that of a valuable negro man, who was taken by the British to St. Augustine, East Florida. Thither, in 1784, Col. Glenn pursued him, in the hope that he would be restored to him; but he was disappointed; before his arrival, he was shipped to the West Indies, and was thus forever lost to his owner and family. Returning thence, he was for a part of the way exposed to a summer's sun, in an open boat. He reached Savannah in June, 1784, and there sickened, and died in a few days. He left a widow and five young children, four sons and a daughter. His daughter became the wife of John Rogers, of Union, near Goshen Hill; she is no more; but her son, Gen. James Rogers, in all that is good, true, honest and firm, may well be hailed, as a worthy descendant of a revolutionary soldier, "without fault and without fear."



Three of his sons, David, Colonel John and Dr. George W. Glenn, still survive, and are entitled to all the love, veneration and respect which good and useful men may claim.

Col. Glenn was of ordinary height, stout, well proportioned and of a florid complexion. He had *an Irishman's heart*, he was generous and liberal, always ready to relieve the needy and distressed as far as his means extended. He was rather a taciturn man; but was prompt to act! An insult never passed without being resented!

"By reedy Euratos no braver e'er trod,  
When Greece against all Persia stood up in her pride,  
And Pallas awoke in each bosom a God,  
Than when, at liberty's summons Glenn stood by her side!"

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No. 16.

Having indulged very much in attempting to rescue from oblivion the names of some of the worthy men of Newberry, I propose to-day to present one of the women of Newberry, over whose head near ninety-three years have fulfilled their course; and still she is here, one of the children of life.\*

Elizabeth Gillam was born in Charlotte county, Va., about the 15th of October, 1757. Her parents, William Caldwell and Rebecca, his wife, were immigrants from Ireland. They first located themselves in Pennsylvania, thence the tide of emigration setting southwardly, carried them to Virginia, where they arrived about 1749; they settled on a very unclassically named creek;

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\* She died since this was written, ninety-six years old.



indeed, one the name of which I hope has long since been changed or lost in the lapse of time. Their residence, however, was on Louse Creek, Charlotte county, and *there* Elizabeth was born.

I am informed that the ancestors of Mr. Caldwell were of French origin; that they were Huguenots, who fled from France in 1685, at the revocation of the edict of Nantz; part settled in Scotland, another part in Ireland. William Caldwell, the father of Elizabeth Gillam, died in Virginia, leaving nine children—four sons and five daughters, John, William, James and David, Margaret, Martha, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Rebecca and Sarah. In 1770, the widow, Mrs. Rebecca Caldwell, and her numerous family, removed to and settled on Mill Creek, in Newberry district. This emigration was induced by her eldest son John, who was an active, enterprising man, and a distinguished surveyor. It is possible, as is suggested by a member of the family, that Patrick Calhoun,\* had previously married Martha Caldwell, and had settled in Abbeville, and that to visit them, first induced John Caldwell to leave Virginia. But I fear there is some mistake *here*; for none of the Calhoun's children of Patrick and Martha, with whom I have been acquainted, would be now (1850) eighty years old. The probability is, all the family came to South Carolina together, and that John Caldwell's previous exploration of the country led to their removal. It is a very remarkable fact, that this numerous family were reared to be men and women, and all lived to marry, and, with the exception of John, all had children. Of the sons, John, William and James, I shall have occasion to speak

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\* From a document which I have seen in relation to the Philadelphia or American Land Company, I observe that the name of Patrick Calhoun was once written Patrick Colquhoun. He died in 1796.



hereafter. David was a mere boy in the revolution, and was so deaf as to be, in a great degree, incapacitated for the active duties of life. He, however, lived to be an old man, and had a numerous family. The daughters, Margaret married John Ritchie, Martha married Patrick Calhoun, (and was the mother of John C. Calhoun,) Eleanor married John Moore, Elizabeth married Robert Gillam, Rebecca married Josiah East, and Sarah married Dr. Martin. Their numerous descendants are scattered over South Carolina and the south-west. They themselves, with the exception of Mrs. Gillam, in 1850, have passed away, and the place which once knew them shall know them no more forever!

Mrs. Gillam was a girl living with her mother during the revolution, and had of course to submit to many of its privations, and to undergo many of its trials. In November, 1781, Cunningham's celebrated foray, known as the "bloody scout," took place. He and his men were, no doubt, led on to the horrible butcheries which they committed, by corresponding deeds of violence committed by some of the whigs; and especially by the sufferings of the wives and children of the tories, who, under Gov. Rutledge's orders, had been forced from their homes, and sent down to the British lines at Charleston. Cunningham, as I am now informed, crossed Saluda at Anderson's mills, now in the plantation owned by Cooper Boazeman. He then passed up the river by Daniel Dyson's, William Burgess', John Wallace and Robert Gillam's, to John Caldwell's, burning every house on the way, and plundering every thing which could be found. At Eusley's shop, he or his party, killed Oliver Towles and two others. Mrs. Gillam, *alone*, visited the shop soon after they left, to discover what consequences had followed from the report of the guns.





She found the lifeless bodies of Towles and two others ; one of the bodies, as in mockery, was regularly stretched, or laid out, on the vice-bench. She was the first of her family at the smoking ruins of her brother's house ; his body was lying on the face in the yard ! The widow was frantic with grief, walking around the smouldering ruins of their once happy home, and uttering such cries and lamentations as none but the bereaved widow can be justified in uttering. The account of this bloody transaction, as remembered the surviving relatives of Major Caldwell, is that given by his widow. She saw the party before they arrived at the house, and persuaded her husband to make his escape. His reply was, that he had done them no harm, and he, therefore, had nothing to fear. The party halted at the gate, and hailed : Caldwell walked out, and when within a few paces, Cunningham drew a pistol and shot him dead ! If this be correct, it constitutes a still heavier load of infamy to to be placed upon the name of "bloody Bill Cunningham." But I confess that I think either Mrs. Caldwell was mistaken as to the person perpetrating the deed, or that in the lapse of years, some inaccuracy has crept into the recollection of it. The account taken from the lips of one who knew John Caldwell well, and who also had full opportunities of hearing the true version, and who certainly never failed to remember correctly, will be found at p. 42, 4th vol. Southern Literary Register. I extract it as follows :

"On his (Cunningham's) march to Edgehill's, Col. Hays' station, he passed the house of his old commander, John Caldwell. Two of his men, Hal Foster and Bill Elmore, were his videttes in advance. They found Major Caldwell walking in his garden, shot him down, and charged their horses in and out of the garden in



fiend-like sport. When Cunningham arrived, he *affected* to deplore the bloody deed—he protested, with tears, he would as soon have seen his own father shot as Major Caldwell. Yet, in the next instant, his house, by his orders, was in flames, and his widow left with no other covering than the heavens, seated by the side of her murdered husband.”

His account is confirmed by that given in Curwin's Memoirs, p. 614, in which it is said :

“On their way to Flays' station, some of the men, led on by one “Elmore,” seizing the opportunity of Cunningham being at a considerable distance behind, proceeded to Capt. Caldwell's house, and finding him at home, they killed him and burned his house. When Cunningham came up, he regretted what his men had done; but it seems doubtful whether he could have restrained them, bearing as they did, such determined hatred towards their victim.”

In the following incident Mrs. Gillam bore a part : In the years '81 or '82, (probably the latter,) a lad, James Creswell, afterwards Col. Creswell, remarkable for his active hostility to the tories, was at Mrs. Caldwell's, (Mrs. Gillam's mother.) A negro gave the alarm that tories were approaching ; in an instant the old lady directed her daughter Betsey (Mrs. Gillam) to hide herself, and Creswell to dress himself in clothes of her daughter, which she furnished. This being done, as the tories were approaching the house, she ordered her own horse and that of her daughter Betsey's to be saddled, as she was compelled to visit Mrs. Neely. No sooner said than done ; Sambo had the horses at the door. The old lady called Betsey—“come along,” said she, “I am in a hurry.” Out walked Creswell in Betsey's *toggery*, her bonnet slouched over his face covered



his features; he and the old lady mounted in the presence of the Tories, and away they went to visit Mrs. Neely, while the Tories set about searching for Jimmy Creswell; but they searched in vain; they found the true Betsey, and then became aware that Creswell had escaped; they soothed themselves by sweeping pretty much all Mrs. Caldwell's household goods. One of them swore that he thought Betsey took mighty long steps, as she went to her horse.

At the close of the revolution, Elizabeth Caldwell married Robert Gillam, the son of a revolutionary officer, and himself a gallant soldier of the same stormy period. The revolution had stripped them of all their property. Robert Gillam's account of his commencement in the world, in his own words, is well worth preserving: "After I was married," said he, "my father gave me land for a settlement. I took my axe and went out into the woods about a mile from his residence to select a place for a house, leaving my wife to prepare my breakfast and bring it to me. I found a spring, and chose a place to set my house—cut down a tree for the first log, measured it, and began to think on the prospect before me. In my soliloquy, I said to myself: I am here without means, without help, and about to commence to provide for a family, without a thing to stand on. What shall I do? I have been so long in camp, I am not used to work. I think I had better quit the job, and *run away*. While thus musing, I saw my wife coming in search of me with my breakfast. When she came up we sat down together on the log, I to eat my breakfast and to talk, and she to look on and hear; I stated to her my plan for the house, but at the same time told her the prospect of living was bad; the difficulties great, and I could not see how I could get along and overcome



them—and finally, that I did not know what to do. (The notion about running away, I kept to myself.) She, woman-like, listened to my doubts and fears; cheered me by pointing to others around us worse off than we were; and finally encouraged me to go on to work, and try to do the best I could. My meal (said Mr. Gillam,) was finished: I mounted the log, cut it off, and thought no more about running away." By honest, untiring industry, he and his wife overcame their early difficulties and obtained a competence. Mrs. Gillam was the mother of six children; three died in infancy.—Her oldest child, Sarah, married Philemon B. Waters, Sheriff of Newberry district; his early death in 1867, left her a young widow. She married a second husband, William T. Sheppard, by whom she had several children; both he and she are dead. Mrs. Gillam's two other children, sons, William and James, are alive. William lives at Pilot Mountain, N. C. Gen'l. James Gillam is a well known and highly respected citizen of Abbeville; with him his aged mother now lives, and of her he has most justly remarked, that "she and all the other members of the Caldwell family were Presbyterians, and hence she was strict in the instruction of her children. She strove to rear them up in the way in which they should go, so that when they should be old, they should not depart from it; and whatever pretensions I may have to a moral or religious character, I must mainly (under God) attribute it to her. I still remember many of her early maxims and pious trainings; and although I have often abused them and have wandered far from them, yet they have been indelibly impressed on my memory. Her own education was very limited—she enjoyed few advantages and facilities for





her task, yet she did the best which she could, and for which I hope ever to be grateful."

She was baptized in infancy, by the Rev. Patrick Henry, uncle of Virginia's celebrated orator. She was long a member of Little River Church, near Belfast, Laurens; but when Aveligh Church, near Newberry, was organized, she became a member of it. A year ago, I was permitted to see this venerable lady, then in her ninety-second year; she was then walking about, having lost the sight of one eye, and very much her memory; still her health was good, and I should not be surprised if she should attain her mother's great age of ninety-nine years. (In 1807 Mrs. Rebecca Caldwell died on Mill creek, at the great age just mentioned.) Mrs. Gillam is under the middle size; she never could have been called beautiful, yet she had, and has yet, that kind, honest face which makes one always forget the absence of beauty. She possessed a strong, vigorous mind, untiring industry, cheerful, good humor and great love of social intercourse. She has long been a widow, and has borne a widow's lot with the same cheerful resignation to her mighty Master's will, with which she has passed through life. She is eminently pious. That her duties as a wife and mother were well fulfilled, needs no other proof than her husband's account of how she strengthened him to begin life, and her son's account of the rearing her children. Of, and to her, may we not say, in the language of scripture, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."



## No. 17.

I am about to speak of a gentleman, one of the earliest settlers of the district, a leading whig, a well known man in the stormy period of the revolution, John Caldwell; and yet, notwithstanding all this, it is with difficulty that a meagre account can be given of his life. His father and mother have already been spoken of in the life of his sister, Mrs. Gillam. Why, or when he came to this State, is not clear. My friend who kindly furnished me with some of the materials from which I shall compile an account of his life and services, supposes that he came here to visit his sister Martha, the wife of Patrick Calhoun, who settled, as he supposes, on Long Cane, in 1756. In the debate of a law in the Legislature of the colony, to give a premium of so many shillings for a wolf's scalp, Patrick Calhoun is represented as saying he would much rather "*give a poond for a lawyer's scalp.*" He was the same who, in 1764, was called Captain Calhoun, and who, at the head of a company of rangers, was directed to escort the Palatines to their settlement called Londonderry.

Whatever was the motive of Mr. Caldwell in visiting South Carolina, it seems he was *here* certainly in 1769, and probably earlier. He was an eminent surveyor, and located much of the land in Newberry district. Some of the plats made by him bear the date of that year. He settled permanently on Mudlick, near Little River, as early as 1770, for deeds of that date to him speak of him as John Caldwell, of Little River. Before this time it seems he was married in Mecklenberg, N. C.

He was a member of the first Provincial Congress of South Carolina, which met at Charleston, 11th January,



1775. His colleagues for the district between Broad and Saluda rivers were John Colcock, *Rowland Rugely, Esq.*, Jonathan Downes, Esq., Messrs. John Satterwhite, James Williams, John Williams, John McNees, Charles King and George Ross. It will be seen, on referring to Moultrie's Memoirs, 1st volume 17, that at that day John Caldwell bore the title of major, and that he was the leading member from his district. This congress chose Charles Pinckney to be their president, and Peter Timothy their secretary. They approved the declaration, or bill of rights, and the association agreed on by the Continental Congress. They adopted resolutions sympathizing in the sufferings of the people of Massachusetts in consequence of their opposition to the action of the British Parliament, approving the resolutions of the Continental Congress, and returning thanks to their own members to that body, and also to the members of Congress in general. They recommended the use of *their own flour and other manufactures*, and that no action for debt should be commenced or prosecuted in the Court of Common Pleas, and that no seizure or sale under mortgage should be made without the consent of the committee of the district or parish where the defendant resided. They appointed committees to execute the Continental Association (which was pretty much for non-intercourse with Great Britain.) The committee for the districts in the forks between Broad and Saluda were *Col. Thomas Fletchall*, Major John Caldwell, Messrs. Charles King, John Williams, John Satterwhite, Jonathan Downes, James Williams, James Creswell, John McNees, *Robert Cunningham*, George Ross, Samuel Savage, John Thomas, *John Ford*, John Caldwell, John Gordon and John Prince. Those whose names are italicised in the Provincial Congress and the committee were afterwards tories. The



John Caldwell whose name appears towards the last of the committee was he who had been mentioned in No. 10, and who was killed at the head of a revolutionary scout in the Dutch Fork, and I am very much inclined to think that the person called John Gordon in the list of the committee was Thomas Gordon, mentioned in No. 10.

In consequence of intercepted despatches from the British government to Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, Governor Martin, of North Carolina, Governor Campbell, South Carolina, Governor Wright, of Georgia, and Governor Tonyne, of St. Augustine, by which it appeared to be the determination of the English government to coerce America, an intercepted letter of Governor Wright, of Georgia, requesting General Gage to send a detachment of His Majesty's forces from Boston to overawe the people of Georgia, and the battle of Lexington, the Provincial Congress was in April summoned to meet 1st of June, 1775. One hundred and seventy-two out of one hundred and eighty-four members met. An association drawn up by Henry Laurens was adopted, by which they pledged themselves "whenever our Continental or Provincial Congress shall decree it necessary, we will go forth and be ready to sacrifice our lives and fortunes to secure her (that is the United Provinces of America,) freedom and safety." Two regiments of foot in five days after the meeting were resolved to be raised, and on the seventh day a regiment of rangers (mounted riflemen) was also directed to be raised. In this last regiment, commanded by Col. Thomson, (who obtained the soubriquet of Danger Thomson,) John Caldwell was appointed a captain, and raised a company. The Provincial Congress appointed all the officers of their little army except the second lieutenants—these were given to the captains. The Provincial Congress appointed





thirteen gentlemen, viz.: Cols. Henry Laurens, Charles Pinckney, the Hon. Judge Rawlins Lowndes, Thomas Ferguson, Miles Brewton, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Heyward, Jun., Thomas Bee, John Huger, Esq., Col. James Parsons, the Hon. Judge William Henry Drayton, Benjamin Elliott, and William Williamson, Esq., as a council of safety. They were vested with the entire command of the army, with the power to contract debts, to stamp and issue money, to liquidate and pay all accounts, and to sign all commissions for the army. The following was the form of a commission :

“ South Carolina.—In pursuance of the resolution of the Provincial Congress, we do certify that William Moultrie, Esq., is colonel of the regiment in the Provincial service. Dated 17th day of June, 1775,” and signed by all the council severally.

By the 17th July following, Col. Moultrie had recruited four hundred and seventy men for his regiment. This shows the spirit with which South Carolina went into the revolution. I have no doubt the regiment of rangers was recruited with equal facility. Capt. Caldwell's company was soon filled. His own brother William, (William Cunningham, afterwards the tory partisan, known as bloody Bill Cunningham, but then a highly influential and promising young man,) and many others of the most respectable young men of Saluda, Little River and Mudlick Creek were members. They were concerned in the capture of Fort Charlotte on the Savannah River, in Ninety-Six district, and were there stationed for some time as a check upon the Indians, from whom danger was apprehended. In the spring of '76 his company was ordered to Charleston. He arrived there, and was present at the repulse of the British fleet under Commodore Sir Peter Parker, by Col. Moultrie's Palmetto Fort on Sulli-



van's Island. This fort Gen. Charles Lee pronounced "a slaughter pen," and of which Captain Lanpereir, a brave and experienced seaman, said, in reply to Col. Moultrie's confident assertion that "we should beat them." "Sir," said he "when those ships (pointing to the men-of-war,) come to lay alongside of your fort they will knock it down in half an hour." Moultrie's heroic Spartan reply ought to be written in letters of gold, on the glorious flag of liberty, which still floats on Sullivan's Island, and from a fort which bears his name: "*Then* we will lay behind the ruins and prevent their men from landing." The site of the old fort is now in the stream, and tradition is, that on the day when General Moultrie breathed his last, his old Palmetto Fort fell in ruins. The regiment of rangers was on the Island as early as the 8th of June. The regiment of rangers, and an eighteen-pounder, were stationed on the east end of the Island to prevent General Clinton from passing over from Long Island, where he had previously landed with a large body of men. No attempt was, however, made, and therefore the rangers had no other participation in the glories of the 28th June than that of holding in check Sir Henry Clinton and his veterans.

After the repulse of the 28th June, it is probable—indeed, I think it is certain—that Captain Caldwell's company of rangers returned to the upper country, and were in Williamson's expedition against the Cherokees, commencing 13th of September, for a part of his command were regulars, and none were so suitable as the hardy back-woodsman: accustomed to the use of the rifle on horseback or on foot. This expedition accomplished its purpose, and was disbanded in October, 1776. Whether Captain Caldwell was in any other service I do not certainly know. I presume he resigned his commission,



and devoted himself to his own domestic affairs. In November, 1778, under the constitution of that year, Robert Cunningham was elected Senator, Major John Caldwell, Jacob Bowman, Jonathan Downes and Henry O'Neill Representatives from the Little River district. They all belonged to the moderate party, who were for conciliation, and were opposed to the French Alliance. The senator, Robert Cunningham, and two of the representatives, Jacob Bowman and Henry O'Neill were afterwards tories. John Caldwell and Jonathan Downes remained whigs.

After the fall of Charleston, in 1780, it is probable that Major Caldwell retired to North Carolina, but there seems to be no certainty about it. So, too, he may have returned with Greene to South Carolina, but his name does not appear in any of the accounts of this period. So distinguished a man as he was would hardly have been passed over in silence if he had been in active service.

In his company, as I have already remarked, he enlisted, among others, William Cunningham. In Curwin's Memoirs it is stated that he was promised the commission of a first lieutenant. This could not have been, as that commission had been filled when the officers of the regiment were appointed. The second lieutenants were to be appointed by the captains; and I have always understood, when the difficulty occurred which induced him to abandon the service, Captain Caldwell was about promoting him to the rank of lieutenant over his own brother William. It is stated in Curwin's Memoirs that when recruited he had stipulated not to be carried to the lower country, and that when, in the spring of '76, they were ordered below, he only agreed to go, on being allowed to resign as soon as he reached Charleston. That soon after reaching Charleston they were ordered to



John's or James' Island; that Cunningham tendered his resignation, and claimed the fulfillment of the promises made to him; that at last he was prevailed on, to prevent a mutiny in the company, to cross; that the moment he was landed the captain put him in irons; that he was subsequently tried by a court-martial and acquitted, and then left the rangers. This may be correct for aught I certainly know, for I am aware the account comes from *too pure a source* to be, in any shape, wilfully incorrect. I am sure, however, of one thing—if Cunningham had then been a lieutenant his captain could not have put him in irons. The most which could have been done would have been that he would have been placed under arrest, and, in a very heinous case, put in charge of the adjutant of the regiment in the guard-house or under a guard. The account which I had received from one acquainted with Cunningham and Major Caldwell is given in "Random Recollections of the Revolution," 4 Southern Literary Register, 40—"some trivial offence prevented his (Cunningham's) promotion, and sent him before a court-martial, by which he was sentenced to be whipped, and he actually suffered this degrading punishment." For this cause he *very justly* deserted. While the British held the rule of the upper country he visited his former commander at the head of his company of mounted loyalists, or a part of them, sufficient to compel submission, and, as is stated in the Southern Literary Register, 41, "he found" Major Caldwell "on a summer's day, sitting in his own house, without shoes or stockings. He amused himself by stamping on his toes and kicking his shins, and concluded his visit by telling him this was ample satisfaction for the whipping he had received while under his command." In November, 1781, Major Caldwell was killed in his own yard, or garden, in the manner which was described in the memoirs of his sister, Mrs. Gillam.





As I have already stated, Major Caldwell was an eminent surveyor. He made many of the first surveys on Saluda, Little River, Bush River, and Mudlick and Mill creeks. The country was then pretty much in the woods, and fare was generally pretty rough. Some idea may be formed of it by a supper made by Major Caldwell in one of his surveying trips, at the house of Barney Mounts, who was rather better provided with the means of living than some of his neighbors. The whole supper consisted of *mush and hog's lard*. During the progress of the Major's attack on the *mush*, his *host*, with kind and hospitable intent, was constantly exclaiming to his wife, "Bring a leetel more of the hock's putter to make the Major's mush go down slickery." The tradition is, that Major Caldwell was an active, energetic man, kind in all his purposes, and intelligent and useful. He was a Presbyterian, and having married in Mecklenburg, in addition to his own principles of liberty, it is likely he obtained with his wife, as her dowry, a full inoculation of that spirit of independence which gave birth to the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and made Lord Cornwallis call the country around Charlotte, the "Hornet's Nest."

The memoir of John Caldwell was written and published a few days before the death of my mother, which took place, as appears by the subjoined notice, 4th October, 1850. A long interval occurred before I resumed the Annals.

DIED—At her residence, in the town of Newberry, on Friday, the 4th day of October instant, at 10 minutes after 10 A. M., Anne O'Neall, widow and relict of the late Hugh O'Neall, and mother of Judge O'Neall, in the 84th (eighty-fourth) year of her age.

She has left three children, Judge O'Neall, Abigail Caldwell, wife of John Caldwell, Esq., and Miss Sarah



F. O'Neill. The latter lived with her mother, and the two had lived alone since 1831. The death of a mother is, under such circumstances, most distressing to a child. Mrs. O'Neill was born at the place where her son lives, (Springfield.) She has ever since lived in the district, and since 1814, in the town of Newberry. She was the youngest child of Samuel Kelly and his wife, Hannah Belton. There was no kinder mother—no more benevolent, unpretending woman. She was, until her last sickness, able to walk about and attend to her domestic business. She was a member of the Society of Friends.

Her children will always remember, with gratitude, her early, pious and judicious training. Much of the commencement of their education depended upon her. Her last illness, protracted during more than six weeks, was borne by her with great fortitude. She was scarcely ever heard to utter a complaint. The evening before her death, she said to her son that "her time was to be short, and she wished it to be so." On his inquiring if "she thought the change would be for the better," she said "she hoped so." In this pious confidence she was ready, and did meekly and quietly resign her life into the hands of her mighty Maker. She is gone to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." She is *there*, united to her husband, children, grand-children, her parents, brothers and sisters, who have gone before her.

"Hark! she bids all her friends adieu!  
 Some angel calls her to the spheres;  
 Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,  
 Through liquid telescopes of tears.  
 Farewell, bright soul! a short farewell  
 Till we shall meet again above,  
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,  
 And trees of life bear fruits of love!"



## No. 18.

“Far dearer the grave, or the prison,  
Illumined by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all, who had risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame!”

Since my pen wrote on the subject at the head of this article, years have sped, revolution has threatened, blustered its day, and in its stead, peace has returned, and *liberty* is again, I hope, a *welcome visitor* in the *press room*, where I presume you preside. To the author it has been a period of sorrow, labor, and trial. As No. 17 went to press, the author's mother, endeared to him by a mother's watchful care, and more than an usual mother's instructions, was, in the fulness of time, gathered to her rest. Although she was, as he well knew, ripe for the harvest, he could not lay her honored head in the silent house, unwet with the tear of affection; and he cannot even now recur to it, without feeling that all things else might be got, but in the language of the poet, “minnie never anither.”

The varied avocations of a bustling life have so occupied every moment, that in vain has the author looked for an opportunity to renew the labor of love, in chronicling whatever may be found to be to the interest, or glory of Newberry! In the dark days of December, and, perhaps, while others enjoy the riot and misrule of Christmas, the author may beguile hours of idleness, by writing of the past.

But to the matter of to-day! In No. 6 an imperfect account was given of John Boyce. Having now the means of enlarging it, from an authentic source, it is preferred to do so. John Boyce was a native of Ireland, and belonged to that hardy, intelligent, active race of



men in the north of Ireland called the Scotch Irish. He emigrated to the United States, then the British Provinces, in North America, in 1765. He was a pedlar, and carried his pack from house to house until 1777, when he married Elizabeth Miller, daughter of David Miller, of Rutherford, North Carolina.

After this happy event, he ceased to be an itinerant merchant, and settled in Newberry District, about fifteen miles north of the town of Newberry; the section where he settled, resided and died, has been called Mollohon for many years.

The revolutionary war before his settlement in Newberry, had reached the shores of this State. In June, '76, had been fought the glorious battle of Fort Moultrie. Along the whole line of our southern sea-board had been seen little, beyond the movement of the South Carolina troops to and from Savannah, Georgia. On the 15th of January, '78, happened that dreadful fire in Charleston, which laid in ashes a large part of the city from Queen street to the lower end of East Bay street, (Grenvill's Bastion) 232 houses of the value of £507,832, (\$2,263,690,) were destroyed. This was supposed to be the work of the partisans of the British; parties of whom, from their shipping, were every night in the town. In the spring of this year, the Schophelites, so called from their leader Col. Scophel, a colonel of militia justly described by Moultrie as "an illiterate, stupid, noisy block-head," and, he might have added, *rascal*, organized and moved across the Savannah river below Augusta, with a view to an union with the British troops in St. Augustine, who would, it was predicted, invade South Carolina. This called out all the military powers of the State. Alexander Boyce, a brother of John, obtained a commission as a Captain; in his company the subject of





this article made his first essay in arms. At the siege of Savannah, Capt. Alexander Boyce on the unfortunate 9th of October, 1779, in the gallant attempt to carry the British line, fell at the head of his company.

John was the elder brother. He, after his brother's death, attached himself to the company of militia commanded by Captain (afterwards Colonel,) Thos. Dugan. General Levi Casey was the lieutenant, and most usually commanded that part of the company detailed for service out of the immediate neighborhood. Captain Dugan most usually commanded the scouts.

Mr. Boyce was in the battles of Blackstocks, King's Mountain, Cowpens and Eutaw. On his return to his family, after the battle of King's Mountain or Cowpens, (our informant is not certain which,) he had scarcely blessed the "gude wife and the bairns," and seated himself to taste their homely fare—a cup of milk and a piece of bread—until he was startled by the sound of approaching horses. He sprang to his cabin door, and saw a party of Tories, headed by the celebrated partisan, Wm. Cunningham, and a man of less note, but equally dreaded, McCombs, immediately before him. Four of the horses were already abreast of his door. His only safety was in flight. Death he knew was the result of captivity. Making a virtue of necessity, he threw his hat in the face of the horses before the door. This made them open right and left. He sprung through the opening, and ran for the woods, which were before him in about seventy-five yards. Before, however, he could reach the friendly cover, Cunningham was along side, and striking a furious blow, it took effect on his raised hand, as he avoided the charge, and cut off nearly three of his fingers. Before, however, the blow could be repeated, he was in the thick brush of a wood impenetrable to



cavalry. From his cover he watched the retreat of his foes; then hurrying to his house his wounded hand was soon bound up, and he was in the saddle, on his way to his commander, Casey, and before night, with a party of fifteen, Casey was in pursuit, and on the Enoree River, near the mouth of Duncan's creek, captured eleven or twelve of the party who had attempted the life of Mr. Boyce. Among them was McCombs. These were conveyed to the place where the Charleston road crosses the old Ninety-Six road, (now Whitmire's,) and there a "short shrift," a strong rope and a stooping hickory applied speedy justice to them all. A common grave, at the root of the tree, is their resting place for all time.

On another occasion Mr. Boyce was captured, and tied in his own barn, while a bed-cord was sought for to hang him; his negro man (long afterwards known as Old Sandy,) being hid in the straw, and knowing the necessity of speedy relief, while his captors were absent on their fell purpose, arose to his rescue, and untying him, both made good their escape.

These are a few of the hair-breadth escapes which tried the men of that dark and bloody period, when home, sweet home, could not be enjoyed for a moment without danger, and when wife and children had to be left to the tender mercies of the bloody, plundering Tories.

John Boyce lived long after the war, and enjoyed the rich blessings of the *glorious liberty* for which he had periled so much. He lost his wife in '97, and died in April, 1806. He had seven children: Robert, John, David, Alexander, Ker, James, Andrew and Mary. All are no more, except Ker Boyce, the millionaire of Charleston.\*

Mr. Boyce was a well informed, but not a well edu-

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\* Since dead.



cated man. He had read much. He exercised a just and wholesome influence in the section where he lived.

He was a Presbyterian, and an elder in McClintock's church, Gilders' Creek. In the grave yard, there, rest his remains. He was a merchant and distiller. He made and sold whiskey, and, strange to say, not one of his many sons ever drank to excess. This, no doubt, was to be attributed to the "let us worship God," heard night and morning at his family board.

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No. 19.

"Fling our sun-burst to the wind,  
 Studded o'er with names of glory,  
 Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,  
 Poet young and patriot hoary,  
 Long shall make it shine in story."

In undertaking to do justice to the name of a venerable soldier, the difficulty of the task is greatly enhanced by the poverty of the material in our possession. Could it have been so that the author could have sat by his side, and heard the narrative of the deeds of daring, the hair-breadth escapes, and the trial and suffering of the dark and bloody period, then, indeed, he could have sketched, as with a pen of fire, and with life-like correctness held the portrait of the soldier of other days to his fellow-men, and said this is Golding Tinsley, who fought through the whole period of the revolution, and tired not. But this opportunity was not offered; and, from the short narrative which affection has preserved is to be gathered the scattered materials, out of which the web of his glorious story is to be woven.

Golding Tinsley was born in Virginia, Culpepper county, about the year 1751; he emigrated to South Carolina about the year 1771, and settled in Newberry



district. At the commencement of the war of the revolution, he, with his three brothers, enlisted, as is believed, July, 1775, in Capt. John Caldwell's company of rangers. If this be so, he was present with the regiment of rangers, on the east end of Sullivan's Island, where they were stationed on the day of the battle of Fort Moultrie, to hold Sir Henry Clinton in check, and to prevent his crossing from Long Island. This meritorious service received the thanks of Congress by resolution of the 20th July, '76. The subsequent services of the rangers are so obscure, that they cannot be spoken of with certainty. In September, 1776, they were placed on the Continental establishment. Previous to this they had been employed in Williamson's expedition against the Cherokees. They, perhaps, with the other South Carolina regulars, were employed in Georgia; a part of the regulars were placed as marines, in the little navy of the State, under the command of Capt. Biddle, for a cruise to protect the commerce of the State. The expedition consumed about ten weeks. They fell in with the Yarmouth, a British sixty-four gun-ship, and in the engagement, the Randolph, Capt. Biddle's ship, blew up, and every soul perished; among them was a fine Carolina company of fifty men. To reduce the Schophelites, one hundred and fifty of the rangers were sent from Charleston, in April, '78, to Georgia; these, probably, were the upper countrymen, who were better calculated to meet such irregulars than any other troops. I presume the rangers were in the unfortunate expedition to East Florida, as I observed that Major Wise, one of the officers of the rangers, was in the council of war at Fort Tonyn, on the 11th July, 1778. At what time Golding Tinsley, and his brothers, terminated their services, in the regiment of rangers, cannot be ascertained.





Two of his brothers were killed by the tories, on Fair Forest, near McBeth's mills, Union district. He and James, his other surviving brother, rode out the storm of the revolution. It seems that Golding and James were at the battle of Stono, on the 20th of June, '79, and in the fatal siege of Savannah, and the attempted escalade of the 9th of October. They, fortunately, escaped the calamitous surrender of Charleston, in May, 1780. After that event the whigs scattered; some rendezvoused at Tuccasege ford, on Catawba, under Col. Sumter. The probability is that the Tinsleys went with Col. James Williams to North Carolina, and returned with him, for on the 18th of August, they partook with him in the dangers and glory of the defeat of the British, under Col. Innis, at Musgrove's mill.

In this affair Williams\* "had about one hundred and fifty; Innis three hundred men." Musgrove's Mill, called in Mill's Atlas Gordon's Mill, is in the northeast corner of Laurens district, on the Enoree River. The British forces occupied that position, south of the river, and in full command of a rocky, bad ford. William's command was on the north side of the river. His main body he drew up on a hill near a creek which runs into Enoree, just below the Spartanburg line. This position was a half mile from Musgrove's Mill. It was both protected and concealed by a wood. His little army was drawn up in a semi-circle, and constituted a pretty ambuscade. His arrangement was perfectly simple, and in partisan style. With a few picked men he was to approach the river, show himself to the enemy, fire upon them, induce them to cross and pursue, while he held them in check;

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\* In Ramsay's History of Tennessee Col. Shelby is said to have commanded in this battle. The statement will accompany the memoir of Col. James Williams.



firing as he fell back to the centre of his ambuscade, and thus bring them entirely within his power. The scheme was fully and beautifully executed. Col. Innis eagerly pursued Williams' flying sharpshooters, and as he advanced, the extremities of Williams' semi-circle closed behind him. He was thus surrounded, wounded, and most of his militia command were taken prisoners. Innis, with his regular troops, escaped. Col. Clary, who commanded a detachment of loyalist militia in the action, often related his own escape. His horse, he said, was seized at the same moment by the opposite checks of his bridle-bit by two of Williams' soldiers. He took advantage of the confusion of the *melée* with great presence of mind. He said to his captors, "Damn you, don't you know your own officers?" He was instantly released, and fled at full speed.

Johnson's Traditions of the Revolution, p. 519, informs us that Col. Shelby, of North Carolina, and Col. Clarke, of Georgia, united with Col. Williams in the affair of Musgrove's Mill, and, as afterwards at King's Mountain, each commanded his own men. The account there given is from Col. Samuel Hammond's notes, who was then a captain, and present at the action. It is a little more extended than that which is here given. It is, however, substantially the same.

After this gallant achievement, a part of Williams' command, and other whigs, took post at the Cedar Spring, in Spartanburg district, called in Mills' Statistics "the Green Spring, near Berwick's iron works," now Leitner's cotton factory. There were either two partisan affairs at this place, or there is an irreconcilable difference between Major McJunkin's statement, 2d Mag. 35, and that given in Mills' Statistics, 738, 739. In the former Mrs. Mary Thomas, the wife of Col. John Thomas,



is represented as riding from Ninety-Six in the day, and giving the alarm. In the latter, Mrs. Dillard is represented as reaching the camp before day, and announcing the enemy's approach.

Col. Clarke, of Georgia, commanded the Americans, and is represented as advancing to that point, with a view of striking at a recruiting party of Ferguson's. This officer (Ferguson,) was on his way from Cornwallis' army, after Gates' defeat at Gum-Swamp, near Camden, with a view of collecting the loyalists in the upper part of South Carolina, overawing the whigs, and holding the mountaineers in check. Ferguson determined to surprise Clarke in his camp; he detached Dunlap with 200 picked mounted men to commence the battle. Fortunately their intention was disclosed in the conversation which they were carrying on, while Mrs. Dillard (the lady as I presume of the veteran Maj. Dillard, of Laurens,) prepared supper for them. As soon as the British were engaged in their supper, this gallant woman slipped out of the house, bridled a young horse and mounting, pushed him at full speed to the American camp, and was carried by one of the videttes to the Colonel, to whom she said "be in readiness to either fight or run; the enemy will be upon you immediately, and they are strong." The call to arms was instantly answered by the hardy woodsmen; they were ready, aye, ready; and when Dunlap's bugles sounded the charge, he was met by the unfaltering huzza of the Americans, as hand to hand they met and overwhelmed him. In fifteen or twenty minutes Dunlap was routed and flying; and when Ferguson reached the ground, he found his advance had been beaten, the prisoners taken had been removed, and Col. Clarke and his party, except two wounded men left on the ground, were beyond his



power. In this glorious affair Golding and James Tinsley, bore a part. This occurred, probably, in September, 1780.

The two brothers were among those who joined Col. Williams before the battle of King's Mountain. The old song says :

“Old Williams from Hillsborough came  
To him the South Carolinians flocked again.”

On the 7th of October they formed part of Col. Williams's advancing column, who poured the contents of their deadly rifles upon Ferguson's encircled hosts. They saw their gallant leader fall in the arms of victory; at the same instant the British commander, Ferguson, yield up his proud spirit; and soon after the British lion at the feet of Campbell, the brave Virginian, who led to victory, and glory, the men of the mountains.

Soon after this great victory, the two Tinsley's attached themselves to Sumter, and were with him in the gallant and successful stand which he made on the 20th of November, 1780, at Blackstocks. In this well fought action, Sumter was wounded, and was borne by his faithful followers to some place of safety in North Carolina.

The Tinsleys were next found in Morgan's army. On the 17th of January, 1781, they formed part of his command, by whom the impetuous Tarleton was again repulsed. They remained in Morgan's army, and with it, when united with Green, made the celebrated retreat to Virginia. Thence turning back with Green they participated in Guilford's well fought field; on the 15th of March, 1781, and after the pursuit of Lord Cornwallis to Ramsay's mill on Deep River, they accompanied the main army to South Carolina. Whether they were in





the battle at Hobkirk's hill, near Camden, is unknown; but it is most probable from their love of action, that they were.

The siege of Ninety-Six was another of the trials of the revolution, in which the brothers took part. Gen. Green on the 25th of May environed that post, which was defended with uncommon spirit by Col. Cruger. But he was reduced to the last extremities and must have soon surrendered, had not intelligence reached him that Lord Rawdon with two thousand men was near at hand. This intelligence, tradition informs us, was conveyed to Cruger by a lady. Rawdon wrote a letter and put it in the hands of a young lady, whose sweet-heart, a British officer, was in the garrison, she rode into the American lines talking to the officers and men until she reached a point opposite to the gate of the fort, when she wheeled her horse, and putting him to full speed, held the letter in full view of the garrison; the gate was thrown open, and she was soon in the arms of her admirer, and the letter in the possession of Cruger. Two alternatives were left to Greene to raise the siege, or to attempt the reduction of the fort, by assault. The latter on the 18th of June, 1781, was attempted, and failed. The retreat of Greene beyond Saluda followed.

The Tinsleys after this, for some cause, proceeded to Virginia; they were present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781. What part they bore in the siege is unknown; it is not, however, to be believed, that soldiers trained and inured to war, as they were, would stand idle, when arms, and glory were before them.

They returned to South Carolina and were a part of Col. Hays command, when he surrendered to Capt. Wm. Cunningham, at Edgell's, midway between Bel-



fast and Milton, in November, 1781. This bloody catastrophe is susceptible of so many versions, and has been so often stated, that the author *here* mostly cites from Random Recollections of the Revolution, the following as the best within his reach: "Hays was a bold, inexperienced, incautious man." (This description, the author's subsequent means of information induces him to qualify; Hays had seen some service: he certainly was with Col. Williams at King's Mountain, and probably in most of his former services, as he is just before the action mentioned by Col. Williams, as part of his military family.) "His station was at Col. Edgehill's, in Laurens district, east of Little River and Simmons' Creek, on or near the old Charleston road from Rabun's Creek to Orangeburg. The dwelling house built of logs was his fort. He was told by William Caldwell to put himself in a position of defence; pointing to the smoke seen south-east, he said, "that is my brother's house, and I know Cunningham is in the neighborhood." Hays was at work in a blacksmith shop, making a cleat to hold a lady's netting, and hooted at Caldwell's suggestion, saying that "Cunningham had too much sense to come there." Caldwell said, "I will not stay here to be butchered," and mounted and fled at full speed. As he went out at one end of the old field he said he saw Cunningham come in at the other.

The surprise was complete and overwhelming. Hays, and his men almost without resistance were driven into the house, and Cunningham's pursuit was so close, that John Tinsley struck a full blow with his sword at Hays, as he entered the door. A few guns were fired from within and without. Two men were killed, supposed to have been slain by their own respective fires. Lockley Leonard was killed in the house, and one of Cunning-



ham's men in the yard. A ram-rod tipped with flax, saturated with tar was set on fire and shot out of a musket into the roof of the house. It was, in a moment, in a blaze. Hays and his party on a promise of good quarters (as it has always been said,) surrendered. Cunningham selected Hays and Maj. Daniel Williams, (a son of Col. Williams, who fell at King's Mountain,) as his victims. He was about hanging them on the pole of a fodder-stack, when he was accosted by a younger son of Col. Williams, Joseph Williams, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, who had from infancy known Cunningham. "Capt. Cunningham how shall I go home and tell my mother that you have hanged brother Daniel?" "Cunningham instantly swore that he should not have that melancholy duty to perform. He hung him up with his brother and Hays. The pole broke and with his sword he literally hewed them in pieces." Then the work of death went on, each member of the company had the right to kill or spare, as he pleased. Golding and James Tinsley, Maj. Wm. Dunlap, of Huntsville, Laurens, and John Cummins, commonly called King Cummins, were those who were spared in the savage slaughter. James and Golding Tinsley, the author supposed, were saved, by their kinsman, John Tinsley, but in 1832, at Spartanburg, James Tinsley assured him this was not the case, and gave the name of another person, who performed that meritorious deed. Who it was, has escaped the author's recollection.

This was the last of the bloody trials of the revolution, which tried the courage and fortitude of Golding Tinsley. The British power was confined to the seaboard, until the 14th of December, 1782, when they evacuated Charleston, and South Carolina was no more trodden by a hostile foot, from the seaboard to the mountains.



Golding Tinsley lived many years after the war in Newberry district. He thence removed to Spartanburg district, where he lived in honor and usefulness the balance of his days. He was for the last thirty years of his long and eventful life a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and this period was adorned by every christian grace which showed itself in his conversation, in his precepts, and in his examples."

He died near Cross Anchor, Spartanburg district, on the 11th of May, 1851, having attained to the great age of 96 or 97 years. He left two children, Isaac and Amelia, him surviving. The estimation in which he was held was evidenced by the immense concourse, who followed his body to the grave. He was buried with the honors of war; not less than two thousand persons were present. In closing this account of that gallant soldier, well may we say "blessed are they who die in the Lord, and their works do follow them,"

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No. 20.

"Day by day do thy great ones go down to the grave,  
 But thy genius expires not, but soars like the moon,  
 When it rises pavilioned in light, from the wave,  
 As glorious as though that moment 'twere born."

Maximilian Haynie, of whom we are to speak, to-day, came from Prince William county, Virginia, to Newberry, in '72 or '73. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Falkner, by whom he had two children, both daughters. The eldest married a Mr. Courtenay, remained in Virginia, and died without issue. The second married Burr Harris, and removed to this district, and after remaining here several years removed to Pendleton. Mr. Haynie's second wife was Elizabeth





Buchanan. By her he had ten children. Eight of these were born after she was bed-ridden with rheumatism. Three of his children died when he was about setting out for South Carolina. This sad domestic event delayed his trip for a season.

By his brother-in-law, John Buchanan, he sent out two slaves (Edinburgh and Beck,) to make a crop. In the fall of that year he and his family came to South Carolina. He settled on Second Creek. The mother of his first wife lived with him as long as she lived. She was a religious, and perhaps a superstitious old lady. At one period of her life she narrowly escaped shipwreck, and in the midst of her peril she prayed for deliverance, and vowed, if she was spared, that she would dedicate that day (Friday of every week,) to fasting and prayer. This she religiously observed. To be sure of a faithful remembrance, she stated to her son-in-law's second wife, when she came home, the obligation she had assumed, and requested her, if at any time she should be unmindful, that she would be pleased to remind her of it. On one occasion, only, was it necessary to remind her that it was Friday. She immediately retired to her room, knelt down, and returned thanks to God that she had been saved from violating her vow. What beautiful, truthful and child-like piety was here exhibited! What an excellent example is here set before our people, young and old! Few, very few, now follow it. Many vow, but few perform. This good woman hardly accompanied Mr. Haynie to South Carolina, for at his exodus from Virginia he must have been fifty-three years of age.

He was a carpenter by trade, and made many articles of domestic furniture, such as tables, bedsteads, cupboards, &c., and exchanged them with the settlers around him for hogs, cattle, chickens and butter.



In the revolution his age, and his afflicted wife, saved him from the perils and butchery which attended the partisan warfare of that dark period; but it did not save him or his family from plunder.

It seems a scamp, named Jim Buchanan, a distant relative, made himself acquainted with Mr. Haynie's affairs by continually lounging about his house, and reporting to the tories whatever plunder he had, and which to them was desirable. On one occasion Mr. Haynie had sold a hogshead of tobacco in Charleston, and received nine guineas, which he brought home. This sum, equal to \$40 50, he thought the tories might find, and take away. To prevent discovery, and yet tell the truth, according to the letter, when questioned, he buried his gold, flattered himself he was safe, as he could now say "he had not a farthing upon the face of the earth." But the spy knew, and so did the tories. They told him he had brought home nine guineas, and that he had buried it. "Tell," said they, "where it is, or we will torture you until it is produced." He knew that the same party, to force a disclosure, had sawed old Jacob Felker's leg to the bone. Fearing a similar fate, he told them where his treasure was. They soon disinterred and pocketed *the skiners*.

Some of Mr. Haynie's daughters were grown, and with commendable skill and industry, laid their "hands to the spindle, and their hands held the distaff;" they made homespun for dresses for themselves which were the envy of all their neighbors. Two of the young ladies, Peggy and Nancy, had in the loom a web sufficient for their dresses. Loafing Jim was there occasionally admiring and praising it. He ascertained when the web was expected to be wove; his friends, the tories, attended accordingly, but found only one dress completed. This they cut out, and made off with it and all the



made dresses on which they could lay their hands. In vain did the bed-ridden mother plead that they would spare to her children the covering which their hands had provided; but she asked for mercy from those who never knew the word. The other dress was afterwards woven, and was of such fine texture, as my informant says, that "it was drawn through a finger ring." It is, or rather was in '52, in existence, in the possession of one of Mr. Haynie's old servants, cook Lucy, who lives with Dr. Wm. Hatton.

Mr. Haynie, in the latter part of his life, became a celebrated mathematician. His first attention to it probably arose from the necessity of educating his children at home. The mother, confined as she was to bed, instructed in reading, and even gave explanations in arithmetic to her son, John, but she could not use her hands to make figures, and hence her husband, at night, had that duty to perform. He and his son studied together, by fire-light, until the latter gave himself up to sleep; the former pursued his studies until his light gave out. He was more than sixty when he began his course of self-instruction. He mastered arithmetic and then turned his attention to astronomy. He procured some scientific work, which he patiently studied until he was able to work out the eclipses of the sun and moon, which he did to the 20th century. His grandson (Wm. H. Ruff, Esq.,) informs me that this work was carried by his son-in-law, Thomas Rutherford, to Georgia. Mr. Ruff remarks:—"Several quires of paper, full of his astronomical calculations, were at my mother's when I was married, but they cannot now be found." This is deeply to be regretted, both on account of the information they might convey, and also for the proof which they would furnish of how much patient, toiling indus-



try could accomplish. His studies were prosecuted without the aid of lamp, or candle and wick; the rich dry-heart pine, commonly called lightwood, gave the light to his eyes which enlightened his mind. One of his slaves, with that devotion which was not uncommon, before cotton became too much the God of this world, furnished the lightwood. At night, Beck would be seen approaching the door and talking to herself, "I wonder," said she, "if my master has had any lightwood to night; depend upon it I must get him some, for I know right well he will want some, and I cannot sleep satisfied if I know my master wants any thing I can get for him." Her axe, a willing mind, and masculine power, soon cut and brought in the requisite supply. Little anecdotes like this are worth untold gold; they are the oasis, as our abolition neighbors would tell us, in the desert of slavery. But, in fact, they are the unchangeable evidences of the tie which binds together the master and the slave, the serf and the lord, the peasant and his landlord, the world all over. Society is like the wood with which God covers the earth; there are, and always will be, the great and the small, the high and the low, the fruit-bearing and the unproductive, the beautiful and the gnarled and rugged, the tree and the bush, the vine and the bramble—all know their places and their uses. So it is with men; the wise, the learned, the foolish, the ignorant, the industrious, the lazy, the rich, the poor, the free and the bond, all have their places; and it is useless for presumptuous men or women, to do more than to improve society; they cannot break up and recast it entirely.

Mr. Haynie's only son, John, was a young lad of fine mind; he trained him to be a mathematician and an





astronomer, and thought he was to be a crown of rejoicing to his old age. But in vain. Intoxicating drink, in a few years, pulled down and destroyed all which his father, and his father's God had done. *He died a drunkard!* What sad misfortunes are always produced by this accursed habit. But *here*, in this instance, let us stop, and meditate for an instant or two. Mr. Haynie had been sorely tried. His wife for many, very many years, had been confined to bed by rheumatism; for much of that time she was fed by her daughter, Mrs. Ruff, as an infant; in this sad condition, he had studied and made himself, like Dr. Franklin, in his old age, a celebrated man; he had led his son up the steep and slippery heights of science, and placed him on the summit; then came the serpent, intoxicating drink, encircling him with fold after fold, until at last he was crushed. Awful picture; yet, young friends of Newberry, John Haynie has many a parallel among you. Will you not pause; reflect; be warned, and abandon the fatal tempter. Read what my informant says, "in 1811 or 1812," when his Grandfather was ninety-two or ninety-three, John said he, "was *drinking* and *cross*," and therefore his aged sire abandoned his own home, and on foot, accompanied by one of his faithful servants, Edinburgh, sought the friendly shelter of his kind son-in-law, John Ruff. Think of that rash young man. Father, teacher, friend, alike disregarded, and like old King Lear, turned out to feel that the ingratitude of a child is worse and harder to be borne than the howling, wintry tempest.

Maximilian Haynie died at the great age of ninety-three in the year 1812. His son survived him for a short time. His daughters, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. James Sheppard, Mrs. John Ruff, and Mrs. Robertson, have all followed him



to the tomb; they all left families, of whom few remain among us; such as do, are not only respectable, but also highly useful men and women.

Mr. Haynie took no medicine, and like most of the old people of the revolutionary war was scarcely ever sick. Out of his five slaves, whom he brought from Virginia, three attained to his own great age. One still survives, at the age of eighty-seven and bids fair, says my informant, to reach ninety-three or one hundred.\* Is Newberry a sickly district, when five out of six in one family, have gone beyond four score? Moderate exercise, little or no medicine, a cheerful happy temper, occupation of mind and body, a little attention to cleanliness about residences, to clearing in, not deadening timber, in planting, not to plant cotton about the dwellings, not to obstruct the running streams by felling timber in them, or suffering drift to remain therein, in drinking pure water, and in avoiding intoxicating drink, will produce health, strength, wisdom and length of days, in *Newberry* as well as under the mountains.

Imperfectly has the life of Maximilian Haynie been sketched; the materials were originally obtained to gratify the wish of a friend, who in the wilds of Matagorda, Texas, and in the evening of his life, wished to give an account of his native district, Fairfield, and who therewith desired to give some account of the "Astronomer Haynie," of Broad River. To him a copy has been long since sent. But the good old man belonged to Newberry, and to the benefit of his life, example and trials she was entitled.

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\* She died in 1858, ninety-three years old.



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## No. 21.

“You're men! as such should know your rights, and knowing should defend,

Who would be free, themselves must dare the tyrants chain to rend;  
O fruitless is the grief, that springs above a nation's fears—  
One firm resolve of mighty man is worth a tide of tears.”

Again we are about to turn back to the revolutionary field, and again are about to endeavor to add another name to the worthies, who belong to Newberry.

We, to-day, propose to call up the name of William Caldwell from the sleep of thirty-nine years; and, as far as possible to give his life to the people.

He was born, in March, 1748, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the next year the family removed to Virginia, where they remained till they emigrated to South Carolina, about the year 1770; this is supposed to be correct, as it is compiled from an account furnished by Gen. James Gillam, the son of Elizabeth Gillam, whose memoir has been heretofore published.

After his removal to this State, he spent two years at his brother in law's, Patrick Calhoun's, in Abbeville and then returned to Newberry, and with his brother learned surveying theoretically and practically.

He joined in June, or July 1775, his brother's company of rangers; what was their period of service does not appear. This regiment commanded by Col. Thompson was speedily completed. Moultrie says a troop of rangers was sent to Fort Charlotte, to dispossess the royal government, to take charge of the guns, powder, and military stores, and to send down to Charleston the two brass field-peices, that were there, and to endeavor to enlist the garrison. The troop of rangers sent on this duty was Capt. Caldwell's.





How long, they there remained is unknown. The regiment rendezvoused, at Charleston, before the attack of the 29th June, on Sullivan's Island. They were posted, during the battle, on the east end of Sullivan's Island to hold Sir Henry Clinton in check, and to prevent him crossing over from Long's Island. William Caldwell was present on that occasion. Whether he was then an officer, is not certain; it seems to be certain, that the 2d lieutenants were appointed by the captains. That Captain Caldwell intended William Cunningham for that office rests on very satisfactory tradition. After his desertion, it is believed, that the office was conferred on William Caldwell.

What were his services, afterwards, in this department of duty, are as uncertain as has been already stated, in the memoir of Golding Tinsley. It has been a traditionary statement, that he was part of the garrison of Fort Barrington on the Altamaha, left in '78 in the unfortunate expedition to East Florida, to protect the State of Georgia. That that post was subsequently reduced, and that he, Roger McKinnie and Capt. Milton were delivered as hostages for the observance of the parole allowed to the officers, and, that for an alleged breach of it, he and his companions were immured in the castle of St. Augustine for more than a year.

From information, now in my possession from one connected with the family, it may be that there is some inaccuracy in the tradition. For it is there stated that he was a part of the South Carolina Militia, in the unfortunate affair of Brier Creek, Georgia. I see, on looking into the proceedings of the court of inquiry, held to ascertain, whether Gen. Ashe, the commandant of the American troops, was to blame for that disastrous surprise, that Col. James Williams, of South Carolina, was



a part of his command, and if so, it may be that William Caldwell was there and taken prisoner on the 4th of March, 1779. But I confess I doubt the correctness of this. For if *there* taken prisoner, I cannot perceive, why he should have been sent to St. Augustine, when the British garrison of Savannah was at hand. There is no doubt, he was confined in the castle of St. Augustine; and after a long imprisonment, reached home. My understanding always has been, that he, McKinnie, and Milton were discharged. Indeed, I have often heard related the anecdote, that McKinnie, on the day of his discharge, packed their crockery in a pot, and threw it down the stairs to alarm the sentinel on duty. It is stated in the memoir before me, that a lad of the name of Tinsley, who had accompanied him from home, but who was not confined, bribed the gaoler, and that the door was left ajar, and thus they made their escape, and traveled on foot home.

He and his companions were confined, in a room, or rooms, where they could only see the sun through a narrow aperture for a short time each day. Often have I heard one, who knew him well, say, that after his discharge and return home, he was as fair as the fairest lady he ever saw. Yet, in the narrative before me, he is represented as returning home in such a squalid condition, that neither his mother, sister, nor the young lady to whom he was engaged, and whom he subsequently married, knew him. If he was taken prisoner, at Briar Creek, he could not have reached home much sooner than the fall of Charleston, in May, 1780.

Be this as it may, it is very certain that he was not in any of the actions, which followed, until the battle of Cowpens, in January, 1781. Before that time he had been engaged in scouting, bearing expresses, and other



duties. When Tarlton's command lay at Chandler's and Brooks', before he changed his route for Pacolette, and the pursuit, as he called it, of Morgan, Wm. Caldwell, Robert Gillam, and John Satterwhite were constantly in the neighborhood, observing the motions of the enemy. Shortly before his death, he pointed out the rock, on the right of the road to Belfast, and where the road to Mount Zion turns off, as that on which they fed their horses with shelled corn carried in their saddle-bags. When Tarlton turned the head of his column by the Tea-Table rock in Newberry district, in the direction of Morgan's camp, they pushed for the same point to report his movement. There they united themselves to the militia company to which they belonged, commanded by Capt. James Caldwell. The battle of Cowpens, on the 17th of January was fought, and won. In it William Caldwell bore a soldier's part. He returned with most of the militia, but probably after his brother James' wounds had been so healed, as to permit him to be moved, to their respective homes. He, however, was rarely allowed to stay any time at home. He was too well known to the loyalists to be not often sought. The time, to the close of the war, was mostly spent in the saddle, in the scouting parties of that time. How narrowly he escaped death at Hays' station has been narrated in the memoir of Golding Tinsley.

On another occasion, he narrowly escaped the vengeful sword of Cunningham. At Parkin's ford, on Saluda, Cunningham and his party commenced his pursuit; by the time he reached the residence of William O'Neill, near O'Neill's, now Bobo's mills, on Bush River, the bleeding flanks and panting sides of his mare told too truly that the fate of Cunningham's captives, a cruel death was at his heels. A fresh horse from the stable of the Quaker carried him beyond danger.



As the eldest brother, he inherited the fine real estate of his brother John, who was slain in Cunningham's bloody foray of November, 1781, and who died without issue. After the war he married Miss Williams, the daughter of Major John Williams, and settled on Mill Creek, at the place where his brother had lived.

He was a surveyor, and with Joseph Wright was appointed, in 1767, by the county court, to run the transverse lines of the district, to ascertain the central point for the location of the court house. It resulted, as stated in No. 1. In '89, he was one of the county court judges; and at March term, he, with Colonel Waters, laid off the two acres now constituting the public square of Newberry, then presented by the proprietor, John Coate, for the public buildings. In 1804, he was elected Senator for Newberry district; in 1808, he was superseded by John McMorris.

He died in December, 1814; his wife soon followed him to the grave; in the summer or fall succeeding, his son, Williams, his executor, and a most promising young man, was borne to the same silent home. At his death, he flattered himself that his son, Wm. T. Caldwell, who had enlisted under Major George Butler, and who had been subsequently promoted to a lieutenancy, might still be alive. But that which was then rumor, is now certainty; he perished in the massacre at Fort Mims.

William Caldwell was the father of ten children, of whom five survived him, John, Williams, James, Patrick C., and Elizabeth, now the wife of F. B. Higgins, Esq. Of these, only one now remains, Elizabeth.

William Caldwell was about the size of his son, Patrick C. Caldwell, except that he was never fat; he was remarkable for his fine face, intelligent countenance, his perfect symmetry of form, and activity. He rode on horseback as long as he lived; he rode a good horse





always, and rode well. I last remember seeing him 5th July, 1813. He then bore little the impress of years. It was *then* that he said, that he had heard people say Bill Cunningham was a coward; but, said he, they did not know him; no braver man ever walked the earth.

Mr. Caldwell was an eminently useful man. As a surveyor and magistrate, he rendered many public services. As a Senator, he faithfully discharged the duties of his office.

He was, I think, a member of the Presbyterian church, Little River. He was a kind husband, father, and master; he was a good neighbor, an attached kinsman, and zealous friend. His death made a great void in the settlement where he had so long resided, and been so much respected.

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No. 22.

Let your might be like the spirit of the tempest  
Uprooting the pines of the hill.  
And your vengeance as terrible  
As the mountain torrent,  
Sweeping over the valley of  
The husbandman."

James Caldwell, of whom, to-day, I am about to write, was born on the day of the battle of Monongahela, Braddock's unfortunate defeat, 5th July, 1755.

He came with his mother to this State about 1770. He continued to reside with her, and bore no active part in the revolution until 1780. After the siege of Charleston he commanded the company of militia in the neighborhood where he lived. On the 17th January, 1781, he commanded a company in the battle of the Cowpens. He was there under the command of General Pickens.



He was probably in the advance, as one of the Carolina riflemen, under the command of Major Hammond, afterwards Colonel Samuel Hammond, or he was formed, with the rest of Pickens' and Brandon's commands, on the left of the American line. In either position he was exposed to the charge of Tarlton's cavalry. Ramsay says, when the British attacked the second line, Tarlton "was cutting down the militia." It was in this part of the action, after the militia had delivered a most effective fire, within thirty or forty yards of the advancing British column, that Captain James Caldwell was cut down by a dragoon. His hands were severely mutilated in the attempt to protect his head. He had many sabre wounds in his head, and one blow took effect immediately below his right eye, on the cheek bone, leaving a scar and bump which disfigured his face as long as he lived. He was supposed to be dead, and after the action was sought for by his brother William among the slain. He was found still alive, and suffering more for water than his many wounds. This his brother brought to him in his hat. His wounds were bound up with strips torn from his brother's shirt, which was devoted to that purpose. He was then removed to a neighboring house, and after many weeks of suffering, recovered. He was thus incapacitated from active service.

Captain Caldwell, after the revolution, bore a very prominent part in the execution of Matthew Love, at Ninety-Six. There is a statement of this affair given in Johnson's Traditions of the Revolution, which is very inaccurate. It seems to have been prepared by my friend Major Perry, of Greenville, who has there told the tale as it was told to him. Love was tried at Ninety-Six in 1781, (while Benjamin Guerard was governor,) before Aedanus Burke, one of the associate judges, for sedition and murder, committed during the revolutionary war.



It is worth while to pause *here* for a moment, and inquire, and answer, who was Judge Burke. Ramsay tells us he was an Irish gentleman who, with the gallantry characteristic of his nation, came from the West Indies at the commencement of the revolution as a volunteer to fight for American liberty. He was educated at St. Omers for the priesthood; he was a major in the American army; he was elected a judge of South Carolina in April, '78. He long filled with mercy and justice this highly responsible office. During his administration he perpetrated many an Irish bull for his own amusement and the people around him.

On the occasion to which we have just alluded he held the scales with an untrembling hand in the midst of the excited whigs who thronged around the bar, demanding the blood of the tory, Love. Burke held that the acts of which he stood charged were done *flagrante bello*, and that, therefore, he was protected by the treaty of peace, and that he must be acquitted, which was accordingly done.

Before he was discharged they (the whigs,) determined he should not escape. Love was an Irishman. He was one of Cunningham's men in the *bloody scout*. He was, I presume, present at the massacre at Turner's Station. What part he bore in it has never been known. He was at Hays' defeat, and the bloody orgies there enacted. He was never charged with, there, killing any one. After the fatal massacre of *the ring*, in which every one placed in it, with the exception of Major William Dunlap and John Cummins (the two Tinsleys were not in the ring,) were dispatched, Love passed over the bloody ground, and plunged his sword into the reeking bodies, to ascertain if life remained in any of them. For these offences the whigs, the relatives and friends of the slain, deter-



mined he should die. The names of many of the party have descended to the present time. They are General William Butler, Captain James Caldwell, Colonel Zach S. Brooks, William Brooks, John Satterwhite, Bartlett Satterwhite, Robert Gillam, James Atwood Williams. Captain James Caldwell, (not General Butler,) was placed at the head. The latter was too prominent a man to be selected as the leader. Captain Caldwell, pistol in hand, marched into the court-house, took the prisoner from the bar. He was taken to the door, and thrown upon a horse, held by James Atwood Williams. He was thence conducted to a stooping oak, at or near the spring, and hanged. Judge Burke, amazed at the outrage, as it began, ordered the sheriff to quell the riot. "It is more than my life or yours is worth to attempt it," was the reply. The judge instantly adjourned the court, and called to his servant, "Kit, Kit, get the horses." They were soon got, and he left the town, and paused not till he was under the friendly roof of his countryman, Samuel Kelly, at Springfield. In his hurried journey he dropped his razors. They were brought to him, at Springfield, by Caleb Gilbert, whom the judge, in his racy Irish, declared to be "an honest fellow."

He pursued his journey to Charleston, and probably reported the matter strongly to Governor Guerard, who issued a proclamation for the apprehension of all concerned. After Burke had time to cool and reflect, and was perhaps better informed as to the motives of the actors, he wrote and published an article excusing the rash act. This ended enquiry. The records of the court at Ninety-Six, now in the clerk's office at Abbeville, contain a precise account of this transaction. It is to be hoped some one will copy, and give the entry to the public, as matter of history.





James Caldwell, at one period of his subsequent life, was elected, and served one term as a member of the House of Representatives. He never could be induced to be a candidate again. He had ascertained, he said, what few others have discovered, or have been unwilling to acknowledge, that "he was unfit for the place."

In 1807 (December,) he was elected sheriff of Newberry district by the legislature. He entered on his duties in February, 1808, and served out his term of four years. Often has the writer, when a boy, seen him bearing the sword of justice, and wearing the cocked hat of authority, alongside of the venerable Judges Grimke, Bay, and others, and venerated the scarred veteran of the revolution. His official term was not, I presume, of any great profit to him. The active duties were performed by James Farnandis and William Caldwell, (Long Billy, as he was familiarly called.)

He married, after the war, a Miss Forrest, by whom he had ten children, who survived him: six sons and four daughters. One of his sons and three of his daughters still survive. He died in 1813.

Before his death he united himself to the Presbyterian Church, Little River, and was a devout and exemplary member of it to his death.

Few men, in any country, were as deservedly popular as James Caldwell. Enemies he had none. Every body conceded that Uncle Jimmy Caldwell, as he was called, was like Bayard, without spot and without blemish.

As husband, father, master, neighbor and friend, he was all which those relations could demand.

A friend, Gen. McGowen, of Abbeville, noticing the fact that the records of Ninety-Six, at Abbeville, might furnish a more accurate account of the execution of Love,



published in the Abbeville Banner, the result from examination, which I now append, with the short article preceding it, written for the Sentinel, and then published.

I have read with great interest the article from the Abbeville Banner of the 16th, signed Abbeville.

I have no doubt his corrections of the traditions, which were embodied in the twenty-second number of Newberry Annals, Historical, &c., are correct. They were set out, as they often have been narrated to Q., by one whose memory he has seldom found at fault. His general accuracy in the matter of Love's execution, is shown by a fact stated in "Abbeville's" communication, by which it appears Love swore he was unable to pay the costs. It had been often stated to "Q." that Love swore he was unable to pay the costs, and yet at the time when he saw death was inevitable, he drew from his pocket a purse of guineas and handed it to his wife. This was so strange a fact, and so much at war with the present practice of the Court of Sessions, that "Q." hesitated to state it. "Q.," as well as "Abbeville," regrets, and, probably, from the same feeling of nationality, that Love was an Irishman; but the fact is indisputable. In Laurens, Newberry, and, he presumes, in Abbeville, many of the Irish were tories. They had received land on the King's bounty, as it was called; and hence, on a principle of gratitude, they were loyalists.

If "Q's." conjecture is right as to the authorship of "Abbeville," he knows that the author has much of the same means which "Q." has of preserving some memorials of the revolution; and he hopes that the traditions which were poured into the ears of "Abbeville," by a tongue too dear to be forgotten, together with the rich gleanings which may be gathered from the records of old Ninety-Six, may be given to the public.



MATTHEW LOVE.—In a late number of “Annals, Historical, Biographical,” &c., published in the Newberry Sentinel, over the signature of “Q.” understood to be written by a distinguished member of our Judiciary, there appeared a very interesting account of the circumstances connected with the execution of Matthew Love, at Ninety-Six, soon after the revolutionary war. This account corrects, in several particulars, “the very inaccurate statement” of this transaction, which has been recently published in “Johnson’s Traditions of the Revolution,” and concludes with the remark that “the records of court, at Ninety-Six, in the clerk’s office at Abbeville, contains a precise account of this transaction, and it is hoped some one will copy, and give the entry to the public as a matter of history.”

The desire on our part, long entertained, to know the precise state of facts, in reference to the high-handed seizure and execution of Love, by the patriots of the revolution, has been quickened into activity by this reference to the “records in the clerk’s office at Abbeville;” and, in order to obtain correct information upon the subject, as well for our own gratification as for the benefit of all concerned, we have looked into the record.

We find that the record contains no account whatever of the tumultuous proceedings, which, we are informed by tradition, occurred after the discharge of Love by the court, but it does contain a pretty good account of the judicial proceedings against him. We suppose the clerk considered—and if so he considered rightly—that it was not his duty to place upon the records of the court any thing that occurred after the discharge of Love. The supplement was clearly *extra-judicial*. The proceeding at the *Post-Oak* was a matter for the records of history, but not the records of the court.



It seems that the distinguished author of the "Newberry Annals," notwithstanding his usual accuracy, has been misinformed in common with the whole community, in several important particulars, in reference to this remarkable transaction. It does not appear, from the record, "that Love was tried at Ninety-Six, between '85 and '87, while Gen. Moultrie was Governor, before Ædanus Burke, Esq., for horse-stealing, committed during the revolutionary war." This has been the common opinion, but it is erroneous in several particulars.

There has been a slight mistake as to time. Matthew Love was before the court at Ninety-Six, (he was never tried at all, as we will presently see,) at the fall term of 1784. There is no record of any court held at Ninety-Six, after the Declaration of Independence, before spring, 1783. On the 26th April, of that year, the Hon. Thomas Haywood, Jr., seems to have held what, in the "Record of General Sessions," is termed the "Spring Assizes," for the first time, at Ninety-Six. The Journal of the proceedings of that term, commences as if it were the first court held there after the war, as we have no doubt it was. It begins in solemn phrase—"At a court of General Sessions, of the peace, held at Ninety-Six, for the district of Ninety-Six, the 26th day of April, 1783," &c. The preliminaries of peace between the United States and Great Britain, were signed on the 30th November, 1782, although the definitive treaty of peace and friendship—the *treaty of Paris*—was not formally signed until after this court was held, viz: on the 30th of September, 1783. On the 30th April, "the court was adjourned to the 26th of November next." The "November Assizes, 1783," was held by the Hon. Ædanus Burke, who, after a session of two days, ad-





journed "the court to the 26th of April, 1784." The "Spring Assizes, 1784," was held by the Hon. Henry Pendleton, who continued the court until Saturday, May 1st, when "the court adjourned to the 26th November next." The record of the ensuing fall term commences as follows:—"November 26th, 1784, the court met agreeable to adjournment; present the Hon. Aldanus, Burke, Esq." This is the term which has been made famous by the execution of the tory Love, in violation of the treaty of Paris, and in opposition to the law, and in contempt of the court and its officers. It commenced on the 26th November, and ended on *Tuesday, the 7th of December, 1784*, which last seems to have been the day of the discharge and execution.

Benjamin Guerard was Governor of the State at this time, as appears from the following circumstance:—One Jesse Vann had been sentenced at a previous court to be hung for horse-stealing, but was pardoned by Gov. Guerard. The pardon was spread upon the records of the court at this term, and bears date the 6th May, 1784. Benjamin Guerard was Governor at the time Love was executed, but Gen. Moultrie succeeded him the year after, in 1785, and possibly may have "issued a proclamation for the apprehension of all concerned." As to this, however, we are uninformed by tradition or otherwise. If such a proclamation was ever issued, it would be a most interesting document, and it is hoped that some one will hunt it up and give it to the public.

It does not appear that Love was ever charged with the offence of horse-stealing, but the charge upon which he was committed was that of "*Sedition and Murder.*" Nor does it appear that he was tried and acquitted. No indictment was ever given out against him upon any charge. The original documents have been examined,



and no such indictment can be found among the records. Matthew Love's name first appears, along with many others, in a report of the Sheriff, styled "A Return of Prisoners in Ninety-Six Gaol to November Term, 1784." Such a return seems to have been made to every court for the purpose of a general jail delivery. This return contained the names of the prisoners, when committed, by whom committed, and for what offence. By this return, it appears that Matthew Love was committed to the jail at Ninety-Six, October 3d, 1784, upon information lodged by one William Moore, for "*Sedition against the State.*" The record shows that most of the prisoners named in the Sheriff's list were tried during the term, and nearly all of them convicted. It seems that Tuesday, the 7th day of December, was the last of the term, and *sentence day*. All the prisoners who had been tried and convicted were brought up and regularly sentenced. The sentences of *His Honor* are recorded at length in each case; and then a separate supplemental order is made in two cases, one against two men by the name of Lochorn, and the other against Mathew Love, indicating clearly, as it seems to us, that they were in jail, but had not been tried. The Attorney General supposing, probably, that after the treaty of Paris, he could not convict them for offences of a political character, committed "*flagrante bello,*" had not given out indictments against them. The record stands "*verbatim et liberatim,*" as follows:

"Ordered that the following prisoners be brought up in Court:"

The State *vs.* Stephen Lochorn and Jacob Lochorn—Hue and Cry from Georgia. Ordered that they be discharged by proclamation. Sworn off as to fees.

The State *vs.* Matthew Love—Sedition and Murder. Ordered to be discharged. Sworn off as to fees.



“Ordered, that the treaty of peace between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, be recorded on the records of this court, which is as follows, to wit:—The whole treaty is here inserted at length, commencing the definitive treaty of peace and friendship, &c. Signed at Paris, the 3d of September, 1783,” &c.

There is no mention upon the records of any disturbance whatever, or of the fate of Love. After the sentences were passed, and Lochorn and Love were discharged, it is stated that “the court adjourned to the 26th day of April next.”

If we are not mistaken, we have seen somewhere the letter of Judge Burke, giving an account of what occurred after Love was discharged by the court. We would like to see it again. Who will have the kindness, also, to hunt up this paper, and give it to the public as matter of history?

The “Records of General Sessions,” of old Ninety-Six, commencing in the spring of 1783, and ending in the fall of 1799, contain much rich and racy matter. They are a perfect mine for the antiquary and judicial historian. It seems that horse-stealing was the great offence of the time, and it was not checked until many, very many, had been hung for it. During the term at which Love was before the court, five persons, viz: James Mitchell, John Golver, Philip Campbell, James Irwin and William York, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung on *Christmas day*, 1781. The first, named J. Mitchell, for “uttering counterfeit money,” and all the others for “horse-stealing,”

It is said that Matthew Love was an Irishman; we are really sorry to hear it, and hope that further inquiry will show that there is a mistake, also, in this particular.



Love is reported to have been cruel, blood thirsty and revengeful; these are not characteristics of an Irishman. The Irish were generally good whigs, almost from necessity. They had left oppression in their own Emerald Isle, and therefore, knew the value of liberty. They had long known our enemies, the British, and entertained for them a hereditary hatred—a hatred arising out of long political oppression, and made more intense by difference of disposition, manners, race and religion. An Irishman could not be a bloody tory, without doing violence to the generous, merciful impulses of his own nature, and all his political antecedents, associations and prejudices; in other words, without ceasing to be an Irishman. We sincerely hope it will turn out that Matthew Love was not an Irishman *by birth*—he certainly was not *by nature*. John Randolph once said he had yet to see that "*rara avis in terris*," an Irish tory.

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No. 23.

"Men exist in scorn of wrong;  
 Sons of the truth of things;  
 True heart's brothers, brave and strong,  
 Fed from life's perennial springs.

"Self-devoted, self-denying,  
 For a world in sorrow lying,  
 Glorious is your God-like aim;  
 Glorious be your deathless fame."

Father and son are now to be sketched; both belong to that glorious army of suffering, but conquering patriots, who held aloft the standard of liberty during the dark and gloomy period of the American revolution.

Major Robert Gillam, (the father,) removed from Gran-





ville county, N. C., (where he was born,) to Page's Creek, Newberry district, before the revolution began. Before the war reached the interior of the State, he was major of militia, and in that rank went out against the Cherokees, under the command of General Williamson, called by the Indians the *cow driver*.

This service began, probably, before the 15th of July, '76; for on that day an engagement took place between the Indians and tories, and a detachment from General Williamson's little army of five hundred men, commanded by the late Major Jonathan Downs, of Laurens. The Indians and tories were defeated, and thirteen of their number being taken, were found to be white men, painted like Indians.

Just about this period, intelligence of the repulse of the British at Sullivan's Island, on the 28th of June, reached the back country. People of '54, think of the vast advantage you now enjoy over your ancestors of '76; twenty days brought them the news of victory and safety at Charleston—twenty-four hours now bring to you the most trifling events at the same place!

The glorious result of the battle at Fort Moultrie intimidated the tories, and sent recruits, six hundred strong, to Williamson's little host. With three hundred and fifty horsemen, Ramsay says he advanced to attack a party of tories and Indians, who were encamped at Occnone Creek. He must have had with him also a party of infantry; for it seems he fell into an ambuscade, his horse was shot under him, and Salvadore, the proprietor of the Jew's land, Abbeville district, was killed and scalped by his side, and defeat seemed to be inevitable. At this critical moment, Leroy Hammaoud, who commanded a company, rallied twenty of his men, and directing them to reserve their fire, marched rapidly with them to the



fence behind which the Indians and their allies were posted, fired upon them, and immediately jumped over and charged. The Indians fled from the approaching bayonet, and the fortune of the day was saved.

Williamson pursued his advantage; burned the town east of the Keowee; but his men could not be induced to pass the river until Captain Hammond volunteered, in place of the officer designated for that duty, crossed at their head, and destroyed all the houses and provisions which they could find.

Williamson returned to his main body and advanced with them to Eighteen Mile Creek, where he encamped 2d August. As he advanced he sent out detachments to lay waste the Indian towns. This cruel, but perhaps necessary duty, was performed, and by the 15th the destruction of the lower towns was completed.

On the 13th of September, with an army of two thousand men, partly regulars and partly militia, Williamson marched into the country of the Cherokees; he again fell into an ambuscade. Ramsay says, in his *History of South Carolina*, vol. i. p. 281: "They (the army) entered a narrow valley, enclosed on each side by mountains. Twelve hundred Indians occupied these heights, and from them poured in a constant and well-directed fire. Detachments were ordered to file off and gain the eminences above the Indians, and turn their flanks. Others, whose guns were loaded, received orders from Lieut. Hampton (Henry Hampton) to advance, and after discharging, to fall down and load." Johnson, in his *Traditions of the the Revolution*, calls him Captain Hampton, and says, "his orders were to his company to fire in platoons, and then fall to the ground to reload, while the rest advanced in their smoke. He thus led them to the charge, advancing in the smoke, then firing, and reloading on their



backs. When he came near enough, he charged bayonet, and the enemy fled."

The army proceeded further without interruption, and on the 23d of September arrived in the valleys, and the sword and torch carried death and destruction to the poor, deceived Cherokees, and their habitations east of the Apalachian mountains. Williamson's army returned, and was disbanded by the 13th of October.

In this harassing, dangerous, and well-executed campaign, Major Gillam performed his part well and faithfully. Particular incidents attending it, cannot now be obtained.

A circumstance which occurred during the revolution, shows what Major Gillam dared to do. He was on some business at Turner's, better known as Long's Bridge, on Little River. He was sitting on the fence cleaning his nails with a small pen-knife; an athletic tory, well armed, rode near to him, using daring and insolent expressions; Gillam sprang like a tiger at him, seized him by the breast, dragged him off his horse, and took him prisoner.

His age and a large family kept him from that active duty which devolved on younger men, after the fall of Charleston, in May, 1780. He, however, met with the usual share of suffering and loss which fell to the whigs of that time. In Cunningham's bloody foray, October, 1781, his house and provisions were destroyed; he and his family, *generally*, had sought safety in a removal to Broad River. After the war, to wit, in 1785, he was appointed one of the justices of the county court for Newberry. In September, 1786, he entered upon the duties of Sheriff of the county. He served out faithfully his term of two years, and from that time to the close of his life, in 1795, he spent his days in the bosom of his family,



in a peaceful retirement. He died at his original settlement on Page's Creek,

He is described by his grand-son, General Gillam, as "tall and slim, erect in person, active and sprightly, having a clear head, discriminating mind, and remarkable for great goodness of heart and suavity of disposition;" but when aroused by injury, or impelled to act by duty, he was "violent, impetuous," and brave. Such was the father.

We turn now to the son, Robert Gillam, Jr. He was born in Granville county, North Carolina, 11th January, 1760. He removed with his father, being then a mere boy, to Page's Creek, Newberry district.

He was one of the expedition against the Cherokees in '76, under the command of his father; he was then a little more than sixteen. He was in the battles of Stono, 20th June, 1780; Musgrove's Mill, 18th August, 1780; Blacklock's, 20th November, 1780; and Cowpens, on the 17th January, 1781.

The battle of the Cowpens closed his active military services. He narrowly escaped, however, in October, 1781, the vengeance of Cunningham's bloody partisans.

After Green raised the siege of Ninety-Six, his father, with most of the family, had removed to Broad River, to escape the violence of the Tories. Mrs. Susan Finley, a widowed daughter of Major Gillam, occupied the place. Robert Gillam, Jr., had just finished hauling in the crop of corn, and had left for Broad River, when Cunningham's party reached the place, and applied the torch to the dwelling house, corn-crib, and out-houses generally. Mrs. Finley, knowing many of the party, begged one of them to save a bed for her, which he did, and put it in the smoke house, the only building left standing on the premises. The subject of this memoir, ignorant of that





which had taken place in his rear, was moving leisurely on his journey; when he arrived at Ben Collier's, on Mudlick, he, although a tory, *loved his neighbor*, hailed Gillam, told him of Cunningham's movements; of the murder of John Caldwell, and pointed to the smoking ruins of his house, and bade him to fly for his life. He obeyed the friendly warning, and before the morning sun arose upon him, he was in safety.

After the war he married Elizabeth Caldwell. (Her memoir is given in No. 16.) After it was written, at the great age of ninety-five or ninety-six, she was gathered to her fathers. They had two sons and four daughters; of them, the sons, William and General James Gillam, alone remain. Robert Gillam was for many years a magistrate of the district; this office he filled with dignity and intelligence. In all other respects, his life was one of "retired happiness." His wife, children, and friends, with home, sweet home, were his enjoyments. He died at his residence on Page's Creek, in Newberry. A recollection of his person, as seen from 1803 to 1813, shadows him forth as very much of the same size as his son, William, perhaps a little stouter and more grey than when I last saw him.

His son, General Gillam, says "he was a man of great suavity and good nature; honest and upright in all his dealings." This short, but good character, he richly merited. No man better deserved the name of an honest, good man. He was, I presume, a member of the Presbyterian church, Little River.

Thus have been presented two soldiers of the old time citizens of Newberry. Seldom does it happen that the father and son serve together in the glorious cause of liberty, and are transmitted on the same page to posterity. But so it has happened in the Gillam family, and to their



memories Newberry points as two of the stars on her crown of glory.

No. 21.

“Upward and onward, and who shall e'er pinion  
Our bold eagle's bright wing from the sun?  
Proudly unfurling o'er freedom's dominion,  
The star and stripe banner of thirty and one!

“Foes have assailed her, and seers of disaster  
Thundered of impotence, rapture and shame;  
Despots and *traitors* but speed her the faster,  
Upward and onward to glory and fame!”

The duty of to-day is to perform a promise to a much respected friend, who still lives, but whose once active limbs and tongue have been deprived of all their power. While we mourn this sad chastisement of the mighty and everlasting Ruler of the universe, it may be no unfitting tribute to him who was once a citizen of Newberry, to write of those from whom he derived his being.

Benjamin Eddins, the grand-father of Major William Eddins, to whom allusion has just been made, was a native of Virginia, and migrated to South Carolina, many years before the revolutionary war. He settled in Ninety-Six district, in the vicinity of the village of Ninety-Six. By prudent industry, he accumulated enough of this world's things to make himself and family comfortable.

The assemblage of the whigs and tories in opposite camps in '75—the treaty, or armistice, whereby it was agreed that the tories should be neutral—the subsequent seizure of Robert Cunningham and others of their chiefs, and sending them off to Charleston—the attempt to rescue the former by his worthy brother, Patrick, and his followers—their seizure of the powder, sent by the committee



of safety to the Cherokees—the attempt by Colonel Williamson to force them to give it up—the subsequent siege of him and his followers, at Ninety-Six, and the treaty which disbanded both parties—the advance of two thousand men into the interior, under the command of Colonel Richardson, in December, '75, called *the snow camps*—the final dispersion then, and for years afterwards, of the Tories—the repulse of the British fleet in June, '76, at Fort Moultrie—the invasion of the State and approach to Charleston by General Prevost, and the battle of Stono, in '79—were all of the war of the revolution which South Carolina had seen, until Sir Henry Clinton entered and captured Charleston, in May, 1780. Up to that time, Charleston and the State had reaped a rich harvest of wealth from the revolution. The port of Charleston was never blockaded, and hence trade flowed freely into it. Many of the merchants of Charleston realized fortunes. The interior, with the exception of a depreciated currency, and the high prices demanded for salt, iron, sugar, coffee, and tea, enjoyed abundance and ease.

When Charleston fell, well may it be said that South Carolina put on “the garment of heaviness.” Everywhere misery, lamentations, and woe were to follow. The State was regarded by the British officers as a conquered, rebellious province. They posted garrisons at Orangeburg, Ninety-Six, and Camden. These, with intermediate stations and temporary posts beyond, were supposed to be enough to hold the people in subjection. They were required to come into the different stations and take protection. Some of the leading men of the upper country, or backwoods, as it was called, did so; General Williamson and Colonel Mays were of that number. Many, such as Pickens, the Hammonds, Butlers, Williams, Glen, Casey, Dugan, Brauon, Waters, Lacy, Hill, Me-



Juukin, the Thomases refused; and among them was found Benjamin Eddins.

In what particular service he was engaged, is not known. He was captured in some partisan affair, and was confined at Ninety-Six, as a prisoner of war. While thus shut up, the tories plundered his house, forced his wife to deliver up all his money and every valuable article, inflicted upon her person a serious wound, the mark of which she bore to her grave, and finally fired the dwelling and out-houses. In a few moments all were in ruins, and his family turned out houseless and penniless on the world. These trying circumstances did not move the Spartan man of liberty. He bore all, and would have borne more, if required for his country.

Colonel Cruger, the commandant of the garrison, desiring his services, as a pilot for his foraging parties, visited him, and offered him his liberty, liberal wages, a commission in the British army, and indemnity for his property which had been plundered and destroyed. All were rejected with scorn. Threats of punishment were then resorted to. To these he replied: "I am your prisoner; you may inflict any cruelty your imagination can invent, you may hitch a horse to each of my limbs, and tear my body into four pieces, or *you can* (baring his bosom,) *cut out my heart and drain it of its last drop of blood; but, sir, my services belong to my country, and you can never command them!*"

This bold answer secured from Cruger a respect which perhaps nothing else could have obtained. He liberated him at once, without even a parole. He was soon after seen in the ranks of General Pickens' command, and served to the end of the war.

He was permitted to live long, and see his country mounting "upward and onward to glory and fame." He





was one of the early emigrants to Alabama, and there died full of years and honor.

William Eddins, the son of Benjamin, and the father of Major William Eddins, deserves, in this connection, a passing notice.

He was a boy in the revolution, but, at the early age of sixteen, he entered the ranks of the few scattered defenders of his country. Not long after his service began, he was taken prisoner and, with other prisoners, started under a guard for Ninety-Six. His horse was taken from him and assigned to one of the guard. On their way his guard, who had possession of his horse, dismounted to take "a wee drap" of a dram, and placed his musket against a tree—young Eddins was allowed to halt with him—he drank and repeated, until the rest of the guard, who, with the prisoners, among whom was Eddins' father, had preceded them some distance. Young Eddins observing that his keeper had become careless, seized his musket, mounted his own horse and escaped. He returned home to inform his mother of his escape. He had the prudence to hide his gun in a hollow log. After night, and after the family had retired to bed, the tories paid them a visit. William and his brother secreted themselves between the bed and the wall; but the prying rascals, who were engaged in the search, discovered the feet of the boys, and were in the act of dragging them out, when the mother said, "*do let the children alone.*" For a wonder, they desisted; and, after a short time, left the house. William, who was a most adventurous spirit, sprung up and declared he would have "*a shoot*" at them. His mother and brother used every dissuasive in their power, but in vain; he drew his gun from the log where it had been concealed, and as they passed around a swamp near the



house, fired upon them; with what effect, was never known. If they pursued him, he made an easy escape.

In 1781, he formed a part of the force raised by General Pickens to chastise the Cherokees, for an incursion made by them, and a number of disguised white men, into the district of Ninety-Six.

Dr. Ramsay, in his history, tells us that Pickens penetrated the Indian country, and in fourteen days burned thirteen towns, killed upwards of forty Indians, and captured many more. Not one of his party were killed, and only two wounded. He did not expend three pounds of ammunition, and yet only three Indians escaped after being seen. How such results could be obtained is at first a startling inquiry; but the solution is given by the Doctor, when he tells us that the troops, instead of firing, charged on horseback with drawn swords. The Indians never have been able to resist a charge of mounted men, or the bayonet.

It is told of William Eddins, that he was one of thirteen selected to burn an Indian town which had been reported as deserted. They advanced and crossed a river, which separated the Indian town from Pickens' command, and began the ascent of the hill on which it was situated. The wily Indians from their concealment poured a well-directed fire upon them. Two young men of the party who were in advance fell from their horses; the rest of the party retreated, and formed to resist the Indians until aid could come to them from Pickens. The horses of those who fell ran back to the river; the young men who had fallen were seen to rise to a sitting posture. Eddins proposed to attempt bringing them off. His captain, Maxwell, pointed out the danger of the attempt; the almost certain death which must attend it. Being, however, much pressed by Eddins, he consented.



Eddins caught the horses, led them to the wounded men, helped them to mount, and brought them safely off. These, I presume, were the two men mentioned by Ramsay as wounded.

William Eddins remained with Pickens till the close of the war. He then entered upon life without money, or means of any kind. His first crop of tobacco he made without a horse; but persevering industry overcame all difficulties, and during his residence in Abbeville, Pendleton, and Edgefield, he realized a handsome fortune.

He early became the subject of converting grace; and was received into the communion of the Baptist church. He soon felt it to be his duty to preach the gospel of "peace and good will towards men," to the people around him. He had been the soldier of his country—he was now the soldier of Immanuel—he had fought for civil and religious liberty—he was now to fight for that glorious liberty in Christ which makes a man *free* indeed. He was, until 1816, or 1817, an acceptable minister in South Carolina; about that time he removed to Tennessee, twenty-five miles north of Huntsville, Alabama, where he continued to exercise his holy calling, doing good on the right hand and on the left, and at the same time caring for his own household. He died on the 29th July, 1837, leaving a widow, a daughter and three sons.

His character may be drawn in a few words. He was faithful, true and good—he lived long, but he lived not in vain—he was an useful man, a christian patriot, and an untiring servant of the Highest. He has gone to his rest, and has heard long since the welcome of his master, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



## No. 25.

## MEMOIRS OF COL. JAMES WILLIAMS.

"Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought  
 The better fight who single has maintained—  
 Against revolted multitudes, the cause  
 Of truth, in word, mightier than they in arms ;  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care—  
 To stand approved in the sight of God, tho' worlds  
 Judged thee perverse ; the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
 Than scorned thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse."

[*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Col. Williams was a native, it is believed, of North Carolina, probably of Granville county, from which place he migrated to South Carolina, in '73. He settled on Little River, Laurens district. His original settlement, (Mount Pleasant,) is in the possession of Drayton Nance, Esq., of Newberry, who married one of his grand-daughters. He engaged in the mercantile business, as well as that of farming. The former he followed until the war of Independence compelled him to abandon it.

He early took part in the opposition to the measures of the British Government.\* With Major John Caldwell, John Colcock, Rowland Rugely, Jonathan Downs, John Satterwhite, John Williams, John McNees, Charles King, and George Ross, he was elected from the district between Broad and Saluda Rivers, a member of the

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\*1st Moul. Mem. 17.





Provincial Congress, which assembled at Charleston, 11th January, 1775, and which, by the first article of the Constitution of '76, was declared to be the General Assembly.\* He was appointed one of the committee for the execution of the American Association for the district between Broad and Saluda Rivers.† In this section of the country, many persons from the beginning did not concur in the measures of resistance to the mother country. Two of the gentlemen named on the committee, Col. Thos. Fletchall and Gen. Robert Cunningham, were afterwards distinguished as leaders of the party called tories. In the years '75, '76, and '77, the parties became more distinctly marked; but, with the exception of the capture of the powder, the affair of '96, and the Snow Camps, the interior of the State had seen very little of the war. The Declaration of Independence, and the treaty of amity with the French, gave great discontent to many who, in the beginning, had taken a deep interest in the opposition. In consequence of this, *it is said*, Major John Caldwell, who was then a captain in the regiment of rangers, resigned his commission, retired to his farm, and united with those who were for conciliation with the mother country. At the election of '78, under the constitution of that year, Col. Williams was a candidate for the Senate, from the Little River district.‡ He was defeated by Robert Cunningham, and the entire delegation of four members to the House of Representatives, was elected from the moderate party, or those who were in favor of conciliation. They were John Caldwell, Jacob Bowman, Jonathan Downs, and Henry O'Neill. All efforts at reconciliation were, however, soon abandoned, and the parties of whig and tory as-

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\* 1st Stat. at Large, 130. † 1st Moul. Mem. 45.  
‡ 1st Stat. at Large, 139.



sumed irreconcilable grounds. The Senator, Robert Cunningham, and two of the Representatives, Jacob Bowman, and Henry O'Neail, were decided tories; the other two Representatives, John Caldwell, and Jonathan Downs, were equally decided whigs.

In the course of this election, or on some other occasion, when the people were called together, Williams was about addressing the people; before he began, he noticed that Robert Cunningham was standing at his elbow. He said to him, "you stand too near me." Cunningham coolly replied, without changing his position, "I stand very well where I am." A blow from Williams followed the reply; a fight ensued, in which Mrs. Williams, with a true woman's devotedness, took part with her husband, by seizing Cunningham by *his cue*. She was gently disengaged by a gentleman present, and the rencontre terminated in Cunningham's favor.

Col. Williams was appointed by the Governor and Council, or elected by the people, colonel of the militia, and commanded on various occasions. From Gen. Williamson's order of the 19th of April, 1778, it appears that Col. Williams was then in command, and was called on to prepare men and means to carry aid to the Georgians, and also to protect this State. He went into actual service, as a colonel of the militia, in February, or April, 1779. (1st Moul. Mem., 309, 371.) A letter written to his wife, 3d June, '79, and another to his son, on the 12th of the same month, show that he had then been in service for some time. In his letter of the 3d to his wife, he speaks of "the probability of an action the other day." This refers to the attempt to bring on a general action near Stono, 1st June, 1779.\* He com-

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\*1st Moul. Mem. 468.



manded a detachment of militia, (probably a regiment,) in the battle of Stono, 20th June, 1779. It is believed he bore a part in the unfortunate siege of Savannah, for he was still in service on the 3d of September, '79, as appears by a letter of that date to his wife.

After the fall of Charleston, (12th of May, 1780,) it is supposed Col. Williams took refuge in North Carolina. On the 5th of July, 1780, he wrote to his wife from Sumter's Camp, "Catawba Old Nation." In that letter he tells her, he left his brothers, in North Carolina, on the 27th of June, with his family, (who were, perhaps, his sons Daniel and Joseph, for they, it appears, accompanied him, and are spoken of in this same letter.) In this interesting letter, written obviously to encourage the friends of liberty in the neighborhood of his wife, as well as herself, he states the total of the American army then approaching Camden, under Gen. DeKalb, at seven thousand seven hundred men. He thus states the forces:—"Major General DeKalb, Generals Wayne and Smallwood, with the Maryland, New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, to the amount of three thousand regulars—two thousand five hundred of Virginia militia, marched from Hillsborough, being in order to join General Caswell, with about two thousand regular light horse—on the whole, seven thousand seven hundred, that is now in motion, and will be at Camden in the course of six or seven days."

Here the sanguine patriot and hero was disappointed, for on the 25th of July, Gen. Gates found the army encamped on Deep River.\* If Col. Williams be correct, the general gathering of the militia proceeded the arrival of Gates; whereas, most of the historians ascribe it to his great name and fate.

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\* 1st Otis' Botta, 296.



In this letter Col. Williams next proceeds to say, that "there is five thousand five hundred Virginia militia marching, that will be here shortly, (and two thousand North Carolina militia, under Gen. Rutherford, that is to march to Ninety-Six,) with some South Carolina militia, commanded by Col. Sumter, to the amount of five hundred, now in camp at this place, and in expectation of crossing the river to-day, with five hundred Mecklenburg militia. Over and above all this, there is four thousand North Carolina militia more to march, as soon as the harvest is over. On the whole, I expect to have day-about shortly, with the Tories, when they must give an account of their late conduct. I can assure you, my dear, there is a French fleet and army on our coast. On the whole, I think the state of things is very flattering at present."

He then narrates some of the events of the revolution, which had just taken place. "I expect (says he) you have heard of Moore's defeat in the Forks of the Yadkin, by a detached party from Gen. Rutherford, under Capt. Falls, not exceeding three hundred and fifty, that defeated one thousand three hundred Tories, and took their baggage, with about five hundred horses and saddles and guns, and counted eighty-five on the field, *that they got dead!*"\* Since that, General Caswell has given the English a defeat at the Cheroys, (Cheraw,) and cut off the seventy-first regiment entirely."

As to this last item of intelligence, there must be some mistake; for, although it appears that at this time the seventy-first regiment was stationed at Cheraw, where they were joined by eight hundred loyalists, under the command of Col. Bryan,† yet we have in none

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\* 2d Magnolia, (1843) p. 34. † 12th Ramsay's Univ. Hist., 344.





of our histories any account of such a decisive action as that mentioned by Col. Williams; and at the battle of the Cowpens, in January, 1781, the first battalion of the Seventy-First Regiment surrendered.\*

In this letter Col. Williams further says: "I can assure you and my friends, that the English have never been able to make a stand in North Carolina yet; and they have slipped their time *now*, for they are retreating to Charleston with all rapidity." This is high and well-deserved praise; for North Carolina, although afterwards traversed by Cornwallis, yet never was so far subjugated or reduced to the same straits and sufferings as her sister, South Carolina.

For some reason Col. Williams did not participate with Sumter in the affair of Huck's defeat, nor in the battle of Hanging Rock. It is probable his anxiety for his family, and the state of affairs in Ninety-Six, turned his attention to that quarter, and that he was engaged in visiting his own fireside, and gathering recruits. In the *Magnolia* of 1840, 2d vol. p. 36, Major McJunkin states, that after the battle of Hanging Rock, on the march towards Charlotte, Col. Williams joined Sumter. It is probable that his force was not sufficiently strong to cope with Col. Innis, and hence that he sought his associate, Col. Sumter, and obtained from him the aid which enabled him to turn back. He crossed Broad River at Smith's Ford, on the evening of the 16th of August, and pressed his march with the accustomed celerity of mounted militia men of that time. On the 17th, they heard the disheartening intelligence of Gates's defeat at Gum Swamp, near Camden, and Sumter's at Fishing Creek. Still Col. Williams and his brave associates were not disposed to falter. Col. Innis and his

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\* 12th Ann. Univ. Hist., 418.



troops lay between many of them and their homes. At the dawn of day, on the 18th of August, 1780, they were in the vicinage of Innis' camp. Of this affair, Gen. Moultrie, in his *Memoirs*, 2d vol. 220, thus speaks: "On the 18th of February, 1780, he (Col. Williams,) attacked a large party of British and Tories at Musgrove's Mills, on Enoree River, under the command of Col. Innis, of the South Carolina Royalists, whom he defeated, and wounded Col. Innis." This action, thus summarily disposed of by Moultrie, is dispatched by Dr. Ramsay, in his *History of South Carolina*, (1st Ram. So. Ca. 354,) in almost the same words, adding, however, that "the whole of his (Col. Innis') party was obliged to retire."

This action deserves a fuller account. Williams had about one hundred and fifty, Innis three hundred men. Musgrove's Mills, called in Mills' Atlas, Gordon's Mills, is in the north east corner of Laurens district, on Enoree River. The British forces occupied that position, south of the river, and in full command of a rocky, bad ford. Williams' command was on the north side of the river. His main body he drew up on a creek, which runs into Enoree, just below the Spartanburg district line. This position was a mile or two from Musgrove's mill. It was both protected and concealed by a wood. His little army was drawn up in a semi-circle, and constituted a very pretty ambuscade. His arrangements were perfectly simple, and in partisan style. With a few picked men, he was to approach the river, show himself to the enemy, fire upon them, induce them to cross and pursue while he held them in check, firing as he fell back to the centre of his ambuscade, and thus bring them entirely within his power. The scheme was fully and beautifully executed. Col. Innis eagerly pursued Williams'



flying sharp shooters, and as he advanced, the extremities of Williams' semi-circle closed behind him. He was surrounded, wounded and most of his militia command were taken prisoners. Innis, with his regular troops, escaped. Col. Clary, who commanded a detachment of loyalist militia in the action, often related his own escape. His horse, he said, was seized at the same moment by the opposite cheeks of his bridle bit, by two of Williams' soldiers. He took advantage of the confusion of the *mêlée* with great presence of mind. He said to his captors, "Damn you, don't you know your own officers?" He was instantly released, and fled at full speed.

After the battle at Musgrove's Mill, part of Williams' command took post at the Cedar Spring, Spartanburg district. With the residue of his prisoners he fell back (after visiting his family,) to Hillsborough, North Carolina. On the 8th of September, 1780, General Nash issued an order from Hillsborough to him, authorizing him to raise an hundred horsemen, and with them to proceed to such parts as he might judge proper. With the troops raised under this order he returned to South Carolina, and was joined by many South Carolinians. For the old song, called the Battle of King's Mountains, says:

"Old Williams from Hillsborough came;  
To him the South Carolinians flocked again."

With this force he kept his eye constantly fixed on Colonel Ferguson's movements; for this partisan officer, recruiting and drilling the loyalists, had approached to the foot of the mountain. The hardy mountaineers of North Carolina and Virginia were in arms to prevent his crossing. Williams penetrated between him and the British posts in South Carolina, and was continually



hovering around his camp. The mountaineers were collected under Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby and Sevier. According to my recollection of the contents of a letter from Colonel Williams to them, published some years ago, he stated that he had traced Ferguson to King's Mountain, and to prevent his escape to the country below, and junction with Cornwallis, he invited them to unite with him in pursuing and attacking him. They acceded to his request, and according to my recollection, appointed the Island Ford, on Broad River, as the place of rendezvous. Thence they marched to the Cowpens. But in the old song, called the Battle of King's Mountain, I see it is stated that the meeting of Williams with the other independent colonels was at the Cowpens. There they organized for the pursuit and battle by leaving all their inefficient men, and pursuing with nine hundred and ten men and their fleetest horses. They passed near the Limestone Springs, and crossed Broad River at the Cherokee Ford, and at the dawn of day, on the 7th of October, 1780, they were near Ferguson's encampment, on King's Mountain. The tradition is, that Col. Williams had, *at that time*, a brigadier general's commission from Governor Rutledge. This would have given him the command, as the officer highest in rank. If the fact were so, he nobly concealed it, and took his station as commandant of his own men, among the independent colonels who fought in that action. His command constituted one of the attacking columns by which Ferguson was successively and constantly assailed. When last seen, before he received his death wound, he was ascending the mountain. His charger had been shot through the mouth, and at every step was covering his rider with blood and foam. When Colonel Williams was shot, he had turned to his command, and was cheer-





ing them onward. The ball, fired from the mountain heights above him, took effect just between his shoulders, and ranged downward through his body. He fell within a few feet of Colonel Ferguson. Colonel Williams was borne from the battle field, lived throughout the succeeding night and died the next morning. He lies a mile or two from the field of his own and his companions' glory, without a stone to mark the spot where rests the body of "Old King's Mountain Jim," as he is familiarly spoken of to this day.

In the Orion of October, 1843, page 87, in the memoir of Major Thomas Young, is found an account of the circumstances attending Colonel Williams' death. In the main, they correspond with the traditionary account from which the preceding is compiled. Some additional circumstances may be gleaned from it, and therefore it is here given. Major Young says: "On the top of the mountain, in the thickest of the fight, I saw Colonel Williams fall; and a braver or a better man never died upon the field of battle. I had seen him but once before that day—it was in the beginning of the action—as he charged by me at full speed around the mountain. Towards the summit a ball struck his horse just below the jaw, when he commenced stamping as if he were in a nest of yellow jackets. Colonel Williams threw the reins over the animal's neck, sprang to the ground, and dashed onward. "They carried him," says the Major, "into a tent, sprinkled some water in his face, he revived, and his first words were, 'For God's sake, boys, don't give up the hill.'"

A letter from his sons, Daniel and Joseph, (who were present and in the action,) written to their mother from Colonel Walker's, in North Carolina, dated 13th October, 1780, simply states that their father was wounded in the



battle of King's Mountain, on the 7th instant, and died on the 8th, and was buried with the honors of war on the 9th.

An aged gentleman, who well knew Colonel Williams, but who was himself too young to take any part in the revolution, has furnished many of the particular facts contained in this memoir. He reported parts of the old song which is called the Battle of King's Mountain, which, as a revolutionary relic, imperfect though it may be, is yet worthy of preservation :

“ Old Williams from Hillsborough came ;  
 To him the South Carolinians flocked again.  
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 We marched to the Cowpens ; Campbell was there,  
 Shelby, Cleveland, and Colonel Sevier ;  
 Men of renown, sir, like lions so bold,  
 Like lions undaunted, ne'er to be controlled.  
 We set out on our march that very same night ;  
 Sometimes we were wrong, sometimes we were right ;  
 Our hearts being run in true liberty's mould,  
 We valued not hunger, wet, weary nor cold.  
 On the top of King's Mountain the old rogue we found,  
 And like brave heroes, his camp did surround ;  
 Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise,  
 Our rifles struck the poor tories with sudden surprise.  
 Old Williams and twenty-five more,  
 When the battle was over, lay rolled in their gore ;  
 With sorrow their bodies were interred in the clay,  
 Hoping to Heaven their souls took their way.  
 This being ended, we shouted again,  
 Our voices was heard seven miles on the plain ;  
 Liberty shall stand—the tories shall fall :  
 Here is the end of my song, so God bless you all ! ”

Those who have seen the late Col. James Williams, a son of him who fell at King's Mountain, will have a better notion of the personal appearance of the revolutionary chief, than words can give. But to those who



never saw the son, we must endeavor to convey some notion of the father. He was about five feet nine inches high, corpulent—of very dark complexion; his hair and eyes were black—his nose was uncommonly large, turned up and round at the end—his nostrils, when distended by passion or excitement, were so large as to give rise to the coarse jest, uttered by one of his militia men, as an excuse for his tardiness at a muster, “the boys (he said) had been out hunting, and had treed an opossum in the Colonel’s nose, and hence, he was not in attendance.”

He left, at his death, five sons and three daughters—Daniel, Joseph, John, James, Washington, Elizabeth, Mary and Sarah. Of the sons, James and Washington only lived to be the fathers of families. The daughters married Major John Griffin, James Atwood Williams and James Tinsley.

Col. Williams is represented to have been a rough, rash man, but at the same time, of remarkably good disposition. He was free in his intercourse with all. An example or two may give some notion of him in these respects.

At one time, with an old and favorite negro, he was engaged after night in clearing up his store-house. He was holding a torch; in one corner was a large pile of unbroken flax. As the negro was removing some stands, a large rat sprung by the Colonel; and as it plunged into the flax, he applied his torch to it, exclaiming, “I’ll swinge you.” In an instant the house was in a blaze, and in spite of all efforts, was burned up. The Colonel patiently submitted to the rebuke of the negro, who cursed him: “for all the d——d fools” he could think of.

At the battle of Musgrove Mills, he took, as a prisoner, a very diminutive man of the name of Saul Hinson, who had been under the Colonel’s command at the battle



of Stono. Riding along the ranks after the battle, and examining the prisoners, he discovered Hinson, and very pleasantly said to him, "Ah, my little Sauly, have we caught you?" "Yes," replied the little man, "and no d——d great catch either!" Saul's repartee only caused a laugh, and neither that nor his false position subjected him to any thing beyond the restraint of a prisoner.

All who knew him, concurred in ascribing to him great personal bravery, and from a review of his conduct at Musgrove's Mills, and in the events preceding the defeat of Ferguson, he is entitled to have it said, that he exhibited great partisan skill. Of him, Gen. Moultrie says, in his memoir, he was a brave and active officer, and warm in the American cause. He raised a large body of men, and frequently attacked the British parties.\* Ramsay says, in his History of South Carolina, "Col. Williams, of the district of Ninety-Six, in particular, was indefatigable in collecting and animating the friends of Congress in that settlement. With these, he frequently harassed the conquerors. When he fell, at King's Mountain, the same accomplished historian, speaking of the result of the battle says: "The Americans lost comparatively few, but in that number was that distinguished officer, Col. Williams."†

His letters to his wife and son showed that he had a deep and sincere piety. In his letter to his wife of the 30th of September, 1779, he gives utterance to this feeling. He says, "Let us, with humble confidence, rely on *Him*, that is able to protect and defend us in all dangers, and through every difficulty; but, my dear, let us, with one heart, call on God for his mercy, and that his goodness may be continued to us, that we, under his

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\* 2 Moul. Mem. 270.

† 1 Ram. So. Ca., 351.





blessing, may have hopings of enjoying each other once more."

In his letter of the 5th of July, 1780, speaking of his anxiety touching his wife and children, and his uncertainty as to their situation, he says: "But I trust in God, that his guardian care has been around you for your protection. I have earnestly requested the favor of Heaven on you, which I hope has been the case."

In a rather apocryphal account of a visit to Col. Williams, during the revolution, by a missionary, the Rev. S. B. Balch, one fact is stated, about which I have no doubt, and that is, that the Colonel and his family accompanied him to the place of worship on Sunday, and that "the Colonel led the music with as much ease as he would have commanded his regiment in the day of battle."

Col. Williams was a Presbyterian, and like all of that faith, his religion placed him on the side of freedom. He, and they, thought with John Knox, "that if they suffered the twins, *liberty and religion*, either to be infringed or taken from them, they had nothing left them whereby they might be called men." In the bloodiest trials, and darkest hours of the revolution, his faith upheld him, and enabled him to say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life—of whom shall I be afraid?"

The preceding memoir of Col. James Williams was most carefully prepared from his letters, from the recollections of him by my father, who, when a boy, lived in his immediate vicinity, and knew him well, and from the histories of the country: Ramsay's South Carolina, Moultrie's Revolution in the Carolinas. Since its last publication, I have seen an account of the battle of Mus-



grove's Mill, which ascribes the command to Col. Shelby, and gives a different account of the action. As my object is truth, I append that account, together with a most admirable description of the battle of King's Mountain, from Ramsay's History of Tennessee.

[The following scraps of revolutionary history were found by Colonel Hardin, of Illinois, among the papers of his father, the late General Hardin. They were derived from conversations with Colonel Shelby, a prominent actor in the scenes which are related, who subsequently removed to Kentucky, and was there twice elected Governor. The papers were communicated to the American Review, by Colonel Hardin.]

#### BATTLE OF MUSGROVE'S MILL.

In August, 1780, General John McDowell, of North Carolina, commanded about two thousand militia, who were stationed at Smith's ford, on Broad River, which was about fifteen miles below the Cherokee ford. Colonel Isaac Shelby, of North Carolina, commanded a regiment under General McDowell. The term of service for which the men had enlisted was just about expiring. It was ascertained that there were about seven hundred Tories camped at Musgrove's Mill, on the Enoree river, a few miles distant from the camp of Major Ferguson. Colonel Shelby conceived the plan of breaking up this camp and routing the Tories. For this purpose, having obtained leave from General McDowell, he raised about seven hundred volunteers from the army, without regard to rank; very many field officers having volunteered, Col. Clark, of North Carolina, was made second in command.

To effect their design, it was necessary that the affair should be conducted with both secrecy and despatch. Accordingly, Shelby's force left General McDowell's



camp on the 18th of August, a short time before dark. They traveled on through the woods until dark, and then fell into the road and proceeded on all night, passing within three or four miles of Ferguson's camp, and going beyond it to the tory camp at Musgrove's Mill. This post was forty miles from McDowell's camp.

Soon after daylight, when Shelby had arrived within half a mile of the camp, a citizen was taken prisoner, from whom he learned that the night previous the Queen's American regiment, commanded by Colonel Emines, from New York, had reached the post at the mill, and that the enemy were then from twelve to thirteen hundred strong; just as this information was received, the enemy's patrol fell in with the advanced corps of Shelby's force. The patrol was immediately fired on, and driven in with the loss of seven men. This gave the enemy the alarm. Although the tory force was so much larger than had been expected, neither Shelby nor his men thought of anything but meeting them. Ground was selected for an engagement, stretching at right angles across the road, about half a mile from the Enoree river. The army was formed, Shelby taking command of the right wing, and Colonel Clarke of the left. Colonel Williams, of South Carolina, was stationed in the road in the centre, though without a separate command.

Whilst the tory force was forming, Shelby and his men were not idle. Immediately after taking their places in line, and securing their horses, they commenced making breast-works of logs. In half an hour, they had one breast high. So soon as this was completed, Shelby sent Capt. Inman, with a company of mounted men in advance, to make a false attack on the enemy. This feint was well executed. Inman and his men charged on the enemy, fired their pieces, and then,



as directed, fled in apparent confusion. The enemy's centre, on whom the false attack had been made, seeing the flight of this force, immediately pressed forward in pursuit, in considerable disorder, shouting, "Huzza for King George." On approaching the breast-work, they were unexpectedly met with a deadly fire. The superiority of the enemy in numbers emboldened them to press forward their attack, notwithstanding the advantage which our troops possessed by the breast-work. After an hour's hard fighting, the left wing of the enemy, composed of the Queen's regiment, drove our right wing, under Shelby, from their breast-work. Our left wing, which was opposed by the tories, maintained its position. The battle was maintained some time longer, the right wing gradually giving way, whilst the left flank retained its connection with the centre at the breast-work. At this juncture, Col. Clarke sent his reserve, consisting of forty men, to Shelby's aid. Shelby thereupon rallied his men, and ordered a charge, which was well seconded by officers and men, and the enemy were broken, and fled in confusion. The rout now became complete along the whole line, and the enemy were pursued to the Enoree River, with great slaughter. Above two hundred of the enemy were killed, and two hundred prisoners were taken. On our side, Capt. Inman, who had conducted himself most gallantly, and thirty men, were killed.

The broken forces of the enemy having crossed the Enoree, it became necessary to follow up the pursuit on horseback. Shelby called back his forces, and mounted with the intention of pursuing the scattered tories, and then turning against Fort Ninety-Six. While consulting with Col. Clarke, a messenger arrived from General McDowell, bringing a letter from Gov. Caswell to





McDowell, informing him of Gates' disastrous defeat at Camden, on the 16th of August, and advising all officers commanding detachments to retreat, or they would be cut off.

Col. Shelby, perceiving the hazardous position in which he was placed by this unexpected calamity, with Cornwallis in front, and Ferguson on his flank, immediately ordered a retreat. Taking his prisoners with him, he traveled all that day and the ensuing night, without rest, and continued their march the day succeeding, until an hour by sun, when they halted and fed their horses. Although they had thus been marching and fighting incessantly for forty-eight hours, the indomitable energy of their commander permitted his troops no rest, when there was danger of losing all by delay. Haling, therefore, no longer than was required to feed their horses, the line of march was resumed. It was well it was so; for the news of the defeat of the Tories at Musgrove's mill had reached Ferguson, who had despatched a strong detachment to intercept Shelby, and release his prisoners. By making a hard forced march, this detachment reached the spot where Shelby and his men had fed their horses, within thirty minutes after they had left it. But not knowing precisely how long Shelby had been gone, and the detachment being entirely exhausted, the pursuit was relinquished, and Shelby reached the mountains in safety with his prisoners.

The time of service of the men having expired, and there being no opportunity of doing any immediate active duty by a partisan corps, when they reached the road which led to Col. Shelby's residence, he and the men from his neighborhood returned home; the prisoners being left in charge of Col. Clarke. After going some distance, Col. Clarke in like manner returned



home, giving the prisoners in charge of Col. Williams, who conducted them to Hillsborough. At this place, Col. Williams met with Gov. Rutledge, who, finding him in charge of the prisoners, supposed he had commanded the expedition in which they were taken, and as a reward for the gallant achievement, gave him a brigadier general's commission. Without detracting from the merits of Col. Williams, who was a gallant officer, is it right to say, that this is an example too frequent in military history, where the rewards of a bold achievement fall on the wrong shoulders?

Col. Shelby described the battle at Musgrove's Mill as the hardest and best fought action he ever was in. He attributed this to the great number of officers who were with him as volunteers. Considering the nature of the march, and the disparity of numbers, the action at Musgrove's Mill must be considered as one of the most brilliant affairs fought by any partisan corps during the revolution.



#### BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN—SEQUEL TO NO. 25.

Gilbert Town is distinguished as the extreme point of British invasion in the direction of the home of the mountain men. To that place Ferguson, in the execution of his vain threat to invade and burn up their village, had advanced, and there erected His Majesty's standard, with the double purpose of securing the cooperation of the loyalists and of preventing the raising and concentration of the whigs.

At that place he received intelligence of the avalanche of indignant patriotism accumulating along the mountains, and ready to precipitate itself upon and overwhelm



his army. From that place, enterprising as he was, he found it necessary to fall back, and seek safety by a junction with the main army of Cornwallis, at Charlotte. Every movement of Ferguson, from the time he left his camp at Gilbert Town, indicated his apprehension of impending danger. He commanded the loyalist militia. He importuned them, he held out the language of promise or threatening, to stimulate their allegiance and their courage. He called in vain. A cloud was gathering upon the mountain, and his loyal militia knew that it portended a storm and a disastrous overthrow. Ferguson changed his language, and appealed to them in the words of bitter reproach and contemptuous ridicule. On his retreat he issued a circular letter to the tory leaders, informing them of an "inundation of barbarians"—calls the patriotic riflemen "the dregs of mankind," and importunes his loyalists thus: "If you wish to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run into camp. The backwoods men have crossed the mountains, McDowell, Hampton, Shelby and Cleveland are at their head—so that you know what you will have to depend upon. If you choose to be degraded for ever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once, and let your women turn their backs upon you and look out for real men to protect them."

Ferguson, after breaking up his camp at Gilbert Town, despatched Abram Collins and Peter Quinn, to Lord Cornwallis, informing him of his critical situation, and begging a reinforcement. After despatching his letter, Ferguson marched, on the 4th, over main Broad River to the Cowpens. On the 5th he continued his march to Tate's, since Dear's Ferry, where he again crossed and encamped about a mile above. On the 6th, he marched about fourteen miles and formed his camp on



an eminence, where he waited for the expected reinforcements, of the loyalists in the neighborhood, and of regulars from the royal army. The loyalty of the former quailed at the approach of the riflemen, and in this hour of need, their assistance was withheld; they remained out of Ferguson's camp.

On Wednesday, the fourth of October, the riflemen advanced to Gilbert Town. But Ferguson had decamped, having permitted many of the loyalists to visit their families, under engagement to join him on the shortest notice. In the meantime he took a circuitous march through the neighborhoods in which the tories principally resided, to gain time and avoid the riflemen until his forces could be collected and join him. This retrograde movement betrayed his apprehensions, and pointed out the necessity of a vigorous effort to overtake him. Having gained a knowledge of his designs, the principal officers determined, in council, to pursue him with all possible despatch. Accordingly, two nights before the action, the officers were engaged all night in selecting the best men, the best horses, and the best rifles, and at the dawn of day took Ferguson's trail, and pursued him with nine hundred and ten\* expert marksmen, while those on foot, and with weak horses, were ordered to follow on more leisurely.

On the pursuit, the Americans passed near where several large parties of tories were collecting. At the Cowpens sixty men under Col. Hambright and Major Chronicle, of Tryon county, and Col. Williams, with the South Carolina troops, joined them. Here they were informed that a body of six hundred tories were

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\*I quote from the Shelby papers in my possession, and from which many of the details of this expedition have been derived. Haywood has extracted from them also.





assembled at Maj. Gibbs', four miles to their right, and would join Ferguson the next day. These they did not take time to molest. The riflemen from the mountains had turned out to catch Ferguson. He was their object; and for the last thirty-six hours of the pursuit, they never alighted from their horses but once to refresh for an hour at the Cowpens, although the day of the battle was so extremely wet that the men could not keep their guns dry, by wrapping their sacks, blankets and hunting shirts around the locks, thus exposing their bodies in a heavy and incessant rain. The trail every hour became more fresh, and the Americans hurried on eagerly after the prey, which they determined should not escape their grasp. The advance met some unarmed men, who were fresh from Ferguson's camp, a short halt was made, and these men were closely examined. From them it was ascertained that the enemy was encamped three miles before them, and were to march next morning to Lord Cornwallis's head quarters; his position was accurately described, and the route to the camp minutely given. Col. Williams and some of his men were well acquainted with the shape of the ground and the approaches to it.

It was now after twelve o'clock; the rain had ceased, the clouds were passing off, the sun shone brightly, and nature seemed to smile upon the enterprise on hand. It was determined to march at once upon the camp, and decide the conflict without rest or refreshment. Each man was ordered to "tie up his overcoat and blanket, throw the priming out of his pan, pick his touch-hole, prime anew, examine his bullets, and see that everything was in readiness for battle." While this was being done, the officers agreed upon the general plan of attack, which was to surround the eminence and make a simultaneous assault upon every part of the camp.



The men were soon in their saddles and upon their march. When within a mile of the battle ground an express from Ferguson was arrested, on whom was found a despatch to Lord Cornwallis, urging him to send immediately reinforcements, and stating the number under his command, and that he was securely encamped upon a hill, which, in honor of his Majesty, he had named King's Mountain, and that if all the rebels out of h—ll should attack him they should not drive him from it. The contents of the despatch were, with the exception of the number of the enemy, communicated to the riflemen, the march was resumed, their pace quickened, and they rode in a gallop within view of the camp of Ferguson.

A closer examination of the ground and the position of the enemy, demonstrated the feasibility of the plan of attack already concerted by the officers. More minute arrangements were immediately made and carried into execution. It was decided that the troops commanded by Winstone, McDowell, Sevier, Shelby and Campbell, being something more than half of the whole number of the assailants, after tying their horses, should file to the right and pass the mountains nearly out of reach of the enemy's guns, and continue around it till they should meet the rest of the troops encircling the mountains on the other side and led by Hambright and Chronicle, and followed by Cleveland and Williams; after which each command was to face to the front, raise the Indian war whoop, and advance upon the enemy. Accordingly, the troops moved forward, and passing up a ravine between two rocky knolls, came in full view of the enemy's camp above them, and about one hundred poles in front. Here they dismounted, and having tied their horses, left a small guard with them. The right wing or column



was led by Winston and Sevier, the left by Cleveland and Williams; the centre was composed by Campbell's men on the right, and Shelby's on the left. In the order each officer having formed his ranks, led off at the same time to the position assigned him under pilot's selected from Col. Williams' men who were familiar with the ground.

On his march around the mountain the right column discovered that there were two gaps in the right at the enemy's left flank—one about twenty poles from it, the other fifty. It was decided to pass through the latter. About the time they entered it the enemy began to fire on them. The fire at first did not attract attention, until some of Shelby's men being wounded, that officer and McDowell determined to return the fire, and before they had crossed the ridge broke off towards the enemy through the gap nearest to his camp, and discharged their rifles with great effect. The rest of the column under Campbell ascended the mountain, and poured in a deadly fire upon the enemy posted upon its summit. The firing became so heavy as to attract the attention of Ferguson, who immediately brought up a part of the regulars from the other end of the line, and a brisk charge was made upon the American right by the British regulars and of the Tories.

This charge pushed McDowell, Shelby and Campbell down the mountain. At this moment the column under Hambright, Chronicle, Cleveland and Williams had driven in the enemy's picquet at the other extremity of the encampment, and advancing up the mountain, poured in a well-directed fire upon the enemy, protected here by their wagons and some slight defences, and commanded by Ferguson himself. Dupeister, his second in command, was immediately recalled, ordered into line



on the ridge, and directed to make a charge with all the regulars upon the Americans at the end of the encampment. On his passage to the relief of Ferguson, Dupeister received a galling fire from the South Carolinians under Williams. The regulars soon rallied, made a desperate charge, and drove the riflemen to the hill. Here Major Chronicle fell.

In the meantime, the recall of Dupeister from the charge at the other extremity of the mountain gave the appearance there of a retreat on the part of the enemy, and the men under Shelby, McDowell and Campbell, having been disorganised, produced by the first charge, rallied to the pursuit. The cry was raised, "Huzza, boys, they are retreating! Come on." They advanced with great firmness up to the hill, almost to the lines of the encampment, and for some time maintained a deadly conflict with the riflemen. Ferguson, as before, decided to resort again to the bayonet. But the marksmen had so thinned the regulars the expedient was adopted of trimming the handles of the butcher knives, and adapting them in the muzzles of the tory rifles, and thus using them in the charge. With the number of his bayonets thus enlarged, Dupeister returned to his first position, and made another charge. It was short and feebly executed, and the regulars returned within their lines.

About this time the front of the two American columns had met, and the army of Ferguson was surrounded by the riflemen. Their firing became incessant and general in all quarters, but especially at the two ends of the enemy's line. Sevier pressed against the centre, and was charged upon by the regulars. The conflict here became stubborn, and drew to it much of the enemy's force. This enabled Shelby and Campbell to reach and hold the crest of the mountain.





On all sides, now, the fire was brisk and deadly, and the charges with the bayonet, though less vigorous, were frequent. In all cases where the enemy charged the Americans on one side of the hill, those on the other thought he was retreating, and advanced near the summit. But in all these movements the left of Ferguson's line was gradually receding, and the Americans were plying their rifles with terrible effect. Ferguson was still in the heat of the battle. With characteristic coolness and daring he ordered Captain Dupeister to reinforce a position about one hundred yards distant with his regulars; but before they reached it they were thinned too much by the American rifles to render any effectual support. He then ordered his cavalry to mount, with a view of making a desperate onset at their head. But these only presented a better mark for the rifle, and fell as fast as they could mount their horses. He rode from one end of the line to the other, encouraging his men to prolong the conflict. With desperate courage he passed from one exposed point to another of equal danger. He carried, in his wounded hand, a shrill sounding silver whistle, whose signal was universally known throughout the battle, and gave a kind of ubiquity to his movements.\*

But the Americans having reached the top of the mountain, were gradually compressing the enemy, and the line of Ferguson's encampment was sensibly contracted. A flag was raised by the Tories in token of surrender. Ferguson rode up to it and pulled it down. A second flag was raised at the other end of the line. He rode there too, and cut it down with his sword. He was frequently admonished by Dupeister to surrender; but his proud spirit could not deign to give up to a raw and undisciplined militia. When the second flag was

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\* Ferguson.



cut down, Dupeister renewed his admonition. To this he replied by declaring he would never surrender to such a damned set of banditti as the mountain men. These men, while they admired the unyielding spirit of Ferguson, had noticed, that whenever his voice or whistle was heard, the enemy was inspired to another rally. They believed that while he survived, his desperate courage would not permit a surrender. He fell soon after, and immediately expired.

The forward movement of all the American columns brought them to a level with the enemy's guns, which heretofore in most instances, had overshot their heads. The horizontal fire of the regulators, was now considerably fatal; but the rapid advance of the riflemen soon surrounded both them and the Tories, who being crowded close together, and cooped up into a narrow space by the surrounding pressure of the American troops, and fatally galled by their incessant fire, lost all hope from further resistance. Dupeister, who succeeded Ferguson in command, perceiving that further struggle was in vain, hoisted the white flag, and claimed quarters. A general cessation of the American fire followed; but this cessation was not complete. Some of the young men did not understand the meaning of a white flag; others who did, knew that other flags had been raised before, and were quickly taken down. Shelby hallooed out to them to throw down their guns, as all would understand that as a surrender. This was immediately done. The arms were now lying in front of the prisoners, without any orders how to dispose of them. Col. Shelby seeing the facility with which the enemy could resume their guns, exclaimed: "Good God! what can we do in this confusion?" "We can order the prisoners from their arms," said Sawyers. "Yes," Shelby, "that can be



done." The prisoners were accordingly marched to another place, and there surrounded by a double guard.

The battle of King's Mountain lasted about an hour. The loss of the enemy was two hundred and twenty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, seven hundred prisoners, fifteen hundred stand of arms, and a great many horses and wagon, loaded with supplies, and booty of every kind, taken by the plundering Tories from the wealthy Whigs.

General Bernard, an officer under Napoleon, and afterwards in the United States Engineer Service, on examining the battle ground of King's Mountain, said: "The Americans, by their victory in that engagement, erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of the brave men who had fallen there; and the shape of the hill itself, would be an eternal monument to the military genius and skill of Col. Ferguson, in selecting a position so well adapted for defence; and that no other plan of assault but that pursued by the mountain men, could have succeeded against him."\*

The loss of the Americans was thirty killed, and about twice that number wounded. On the former, was Colonel Williams, of South Carolina. He fell a victim to the true Palmetto spirit, an intemperate eagerness for battle. Towards the close of an engagement, he espied Ferguson riding near the line, and dashed towards him with the gallant determination of a personal encounter. "I will kill Ferguson, or die in the attempt!" exclaimed Wil-

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\* The account of the battle of King's Mountain, has been taken from the Shelby papers, the written statements of General Graham and Lenoir, Mr. Foster's Essay, and manuscript narratives of several of the riflemen who participated in it. The official report has been seen for the first time by the writer, in "Wheeler's History of North Carolina," just out of press. It is given at page 243.



liams, and spurring his horse in the direction of the enemy, received a bullet as he crossed the line. He survived till he heard that his antagonist was killed and his camp surrendered; and amidst the shouts of victory by his triumphant countrymen, said: "I die contented," and with a smile upon his countenance, expired.

Major Chronicle, who with Col. Ilambright, led the left wing, was, in passing round the end of the mountain, much exposed to the fire of the enemy above them, and little more than one hundred yards distant. He fell early in the engagement at the foot of the hill, near the junction of the two streams, while gallantly repulsing the British charge. A plain monument attests the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. It bears this inscription:

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF .  
MAJOR WILLIAM CHRONICLE,  
CAPT. JOHN MATTOCKS,  
WILLIAM ROBB,  
AND  
JOHN BOYD,

Who were killed at this place, on the seventh day of October, 1780, fighting in defence of America.

On the other side of the monument, facing the battle ground, is inscribed:

COL. FERGUSON,  
An officer of his Britannic Majesty,  
Was defeated and killed,  
At this place,  
On the 7th day of October,  
1780.





Of Col. Campbell's regiment Lieut. Edmondston, two others of the same name and family, and ten of their associates in arms, were killed. The names of the Virginia officers are Captains Dysart, Colville, Edmondston, Beattie and Craig; Lieutenants Edmondston, Brown; Ensign Robert Campbell who killed the British Adjutant, McGinnis, at the head of a charging party. Capt. Robert Edmondston said to one of his men, John McCrosky, that he did not like his place, and broke forward to the hottest part of the battle, and there received the charge of Dupeister's regulars, discharged his rifle, clubbed his gun, knocked the musket out of the hands of one of the soldiers, and seizing him by the neck, made him his prisoner, and brought him to the foot of the hill. Returning again to the British line, he received a mortal wound in the breast. After the surrender, McCrosky went in search of his captain, and told him the battle was over, and the tories were defeated. Edmondston nodded satisfaction, and died.

Of the wounded in Col. Shelby's regiment, was his brother, Moses Shelby, who, in a bold attempt to storm the enemy's camp, leaped upon one of the wagons out of which the breast-work was formed, and was wounded. Fagan, and some others, suffered in the same way. Col. Snodgrass, late of Sullivan county, belonged to Col. Shelby's regiment. His captains were Elliott, Maxwell and Webb, Lieut. Sway.

Of the regiment from Washington county, and commanded by Col. Sevier, the captains were his two brothers, Valentine Sevier, Robt. Sevier, Joel Gallahan, George Doherty, and Russell; Lieutenant Isaac Lane. Capt. Robert Sevier was wounded in the abdomen, and died the second or third day after, and was buried at Bright's.

Among the privates were four others of the Sevier



family, viz: Abraham Sevier, Joseph Sevier, and two of Colonel Sevier's sons, Joseph and James, the latter in his sixteenth year.

William Lenoir (since General Lenoir) was a captain under Winston. He was encouraging the men who had received Dupeister's second charge, to load well, and make a bold push against their assailants, when he received a slight wound in the left arm, and another in his side, while a bullet passed through his hair, just below the tie, without touching the skin.

The victory of King's Mountain was complete. Not one of the enemy escaped during the battle; from its commencement they were surrounded and could not escape. The army encamped upon the battle ground the night of the seventh. They had more prisoners than whigs with whom to guard them. They were in the neighborhood of several parties of tories, and had reason to expect that Tarleton, or some reinforcements from Lord Cornwallis would attempt either to pursue or intercept them. The next day was the Sabbath. Its dawn was solemnized by the burial of the dead. This mournful duty performed, the enemy's wagons were drawn by the men across their camp fires, and after they were consumed the return march was commenced,

Thus brilliantly terminated this hard fought battle. It remains almost unnoticed, while *defeats*, in other sections, have been celebrated by anniversaries and monuments. Why, in these days of rail roads and excursions, cannot the descendants of Shelby, Sevier, Campbell, McDowell, and Williams, and the brave men who fought with them, assemble on the spot consecrated by so much valor and patriotism, and commemorate with appropriate ceremonies, the glorious event, on its next anniversary, the 7th of October?



In a memoir prepared by Col. Wm. Hill, late of York district, and by him placed in the hands of Gen. Sumter, he states, that the battle at Musgrove's Mills was fought by men commanded by Wm. McDowell, Clarke and Shelby.

He also states what is stated in the account, purporting to be taken from Col. Shelby, that really the great merit of the action was attributable to Shelby; but that Williams being in possession of the prisoners, and meeting Gov. Rutledge at Hillsboro', who supposed that Williams was the hero of the battle, gave him the commission of a Brigadier General.

There is much in Col. Hill's memoir to detract from the merit of Col. Williams. He alleges, that he, Col. Williams, desired to turn the independent Colonels from Ferguson and King's Mountain, and to direct them against Ninety-Six. This may be true: for he might have well concluded, with such a force, Ninety-Six would be carried as with a *coup de main*, and all that interesting country south of Broad River, relieved from the presence of the enemy. Such an achievement would indeed have been worthy of the undertaking of one of the greatest commanders.

No doubt, however, that Campbell, Shelby, Lenoir, Cleveland, McDowell and Lacy, were right in refusing to turn aside. They had the lion at bay and his death, or capture, was of great consequence. Indeed, the battle of King's Mountain was the turning point of the revolution in the South.

Col. Williams, he affirms, had no command beyond his own small party, and that he was killed at the moment of surrender, and he says, "as was supposed by some of the Americans, as many of them had been heard to swear they would do it whenever they had an oppor-



tunity." This threat, he says, arose from Col. Williams's attempt to obtain command of the South Carolinians commanded by Lacy, under his commission as Brigadier General.

This is from an officer in command on that day, and yet, I think, there must be some mistake about it. There is everything in Col. Williams' life, letters, services, and the tradition in relation to him to make us believe, that he was good and true.

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No. 26.

“Upward and onward, America ever,  
 Be thy bold Eagle's swift flight to the sun;  
 Wither the arm ever lifted to sever  
 Our golden link of the Thirty-and-One!  
 Free as the breezes of heaven that fan her,  
 Long as eternity, mortals await,  
 May the bright folds of the star spangled banner,  
 Float at the stern of the old ship of State.”

The duty now before me, is to close this work with the exception of addenda to some of the previous numbers, such as a biographical sketch of my early and late friend, Ker Boyce, Esq.: this will, with those of Y. J. Harrington and John S. Carwile, Esqrs. already published, take their places in No. 8.

To-day I propose to sketch, imperfectly, I know, and perhaps *too partially*, the life and times of Hugh O'Neill, one of Newberry's oldest and best citizens.

He was born on Mudlick, Laurens district, at the place, late the property of John Armstrong, deceased, on the 10th of June, 1767. He was the second son of William O'Neill and his wife, Mary Frost. They removed after the birth of their two first children, Abijah





and Sarah, to South Carolina. The family remained in Laurens until after the birth of Henry, the third son, who, I think, was born in '77; indeed I think they did not remove to Newberry until 1779. The family consisted of six sons, Abijah, Hugh, William, John, Henry and Thomas, and one daughter, Sarah, all of whom lived to rear families. Abijah removed in '99 to Ohio, near Waynesville, Warren county. Sarah married Elisha Ford, and removed to Shelby county, Kentucky. William died on Bush river; his body rests in the graveyard of Friends, near Mendenhall's Mills. John, Henry and Thomas removed to Indiana. They have all been gathered to their rest, leaving families more or less numerous.

William O'Neill's father's name was Hugh; he was, I think, a midshipman in, or at any rate he belonged to, the English navy, and not liking his berth, while at anchor in the Delaware he jumped overboard, swam ashore, and landed near Wilmington, as well as I remember, at the little Swedish town of Christiana; this took place about 1730; here he lived many years, and married Annie Cox. On landing, to escape detection, he altered the spelling of his name, either from O'Neill or O'Neale to O'Neill; the latter is the tradition. His family consisted of William, James, Hugh, Henry, John, Thomas, a daughter, Mary, and a posthumous son, George. In his life-time he removed to the Susquehanna, and there he died; his family thence removed to Winchester, Virginia; there William married his wife, Mary Frost; and there, as already mentioned, his two eldest children were born.

The family, with the exception of James and George, removed about 1766 to South Carolina. Thomas died at Parkins (now Crofts,) on Saluda, and was the first



person buried in that grave-yard. Hugh married a Parkins, and settled and died at Milton, Laurens district. Henry married a Chambers, lived in Laurens, and there remained till the close of the revolution, when he removed to Florida, and settled the place at the mouth of St. Mary's River, (where his grandson, the Hon. James T. O'Neill, now resides:) he (Henry O'Neill) was killed in an attempt to seize an outlaw soon after his removal; he left a large family—James, Eber, Thomas, William, Henry, Asa, Hugh and Margaret; all are dead except Margaret, now Mrs. King, of Georgia; none had families except Eber, William and Margaret.

William O'Neill was a Friend; when he joined that body of religionists is not known; his wife also belonged to the same; his brother, Hugh, inclined the same way; so did his wife and the entire Parkins family. In the revolution, neither of these brothers took any part, except to bury the dead, heal the wounded, and do good wherever they could. James and George belonged to the American army; the former was a Major in the Virginia line, the latter a common soldier. Both served the entire war, and at its close, ignorantly supposing that the O' in their names was some aristocratic distinction, instead of meaning, as it really does, the "son of," struck it off and wrote their names Neall. James settled at, or near, Wheeling, Virginia; George in Jessamine county, near Nicholasville, Kentucky: they both have been dead many years; each left families surviving them. I should be proud if their descendants would resume the O', which rightfully belongs to their name.

Henry and John, unfortunately, sided with the tories. Henry, it is said, after his determination was made, and he had accepted a Major's commission in the British army, passed into Virginia to see his brother James, and



proposed, if they should ever meet in battle, that they would treat each other as brothers; but the stern republican would accept no such amnesty; "in peace, brethren; in war, enemies," was his reply. Fortunately, they never met in arms.

John married Grace Frost, the sister of his brother William's wife; he was a captain in the tory forces, and was killed in a skirmish with Col. Roebuck, in Union district; he left two daughters, Sarah, and I think, Rebecca; his widow married a well known citizen of Pendleton, Mr. Crosby. Mary married Frederick Jones. She had an only son, Marmaduke, who will be remembered as a resident of Laurens district, in the neighborhood of Milton.

Having thus stated his ancestral families, and his father's, I now propose to give a sketch of the life and times of Hugh O'Neill.

He went early to school, he learned rapidly: most of that which he learned was with a Virginian, Benj. Smith. In his school, in company with Major John Griffin, James C. Griffin, the Williams', Cresswells, Caldwell's, he acquired the common elementary education, reading, writing and arithmetic. Reading, all his life, was his great delight, he began early and continued late. His memory was early developed and long retained; often in middle life and even in old age, has he recited many passages in the tragedy called the Battle of the Boyne, which he had read when a boy among his uncle Henry's books. The poem called Sir James the Ross, was another read in the same way, which he often repeated. One of his early exercises was a riddle, propounded by his teacher, Mr. Smith, pretty much as follows, viz:



Bereath the heavens, a creature once did dwell,  
 As sacred writers unto us do tell;  
 He lived, he breathed in this lower world, it is true,  
 But never sinned, nor any evil knew;  
 He never shall be raised from the dead,  
 Nor at the day of judgment show his head;  
 He never shall in heaven dwell,  
 Nor yet be doomed to feel the pains of hell—  
 Yet in him, a soul there was, that must  
 Be lost, or live above, among the just.

This he solved, by giving Jonah in the whale's belly, and often repeated it in manhood, and age. Benj. Smith was one of the Virginia troops on service in '76. perhaps against the Cherokee Indians, under Col. Christie, or in Gen. Lee's projected invasion of Florida, and was either left, as unable to travel on the return march, or discharged. From the description given of him, he was both a man of talents and education. His impress was to be seen on all his scholars.

In, I presume, the year '78 was the great May frost, which took place on the 4th, and utterly destroyed vegetation and the crops; a small crop of late wheat was saved by Wm. O'Neall. In the same year was the total eclipse of the sun. The total darkness was so great that chickens went to roost. The upper part of South Carolina, as has been frequently and justly said, scarcely knew that there was war, until the siege of Charleston. The incursion of the Cherokees on the 30th June, '76, drove the settlers nearest the frontiers from their homes. William O'Neall, with his family, fled from Mudlick to Benj. Pearson's, near Kelly's old store, now Springfield. Often has Hugh O'Neall pointed out the old field west of Dr. Wm. Harrington's attempted settlement, in Frosts' old field, as being then in cultivation, and stated the





fact, that he had swam in Pearson's Mill pond on Scott's creek, where Fernandes' pond lately was.

In 1780, when Charleston fell, William O'Neall and family lived at the place, about a mile west of Bobo's Mills, and on the south west side of Bush river. He then owned the mill, known for thirty years as O'Neall's, now owned by Dr. J. E. Bobo, about one and a half miles below Mendenhall's. Hugh O'Neall, the subject of this memoir, was then thirteen years old; yet his services were so necessary to his father, that he either attended entirely to the mill, or was a constant assistant. In that way, although no actor in the revolution, yet he became fully informed of most of the events of that dark and bloody period. The mill was the most public place in that section of the country. Across Bush river, at that place, was the most common thoroughfare from the Congaree and Charleston to pass south beyond Saluda, and west to Little river, and Ninety-Six. There, were often halted the scouts, sometimes the armies; there, too, were provisions seized, as want, or power dictated. There, as he often afterwards said, did he learn to hate the proud overbearing character of the British officers. *There* he heard narrated the accounts of the many deeds of violence and blood with which the country was overspread. The various sketches of men and events heretofore given are in a greater, or less degree, dependent upon his wonderful memory for their accuracy.

To give a true sketch of the bloody partisan war from 1780 to 1783, would be a most Herculean task, much of it has been already done in the different biographical sketches and anecdotes already published. Blood and plunder were the watch-words of many of the different parties, who swept over old Ninety-Six. "Each party," (as



Gen. Moultrie, in his memoirs, vol. 2d, p. 301, appropriately says,) "oppressed the other as much as they possibly could, which raised their inveteracy to so great a height that they carried on the war with savage cruelty, although they had been friends, neighbors and brothers, they had no feelings for each other, and no principles of humanity left." At page 303 he says: "the conduct of these two parties, (whigs and tories,) was a disgrace to human nature, and it may, with safety, be said that they destroyed more property: shed more American blood, than the whole British army." The pictures thus given in a few words, are, unfortunately, too true, and ought to teach us to beware of the tendencies to civil war, which I sometimes fear are too much encouraged.

Having in the *Random Recollections of the Revolution*, published in 1838, given most of these atrocious scenes, as narrated by Hugh O'Neill, I shall not again repeat them. If ever these matters should see the light in book form, I shall take pleasure in revising and adding to them.

I may *here* mention an incident as occurring in the immediate vicinage of the quiet meeting house of Friends, on Bush River. One of the marauding parties had captured a man, whom they deemed worthy of death. Meeting with a young Quaker, Richard Thomson, between the meeting house and his father's, Tanner Joe Thomson, (as he was usually called,) they compelled the youth with a sword to slay the captive. How much of Richard Thomson's subsequent misfortunes, (for his life was one of misfortune,) are to be ascribed to this involuntary deed of blood, it is not for me to say. Though I can say, "I have been young, and now am old, yet *never*



*saw I the man," whose hands were stained with blood, who prospered, (or if prosperity attended him,) who went to his grave in peace.*

This single scene is enough to show, that fiends, not men, were too often engaged in the prosecution of the partisan war.

The desolation of the country was equal to what fancy may well depict, as an accompaniment of such a fiend-like scene as that which I have just related.

The march of the British army was marked by wasting and ruin. When Green passed, with his ragged Americans, forbearance and pity for the people marked his course; plunder, cruelty and oppression, he sternly forbade. When a battalion of Tarlton's command, in his attempt to strike Morgan, as he supposed in the neighborhood of Ninety-Six, (as is stated in a note to No. 5,) encamped at William O'Neill's, every thing was seized and treated as if all belonged to them, the fences were burned to make camp-fires, the cattle were butchered for beef, the officers billeted themselves on the unpretending Quaker family, without money and without price. When a part of Green's army, on their retreat from Ninety-Six, passed the mill every thing needed was paid for, and perfect order prevailed.

The marauding scouts entered every dwelling, and carried off every thing, which suited them; bedding, clothes, provisions; often were families left without food or raiment; sometimes the houses were burned and women and children turned out with no covering, save the forest and the heavens.

These scenes passed before the eyes of the youthful Quaker, Hugh O'Neill; his brave ancestral blood often boiled almost over, at the wrongs and oppression, which he witnessed, and to which he was called to submit. Yet



the teachings of his parents, *peace, peace*, kept him quiet, and day after day, he was seen at the mill, providing for his father's family and the neighborhood's necessities, as well as he could, until at last *peace, smiling peace*, and glorious liberty, came to bless South Carolina with *law and order*.

Hugh O'Neill attended the mill, drove his father's wagon, or labored in the farm until his father's death in 1789. He and his elder brother Abijah were the executors of his father's will and upon them devolved the care of a large real estate, their mother and a family of young boys. The elder brother, Abijah, being married, much of the burden devolved on Hugh. For three years he devoted himself untiringly to the discharge of his duties. Many of his adventures in wagoning between Newberry and Charleston, and in Charleston, would, if I had time, or space, be interesting. I may state two: he and his brother, Abijah, were in Charleston, when the old State House, now the Court House, corner of Broad and Meeting-street, and all that section of Charleston was burned. They had one or more wagons, and were employed to haul goods from the burning district to places of safety. Having made several successful trips, as Hugh was returning, and about to pass again into the circle of fire, his leader's bridle was seized by a policeman on duty, and he was told, the houses near you will be instantly blown up; he turned his team, quick as thought, in the crowded streets, and was soon in the wagon yard and safety. Neither the persuasions of his brother, nor the tempting wages could again tempt him into such peril.

Roads, bridges, and ferries were then, not as they are now, (though now bad enough.) Mud holes, crazy bridges, streams in flood, and badly managed ferries had to be encountered. He and his brother-in-law, Ford, were





on their return from Charleston, with separate teams. Ford was in front—he struck the Four Hole swamp, covered with water, when he reached the bridge it was floating; he thought he could, however, pass it, and with the bold, adventurous spirit of a back-woodsman, well tried in the revolution, he made the attempt, the plank gave way under his horses, and into the stream they went. To cut them, (except one,) loose and to swim them out was but a few minutes work for him, and his equally daring companion, Hugh. One horse, the old and favorite leader, was patiently lying across the sleepers of the bridge; to relieve him, it was necessary to roll him over into the water, this was done by seizing his legs and literally turning him over; as he went, with one strong movement of his hind leg he threw Hugh twenty feet into ten feet water—this was, however, no serious matter, for he and the horse were soon on *terra firma*.

During this period, and for years after, tobacco rolling was a common mode of carrying tobacco from the upper country to Charleston. A tobacco hogshead was rimmed, so as to keep the bulge from the ground; a cross piece was made fast to each end; in them were inserted wooden gudgeons, which worked into a square frame, embracing within it the whole hogshead; to this were fixed single trees and a tongue, and, thus prepared, the owner mounted on one of two horses geared to it, and leading the other, with his fodder and corn stowed between the frame and hogshead, moved on a free and independent roller, to Charleston; and there leaving his hogshead, with his money for it, or a tobacco certificate, he returned the sauciest mortal ever seen. Some rollers from Long Cane, Abbeville, and, therefore, called Long Canaans, met with an Edgefield man, (Clarke Spraggins,) and a companion between Orangeburg and the Four Holes,



attacked them first with words, and then were about to try blows; numbers prevailed, and Spraggins (though one of Butler's old soldiers,) and his companion had to fly; in his flight Spraggins sprang off his horse, picked up a lightwood knot and knocked down senseless the foremost pursuer. The rest halted, and supposing their companion slain, desired to know who and whence was the slayer. Spraggins swore he was from "*killman,*" and was going to "*killmore.*"

In 1792, Hugh O'Neill married Anne Kelly, the third and youngest daughter of Samuel and Hannah Kelly, of Springfield, Newberry. He settled about a mile below the mill, which, by his father's will, was devised to him; subsequently he made an exchange with his brother, William, and fixed his residence in about two hundred yards of the mill, on a hill N. E. of the same. From 1792 to 1800, he attended to his own mill, and by untiring industry created the means to rebuild it, and to lay up a sum sufficient to embark in the mercantile business with Capt. Daniel Parkins. During this period was the great Yazoo freshet, in January, 1796, which has never been equalled or surpassed, unless the disastrous freshet of August, 1852, did so. Often has Hugh O'Neill described that freshet to the writer. In two respects, it resembled the freshet of August, 1852; it was a freshet upon a freshet, and, like the latter, it spread ruin everywhere. Mills, dams and bridges went before it. Compté's bridge, across Broad River, three miles above Columbia, just finished, in apparently the most secure way, went. It is said, the owner, a Frenchman, was upon the bridge, looking at the raging torrent, and impiously exclaimed: "aha, God Almighty does tink we build bridges of corn-stalks." Scarcely were the words uttered, until the cracking timbers gave



notice that its end was at hand; with difficulty the owner reached the land. Hampton's bridges across the Savannah, at Augusta, and Saluda, were swept away. Fortunately, O'Neall's mill, which was just rebuilt, with its dam, escaped uninjured. Would that some certain memorial of that flood had been preserved; we would then compare it with that of '52, and thus learn a lesson of wisdom.

During this same period, or possibly in '93, certainly before April, he and Mercer Babb visited the quarry of Georgia, Burr mill-stones, in Burke county; he did not contract for a pair, but Mercer Babb bought, and started in his mills, now Mendenhall's, the first pair of Burr stones ever run in the district. They were there used for many years, and when Dr. Mendenhall, in '27, started his merchant mills at the same place, the old Georgia Burr's were refitted and again started, to manufacture flour.

Hugh O'Neall always affirmed, that with a good pair of Cloud's creek stones, he could make as good, if not better flour, than could be made with the best pair of Burr stones.

On this trip, he and his friend encountered a flood in the Savannah and Saluda rivers, then considered a great freshet, but not to compare with the subsequent one of '96.

In 1800, Hugh O'Neall embarked in the mercantile business, as the partner of Daniel Parkins, and most successfully pursued it until the death of the latter, October, 1802. It may be well *here* to pause and look over the statistics of the country at that time, (if I can use such a word in reference to the means and commerce of that period;) cotton, in 1800, was beginning to be cultivated for market. In 1801, Hugh O'Neall



started a water cotton-gin, made by Wm. Barret. The plates for the saws were made at Wm. Coate's shop. No machine ever ran with greater power or more success, although the first person, Joseph Wright, who attended to it, had his hand torn all to pieces by the saws. Remittances to Charleston were then made in specie; dollars were carefully packed in a box and put on board a wagon, owned and driven by a careful, responsible man. The writer recollects aiding in counting, at Capt. Parkins', a large amount of silver, to be sent by Isaac Mills' wagon. Up to the year 1806, the upper country, and particularly Newberry, furnished flour, bacon, beef, cattle, butter, bees-wax, skins, (raccoon, fox, rabbit, mink and musk-rat,) for the Charleston market. In the same time, boxes of screw-aúgers, invented and made by Benj. Evans, (at the place now owned by John G. Davenport,) and after Evans' removal to Ohio, made by Joseph Smith and John Edmunson, were frequently sent. Cotton began to be sent by the load, in round bales, about the year 1801. After the Quakers left Bush river, (say after 1806,) very little flour, butter, bees-wax, or skins, found their way to Charleston. I often recur to that period—when Newberry was covered with small farms, when each homestead furnished pretty much the means of food and raiment—and fancy that the people were then happier than they ever have been since.

A recollection of an incident, in the beginning of 1802, I may, perhaps, be pardoned in repeating. A very large poplar tree lay at the mouth of the first branch, north of Hugh O'Neill's mills. Bush river was in flood, the water had entirely submerged the mill-dam. Hugh O'Neill, Wm. Barret and Levi Hilburn, concluded that with a common batteau and a rope, after





the tree was cut loose, they could tow it down to the saw-mill of the latter, opposite to O'Neill's mill. Accordingly, they succeeded in getting the tree loose, and in towing it, until they neared the dam; then the force of the water carried them beyond their point; the tree, batteau and all, passed into an eddy below the saw-mill. To get it above the mill was the object. Hilburn was persuaded to get out on the log, and with a pole force it along, the other two were to manage the batteau and tow. Having accomplished the most difficult part of the ascent, and reached a point where the water was deep, but comparatively still, the boatmen were continually calling out, "pole Levi, pole Levi;" he, straining every muscle, made a mis-lick with his pole, and fell into water more than ten feet deep; rising, he essayed to mount the log, but, it rolling under his hands, he received another ducking; at last he succeeded in mounting astride, then, again, he was called on to "pole," but he swore one of his biggest oaths, (and any body who ever heard Levi Hilburn swear, must know it could hardly be excelled,) "that he would pole no more;" just then, Barret looking around at him, dripping, and with his usually large lips much swelled, said to Hugh O'Neill, "did you ever see any one look so much like Tom Lindsey's Nero. The name thus given adhered to him ever after. The poplar tree, thus obtained was sawed into planks, and out of them were made the coffins for the two sons, the wife of, and Capt. Daniel Parkins himself, who died of the great epidemic in October, 1802, as detailed in No. 11.

In February, 1803, was the greatest snow ever seen in this State, unless it may be that that of 1851, equalled it:

In 1804, Hugh O'Neill, alone, began the mercantile business, and continued it until 1809. Until the close



of 1806, it was manifest that he was doing an excellent business. But the two dread enemies of a mere merchant, universal credit, and the use of intoxicating drink by the merchant and his customers, were sapping the foundation of prosperity, reason and happiness.

I may be permitted *here* to say, that then, for many years previous, and for the fourth of a century since, every merchant sold with groceries and dry goods, intoxicating drink, by the small. Every one drank more or less; the morning bitters, the dinner dram, and the evening night cap were universal. Rum, (Jamaica, West India and New England,) was then almost entirely sold and drank in stores. Whiskey belonged to the distilleries.

Often has the writer stood behind the counter until midnight, waiting on the maudling talk and drinks of half pint customers. He hated the business *then*, and he pronounces it *now*, *not fit to be pursued by any decent man, or boy*. The use of intoxicating drink grew upon Hugh O'Neill, until, like Nebuchadnezzar, the judgment of God was upon him, and he was deprived of that, which distinguishes a man from a brute, *his reason*. This sad result, however, was not the work of an instant, his habit of drink had made him negligent of his business, and over confident in cotton speculation. When the embargo of 1808 came upon the country, he had in store with the Messrs. Bulow, more than two hundred bales of cotton, he was largely their debtor, and he had authorized them to sell as they saw fit. Frequent attacks of mania *a potu* foreshadowed the event. His son, a stripling of sixteen, in 1809, ventured to ask him to abandon the cup, he made the attempt, but too late; madness had already laid its iron hand upon him. He was a maniac. His cotton was sold at an immense



sacrifice, his debtors were, many of them, insolvent, his creditors pressed their debts into judgments, his property was sold, and his wife and children turned out to shift for themselves.

Often has the writer seen his honored father caged like a wild beast, often has he seen him, when it was dangerous for any one to approach him. For four years this was his unfortunate state.

Reader, stop and think! Has not the writer cause to hate the traffic in intoxicating drink? Ought he not to pursue it to its destruction? May not his case be yours? May not you suffer as he has done? Let me entreat you—let the truth teach you—let others' sorrows learn you wisdom.

In 1813, July, Hugh O'Neall was restored to his reason, and, like King Nebuchadnezzar, he gave God all the glory! Not a shade was left upon his mind, his memory, wonderful as it was before his insanity, was just as perfect after his recovery. He became a Friend in reality, as he had been raised in profession. No humbler, better christian ever stood before his Master.

He set himself most diligently about repairing the wreck of his fortune, he gathered up much that was apparently lost, and paid many of his creditors, *those* who most needed it. He made three trips to Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. His descriptions of the countries, which he visited, the people whom he saw and especially his accounts of his visits to his relations, were most felicitous.

In 1815, he determined never to drink intoxicating drink, and to his death, in 1848, he faithfully maintained his resolution. In August, 1820, he became a member of his son's family, and there, *as a father*, he remained until his father called him home.



He never desired or sought office. He was a Commissioner of Public Buildings from '99, for many years; he was a Commissioner of Free Schools from 1822 until he declined to serve longer.

In the unfortunate political schism, called nullification, he was against it, and openly maintained the principles of the Union party. Like the venerable mother of Senator Butler, he could have said, as she did, when secession was the prevailing sentiment of South Carolina, "I have seen two wars, and I never want to see another."

Hugh O'Neill's family consisted of one son, John Belton, four daughters, Abigail, (now Mrs. Caldwell,) Rebecca, who died in 1834, Hannah, who died in 1815, and Sarah Ford O'Neill.

Hugh O'Neill was not only gifted with a most superhuman memory, but he also possessed an excellent judgment and a clear and easy elocution. He was one of the kindest and most benevolent of men, and yet his sense of justice and right was such, he never, (after his recovery,) suffered his feelings to lead him astray.

In person, he was remarkable for a strong, vigorous, compact frame; he was five feet ten inches high, his head was a fine one, his hair receded on each side, leaving a high intellectual forehead fully developed, his hair was thin, soft and silky, and perfectly black in his manhood; in his age, it was sprinkled with grey, still, however, leaving the black predominant; his eyes were blue, his nose long and Roman, his mouth was full and well formed. He died Wednesday, 18th October, 1848, about 2 P. M.; having lived two months and eight days beyond eighty-one. He left surviving him, his wife Anne, who on Friday, the 5th October, 1850, at ten minutes after ten A. M., followed him to the silent house, having lived two months, wanting seven days, be-





yond eighty-three. His son and two daughters still remain.

Reader, my work is ended. The annals, historical, biographical and anecdotal of Newberry are closed. They have been to me both labor and pleasure. May they be the means of honor and good to my native district.

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A dark December day recalls the past, and tempts the *solitary* to give the remembrances which stir within him, to his younger countrymen.

In the progress of the war of 1812, every thing became exceedingly high. When I use the word "high," I would not have you suppose, that I use it in the sense of "tall," but in the meaning of "dear," or "costly."

Flour was a scarce article, selling readily at ten dollars to twelve dollars per barrel. The ladies at that time made *cakes* thin, and rather a holiday affair. Such a thing as using a whole barrel of flour, in pound cakes would have been regarded then as an astounding act of extravagance. I remember well in 1816, hearing an old lady, who was seated at a table soon to be graced by a bridal party, as she was treated to a bit of pound cake, say to the lady of the house "it is mighty good, but mighty costly though."

Near forty years of peace and prosperity have seen what was then a straggling village, become a town, along whose western limbs daily speeds the iron horse, fed upon wood and fire, and drinking *naught but cold water*, bearing by his super-human strength, the trade and travel of our backwoods, and outstripping the wind in his flight from point to point, and have made us forget the use and wholesome economy of our ancestral homes.



As illustrative of the past, I recall an incident which occasioned much merriment when it occurred.

It will be remembered by those who know any thing of the history of South Carolina, (though I confess there are few who can penetrate the dark veil of the lack of information which hangs over her history,) that General Joseph Alston was the Governor from December, 1812, to December, 1814, two dark years of the war.

In that time it frequently became necessary for orders to be borne to the militia. The *post*, now commonly called the mail, came then slowly dragging itself along on horse back. The great western mail passed then once a week on horse back, under the riding of the late Mr. Waddell, of Greenville. The orders of the Commander-in-Chief could not be allowed thus tardily to travel. He sometimes sent *an aid*. The person, who acted on the occasion to which I am about to allude, was a Dominie Sampson sort of man, though not at all of his size, nor of his ungainly deportment. He was, or rather had been, however, a school-master, private tutor. Tutor, *pro tempore* in college, and thus *his fitness* for private secretary and aid, or any thing else in the shape of man of business for the Governor is shown.

General Samuel Mays, of Edgefield, then commanded the first brigade. For some cause (perhaps in the absence of the Major General Butler) he was waited upon by the gentlemen whom I have described. The General was not at home when he called: his kind, excellent lady invited him to stay until he returned; in the mean time, (as the family dinner had passed,) a dinner was provided for the traveler. Flour had of course to be put in requisition for the Governor's aid, but guided by the precious character of the article, the cook made the biscuits small, very small. Dinner was announced,



the hungry guest was paying his respects to the real good Carolina dinner, over which the General's lady, with hospitable intent, presided; a little black boy waited: his was the duty to hand the biscuits. The famished aid devoured a biscuit at a mouthful, and called to the waiter, "biscuit boy;" this he had repeated six times, much to the negro's evident chagrin; the seventh time, he sung out, "biscuit boy," the little negro could not bear such wholesale destruction of his mistress' good things, and addressed himself at once to her, "La! misses," said he, "he has had six already, shall I give him another,"

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**THE LAST QUAKER MEETING.**—The cold, gray sunshine of an October Sabbath morning, preceding the bright gorgeousness of the Indian summer, seemed appropriate to the invitation I received to accompany a dear lady friend to the last meeting which has been held by her sect at the Quaker church on Bush River, Newberry district, North Carolina. Two Friends, an aged lady and gentleman, had come from a distant land on a visit to the few who remained of their persuasion, and to look upon the graves of all who had so peacefully departed to the blessed home of rest. The venerable Hugh O'Neill, whose striking biography appeared last week in the local district newspaper, and his aged companion and youngest living daughter, were all who remained of that people who, once, with the olive branch of peace and industry in their hands, made the rich lands of that section of the district smile with their examples of thrift and economy. As we rode gently along, I had ample leisure to reflect upon the many social mutations which have already



swept over our land in her brief period of national infancy. We overtook the good old father O'Neill a short distance from the church, mounted on his drab-colored pony, and looking like Old Mortality, striving to defy time—that silently moving power which carries everything into nothing. Whosoever looked on that good man, in the over-ripe maturity of a virtuous old age, loved him. With a cheerful word and a heart-illuminating smile for all, he was the practical example of purity and elevated virtue. Rest there, old fathers, in thy quiet graves. The roaring winds of this wintry storm disturb not thy slumbers to-night, for thou wast with peace, beloved by God and by man.

The plain Quaker carriage of the visiting friends stood before the church yard, and they were walking in silent meditation amongst the carefully heaped-up mounds, which pious devotion had preserved from common disorder and neglect. It was a picture which, since then, has dwelt with me, and one which I have often thought I would pen-paint, that others might receive the satisfaction which the touching spectacle afforded. I was a boy then—ambitious of the future—with the world spread out before me; and since, its trials, its disappointments, its vexing cares have beset my path; but that day, and its impressions, have dwelt in the chambers of memory—pure as a strain of music floating over distant waters. The gray old church, with its plain exterior, the singular garb of the pious Friends, the neatness of all the mounds—even those of near a hundred years—the bright colors of the dying leaves, already tinted by the autumnal frosts, were grouped into the picture, whilst the now mellow sunshine, reflected from the blue sky, draped it with beauty beyond the achievement of the pencil of art. The glory of that day's sunshine was





God's smile upon the remnant of his children of peace. Silently, and one by one, as messengers from another land, they entered the church, and I felt at first that my presence might be an intrusion, where all was love and holiness; but the youngest, my lady friend, quietly bade me enter. We sat long, and in meditation. Patience and meekness, and long-serving and humility, were thus silently taught to the hundreds who lay around in the peaceful slumbers of death; and the reflections which arose from the shrines of the past, told the history of by-gone years more eloquently than living words could have done. A cardinal red bird came and twittered among the delicate boughs of a red-fruited cornel tree which grew over a grave, and its scarlet garb and shrill electric notes frequently, and for a long time repeated, were strangely contrasted with the quiet scene around.

Note after note he poured forth from his full-throated beak, whilst his swelling crest, and gay out-stretched wing, and voice of song, plainly told that he too was praising God in the bird recitative of nature's music. The aged mother arose, and the prose-voice of song in the mellow cadences, uttered in unison with the feelings of her heart, spoke of those who had passed away to light and peaceful glory in heaven. Whilst her words of love were poured out to the living and the dead, I fancied that one from another world, and from a long past age, was speaking. The old gentleman, with a clear, singing, mellow tone, then asked the empty seats and silent walls where those were who once peopled them. He bewailed the desolation in Israel, whose glory had departed, and whose land was peopled with strangers to the faith of their fathers. To me his words were as the lamentations of a second Jeremiah, saying: "*Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our house to aliens.*"



Again a brief silence : then the stillness is broken, and the voice of Hugh O'Neill, tremulous with emotion, tells the sad story of that faith by which he lived, and which, since then, made his dying bed a pathway of blessed ease, going home to God. The red mounds told the fates of many—over the blue mountains, beyond the broad Ohio, others had fixed their homes in the wilderness, nearer to the setting sun. He and his alone remained—here he had lived, and here he would lay down to rest in the grave. He said, still the seed of the faith was alive, for “*Thou, O Lord, remainest forever; thy throne from generation to generation. Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old.*” I believe these words of eloquent lamentation from my aged friend were the last uttered in that silent house of God. Angels led out that little band of the true and faithful, and the sacred doors were closed forever. As we departed, the red bird glanced through the tree-tops and chirped us a good-bye.

Death has since claimed all of those beloved Quakers save one, and may she long be spared to reflect the virtues of her heart in that social sphere in which she is a blessed and blessing visitant.



## APPENDIX.

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GREENVILLE AND COLUMBIA RAIL ROAD.—The damages sustained by this road from the late freshet, though very serious, are by no means as great as they were at first supposed to be. The principal injuries are below Alston. These have been carefully examined by competent agents of the company, and estimates have been made *at the price of new work*. None of the timbers have been washed away; it will only be necessary to replace them. The actual cost of the repairs will, therefore, fall below the estimates. An adequate force is now being organized, and the work of repair will be pushed forward to completion as rapidly as possible. From Alston to the terminus at Cokesbury, the injuries are comparatively trifling. We are assured by Captain W. H. Griffin, the able first assistant engineer, that this portion of the road will be in running order in a week, or, at most, ten days. Over one hundred hands under a well qualified supervisor, are engaged on this section. As soon as the repairs below Broad river are finished, which will be done in four or five weeks, the connection between the two sections will be established by means of boats across the river, until the bridge is rebuilt, so that travel and transportation will be but little retarded, notwithstanding the exaggerated reports put into active circulation in a certain quarter, and the bold, impotent attempt to depreciate the value of the company's stock by a sham sale.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 4, 1852.

*To the Stockholders of the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road Company :*

The late freshet of the 28th, 29th, and 30th ultimo,



has produced a heavy loss to the company; but that is comparatively nothing to the loss which the company, the community, and his family have suffered in the death of Wm. Spencer Brown, chief engineer.

In attempting, on the 30th, to descend the river from Alston, in company with McCollum, Jefferson, and the son of Mr. McCollum, in a small batteau, it was overturned, and he, with Mr. McCollum's son was drowned.

This sad event has caused me more suffering and sorrow than anything which has occurred. Mr. Brown was endeared to me by a long and intimate association, and felt to me more like a son, than a mere subordinate officer. No purer man, or better officer ever lived. No doubt, for wise, but inscrutable purposes, God has taken him to himself! *It is our duty to submit!*

The loss to the company is a heavy one, but not to be compared with what rumor has fixed. It is confidently believed that from thirty to fifty thousand dollars will cover the entire damage. This is the opinion of an experienced mechanic.

The road from Crim's creek to Newberry, and thence to Little river, is uninjured. This is a distance of thirty-five miles. A slight injury to the trestle at Little river occurred. This will be remedied in a day or two. The trestling along the valley of the Saluda is thrown down. It can be restored in two weeks. The Saluda bridge is very little injured. Thence to Barmore's, in Abbeville, thirty miles is in running order. The road is uninjured thence to Anderson, and to the north side of Saluda. Between Saluda and Greenville, three culverts have been blown up; the loss may be four thousand dollars.

Beginning at Crim's creek the serious injury commences. That bridge and the trestle are overturned.





The carpenter on the road states that all the timber is there, and that he can replace everything in two weeks. Four spans of the Broad river bridge are gone. One pier is broke down to low water mark. The parts of the bridge carried off are entire in Bookman's and Rieves' plantation, about ten or twelve miles below. They will be taken to pieces and back. Little loss of timber, it is apprehended, will take place. Had not Eichelberger's gin-house floated down against the bridge, it would have withstood the flood. It is proposed to raise the bridge three feet higher than at present. Raising and repairing it will hardly cost \$7,000, and may not cost \$5,000. From Alston to, and inclusive of Smith's branch, within three miles of Columbia, the trestles are generally damaged, and in some places down. In some instances the timber is washed away. The banks are generally uninjured. The track is misplaced in some instances. The work of restoration commences to-day, under the energetic supervision of H. T. Peake, aided by many experienced mechanics.

The road from Columbia to Alston was carefully examined by Messrs. H. T. Peake, and Z. Butler, and the following are their estimates of the sums necessary to repair the damages of the flood :

Smith's branch trestle and bank.....	\$2,000
Crane creek.....	250
Trestle each side of Frost's mill.....	1,300
Slate Stone branch.....	200
Through Bookter's.....	4,000
Frost's upper plantation.....	1,450
From Frost's to Littleton... ..	6,000
Littleton to the trestle below Alston.....	1,000
Trestle at Alston.....	1,500
	\$17,700



It is hoped that in six weeks we may be in full motion. It is intended to secure the track against all such accidents for the future, though such a freshet will probably not occur again in the next half century. The Yazoo freshet occurred fifty-six years ago.

The mails will leave Newberry, daily, on and after Wednesday, at half-past 9 A. M., and reach Hope Station at 11, thence they will be carried in stages by Mr. Epting, to Columbia at 6 P. M. The mails will leave Columbia, daily, on and after Thursday, at 6 A. M., and reach Hope station at 3 P. M. They will leave instantly and arrive at Newberry half-past 4 P. M.

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL

*President G. and C. Rail Road Co.*

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#### THE DISASTERS OF THE FRESHET.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 2.

We find the following account of the flood in the Asheville News of the 2d instant:

Never, in the memory of that wise individual, "the oldest inhabitant," were these mountains so deluged with water as they were last week. Friday of last week will long be remembered as the rainy day. From ten o'clock Thursday evening until some time Friday night, without one moment's cessation. As was anticipated, the streams were filled to overflowing. French Broad was higher on Saturday than it was in many years before—exceeding largely the great flood two years ago. Even the sweet Swannanoa got "high," and played some wild pranks—among other things carrying off the bridge at Mrs. Patton's, two miles from here. All the bridges, as far as heard from, are gone: the bridge at



Captain Wiley Jones', Esquire Smith's, the one at Colonel Garmon's, Alexander's, Chunn's, Warm Springs, and all the smaller bridges in the country are either gone entire or greatly damaged. Mr. Smith, we are glad to see, is taking measures, with his usual promptness, to rebuild his bridge. The loss of this bridge will be a more serious inconvenience than any of the others, as it is on one of the most public roads in the country—the road leading to the western counties.

The crops in the bottoms along the rivers and creeks are considerably damaged. Many persons will be heavy sufferers. No idea can yet be had of the extent of the injury, as mail operations are entirely closed, not having had, up to the time of writing this article, (Tuesday morning,) a mail from any direction in four or five days. No doubt the mills and bridges in every direction have been swept away or greatly injured.

GREENVILLE, Sept. 2.

There never was before, says the Southern Patriot of the 2d instant, since the settlement of the country, such a freshet as we had last week in Greenville district. The water courses were several feet higher than they were ever known to be before. All the bridges, and a great number of mills, have been swept away. The corn on the low grounds is destroyed, or most seriously injured. In several places the embankment of our rail road have been destroyed, and several of the culverts carried off, or entirely demolished. The cotton factory and paper mill of Mr. McBee, and the paper mill of the Greenville Manufacturing Company, have been greatly damaged. We have not heard from the other factories in our district. All communication has been cut off with the surrounding country by the loss of bridges, and the



difficulty in fording the creeks and rivers. The Reedy Falls, in the village of Greenville, were quite an object of attraction on Saturday. They were Niagara in miniature, and our citizens and the visitors, men, women and children, turned out *en masse* to witness the grand spectacle presented by the raging and foaming waters dashing over the falls and down the precipice.

Every day the most distressing accounts are brought to us of the injury done by the late flood of rains. Lester and Kilgore's wool factory, saw-mill, blacksmith shops, are all carried off, their office turned upside down, and in the cotton factory everything covered with mud. Their loss is estimated at \$2,000.

The factory of W. Bates & Co. very seriously injured. The factory of John Weaver, Esq., injured considerably. The Greenville Manufacturing Company have sustained several thousand dollars damage. The mills throughout the country have been swept away.

#### THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

We are indebted, says the Carolinian, to Mr. Bollin, the agent at this place, for the following letter from the energetic president of the South Carolina Rail Road Company. Mr. B. also informs us that the letter mails will reach here this morning, and the newspaper mails to-night. The telegraphic line, it is thought, will be in operation to Charleston to-day.

We regret to learn that it is true that a portion of the trestle work of the Camden Branch is swept away, and therefore it is uncertain when communication will be re-established on that line.

ROAD, Sept. 2

The damage at the Congaree is pretty bad, but we are making the most and best of it. But for the draw, we





could soon fix up a temporary means of conveying goods over. That will throw us back. We will make that, and the whole bridge at Charleston, while the piers are driving, and not one hour or a single effort lost or left untried to get the work done in the least time possible; but a good deal of delay, with all we can do, must occur.

We will send passengers over on Monday. It would be unsafe to attempt it before. You will be particularly instructed before.

I have now a full view of all the damage everywhere, and my plans and arrangements are all made to remedy them.

There is nothing now but the work to be done, and that we will do. Yours,  
H. W. CONNER.

We find the following information touching what is doing on the Hamburg end of the road in the Charleston Standard of Thursday:

The communication for passengers and mails with Augusta and beyond is now perfect. The trains from Hamburg arrived to-day, with the western mails, and a large number of passengers, at twenty-five minutes past one, being only thirty minutes behind the usual time.

The rail road at Hamburg will be repaired, and ready for the engines and cars by to-morrow night, which will run on to the depot there, after to-morrow, as usual.

It is expected, also, that by Monday next freight will be passed over to the Georgia Rail Road depot and to Augusta with promptitude and despatch.

HAMBURG, Sept. 2.

We are indebted to the Hamburg Republican for an extra dated 2d instant, from which we make the following extracts :



On Saturday morning it was discovered that the river was rapidly rising, which continued throughout the day. At sunset it was out of its banks and still rising. At this time the water from below had backed up into town. Soon after nightfall the avalanche from above came rushing down upon us with such fearful rapidity that, within less than an hour the whole town was completely inundated, and the water rising at the rate of at least three feet to the hour. By ten o'clock the floors of stores, shops and residences were from two to seven feet under water.

The scene now presented beggars all description. The night was calm and clear, fortunately, and the moon shone equal to day. But for this fortunate circumstance the disastrous effects of the flood must have been much greater, and probably many lives lost. A number of small boats were immediately brought into requisition by the citizens, and those who manned them seemed to vie with each other in their zeal and activity to convey families in the more exposed part of the town ashore. The cries of women and children for help could be heard in all directions. Many persons, we learn, were taken from the roofs of their houses. No means of escape were left but through the medium of the boats, which were continually running and conveying persons ashore during the entire night, and throughout the day on Sunday. It was with great difficulty and danger that many were rescued from a watery grave. Only one life was lost, that of Mr. Thomas Rossiter, a worthy young man, in the employ of Mr. George Robinson.

About noon Sunday the water began slowly to recede, and by night had fallen some five or six inches, and by Monday morning about two feet, when it commenced running off very rapidly.



As soon as the opinion became prevalent that we should have an overflow, our merchants commenced to remove their stocks of goods to places of security. This was kept up so long as drays could run the streets. Such goods as were not removed were placed upon the counters, shelves, &c., as was supposed, entirely out of danger. Every one seemed to feel the utmost confidence in his entire security.

It is impossible to give the losses sustained by each of our citizens. Of all our business houses, Messrs. Richardson & McDonald, and Wright, Nichols & Co. alone escaped. In some instances the floors of the second stories were torn up, and goods raised from the first story after the water became six feet deep.

To give an idea to those familiar with the town, we will state, the only buildings that the water did not reach the first floor of, was the rail road (new) depot, Town Hall, Coleman's warehouse, Josiah Sibley's store, and the residences of J. W. Stokes and H. A. Kenrick. Depth of water at the Bank of Hamburg, about twenty inches; Hodges & Smith's store, seven and one-half feet; John Usher's store, six feet; B. S. Dunbar's store, six feet; Charles Hammond's store, (unoccupied,) eight feet.

A number of families suffered severely in the loss of furniture, bedding, &c. some being compelled to leave without an effort to secure anything. The water coming with such rapidity forced the doors and windows, and everything floated out. There is scarcely a citizen but what has lost out-houses, stables, garden fences, gardens, &c. We believe there were no dwellings or business houses washed away.

Our island and river planters suffer severely. Their entire corn crop is gone, and they are heavy losers in stock, fencing, &c.



From the *Constitutionalist and Republic*, of Tuesday we copy the following further intelligence in relation to the late freshet at Augusta:

Yesterday exhibited a busy scene on Broad street. Turn your eyes what direction you would, it looked lively, and, as far as the eye could reach, the box pump handle, with from two to four sturdy pumpers, was seen busily employed. To-day all the cellars in the city will, no doubt, be relieved of water, and in another day the deposits will be removed. A number of cellars, we have no doubt, after the latter operation is gone through with, will be some foot or a half deeper than previous to the freshet.

Now that the waters have subsided, we can form a more accurate judgment of the injuries sustained by the freshet. It is nothing like, as great as the loss sustained by the freshet of 1840. The city itself is the largest sufferer, and we have heard it estimated, by those who ought to know, that it will cost about \$50,000 to repair damages. The streets are much cut up, but a large force has been engaged to put them in order, and when finished they will be in better condition than previous to the freshet, for the deposit by this freshet has been principally sand and gravel, while by former freshets it was mostly alluvial.

The loss of our merchants is comparatively trifling, as most of them had removed the principal part of their goods from their cellars, and but few stores were damaged above the first floor by water.

At the rail road freight depot the water was about five feet deep, but did not reach the floor. The depot was filled with goods, which escaped injury. At the passenger station the water was about twelve feet deep, but did not reach the second floor. The road is washed





up about half a mile, but the embankments are safe, and the road can be put in good traveling order in a few days. At the old depot, which is now used as a private store-house, the water was about five feet deep on the floors.

The scene yesterday was distressing to behold. Look in what direction you would, and you could see every one busily engaged in shoveling the mud from their stores, or washing such articles as were saved, not subject to damage by water.

THE BRIDGE.—Already has timber been engaged for the re-building of the lower bridge, and the services of a large force engaged, under a competent superintendent, for its re-construction. A steam pile driver will be used, and as soon as the river falls sufficiently operations will be commenced. In the meantime transportation between the two roads will be kept up by means of flats and drays.

#### LAURENS, Sept. 3.

We were congratulating ourselves last week on escaping from the August freshet, which, for two years past, did so much injury to the crops in this part of the country, but our paper had scarcely gone to press before the sky became darkened by black and lowering clouds, and the whole face of the earth covered with water. We have never seen such a rain. The earth was perfectly saturated with that which had fallen a few days previous, and as very little of it was absorbed, the creeks and rivers began instantly to rise, and at their maximum height they were far over the highest water mark that the "oldest inhabitant" can remember. In fact, we have heard of such astonishing rises in some of our streams that we find it difficult to give them implicit credit.



Of course, the injury has been immense. There were some twenty-eight or thirty bridges in the district, and we have heard of but one which is now standing, and that is a small one across Bush river, in Maj. Eigelberger's plantation, in the lower part of the district. On Enoree river, from Chick's Springs, in Greenville, to the limits of this district, great injury has been done the many fine merchants, and saw-mills, erected on this notable stream. We learn from a gentleman who came down the river from Chick Springs, under the hope of crossing at Woodruff's, that all the houses about Lester's Factory, in Greenville, except his cotton mill, are washed away. At Van Patterson's Shoals, the dam and race are injured. Fleming's mills are entirely washed away. Woodruff's are but slightly injured. Park's saw-mill dam, and a substantial wall for a merchant mill, on Durbin's creek, near Enoree, are washed away, and his race very much injured. We also learn that all the mills below Woodruff's, except, perhaps, Yarborough's and Nesbit's, at the Mountain Shoals, are seriously injured, and many of them entirely gone.

Campbell's grist and saw-mills are both gone. Dr. Bobo's mills, formerly Musgrove's, are both gone. The saw-mill washed away during the freshet, and the grist-mill was so moved, that when the waters subsided, it fell and was crushed to pieces. Lewis Jones' mills, the finest, perhaps, on the river, together with a gin-house, are all washed away. In the mill, we learn, there were about 100 barrels of flour ready for market. His loss has been very serious.

On Duncan's creek, Pitt & Craig's (formerly Sheldon's,) grist, saw-mill and woollen factory, are both gone. The same has happened to the mills and factory of Pitts & Duval.



On Little river, at Milton, we learn that the water was nearly over the saw-mill, and high up in the grist-mill; but, with the exception of some 40 barrels of flour, 120 bushels wheat, and 100 bushels corn, which were lost, the injury was but slight. The chain pump manufactory, however, of Robert Wilson, erected here, was entirely swept away.

On Raibun's creek, we learn that Rodgers' grist and saw-mills are both gone. Studdard's saw-mill gone, and his grist-mill moved from its foundation. Bolt's saw-mill gone. Crumbe's saw-mill and grist-mill both gone. The loss which Captain Crumbia has sustained is very serious. He had gone to great expense in their erection, and had just completed them. Mrs. Goodgion's and Jos. Crews' saw-mill, were both washed away, and Crews' grist-mill moved from its foundation. Garlington's and Culberton's gin-houses were washed away and their dams much injured.

On Reedy river, we learn that the saw-mill and gin-house at 'Tumbling Shoals, and the grist-mill and saw-mill, at Boyd's, are all gone.

Many of the mills in the district we have not heard from, but presume that all on the larger streams are more or less injured.

The injury below us, we learn, is equally as serious. We have received but one mail from below Newberry since Saturday last, in consequence of the loss of the fine bridge thrown across Broad river by the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road, and the washing away of a large portion of the embankment between that point and Columbia. We understand that the bridge was torn from its buttments by a large gin-house which came down against it from above. What other loss the company has sustained, we have not heard.



We are gratified to learn that no damage has been done to the Laurens road, but in consequence of the injury below, its completion will be very much delayed for the want of iron.

The extent of the loss of the district, we are unable to compute, and from the number of mills swept away; (and no district can boast of finer ones,) the large amount of grain and flour which was in them at the time of the disaster; the number of bridges gone, and the great damage done to the corn crop, it is almost incalculable. No such calamity has ever before befallen the district, and we humbly trust that none will ever occur again.

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MOBILE, Aug. 27.

The Tribune of Friday morning says :

The storm which we mentioned in our last continued to rage yesterday until about noon, when it began to subside. The wind blew all night and yesterday morning from the south-east. About midday it shifted farther south; then to the west, and finally set in from the north, or a point in that direction.

The flood began to decrease at noon, and towards night it fell back as far as Front-street, leaving a deposit of mud, boards, and wood, and the debris of timber, every where in the low streets.

It is impossible to give at the present time, any accurate idea of the extent of this great flood, or the damage which it produced.

On St. Francis street, in the north part of the city, the waters came up to the office of St. John, Powers & Co., where we saw a large steamboat barge moored. Further up, it reached St. Joseph-street, to a depth suf-





ficient to float a boat. The rail road depot was completely surrounded by water, and the rail road for a distance of two miles, the only part examined, was covered to a depth of one or two feet.

On Dauphin street the water came up as far as this printing office. On Conti street it reached about about the same height. On Government-street, near the lower part of the market house, a small steamboat might have plied. In the southern part of the city the flood was still greater. At Spanish alley the houses almost floated, and men were called thither to rescue the inmates from drowning.

Apprehensions are entertained, that the foundations of some of the stores, particularly those in the course of erection, are so much injured as to require re-construction, but this, we presume, is imaginary. The chief general injury is in the destruction of the wharves, and it is feared that unless extraordinary efforts is made to clear the streets, sickness will inevitably follow. The first object should be to effect this purpose. The floors of the submerged stores should also be immediately raised, and drained, and lined. With such precautions as these, we think there will be no danger.

At Choctaw Point Light House, a sad result of the storm occurred. The tenement which was occupied by the keeper, Mrs. Philbert, being undermined by the flood, gave way, and Mrs. Philbert, her son-in-law, William E. Coglin, and his wife, with their two children, and Oscar Philbert, were forced to seek shelter as best they could. They attempted to save themselves by a rude raft; but Mrs. Philbert and her two grand-children, after being driven about by the wind, and by the water, were washed from their frail bark and drowned. Mr. Coglin and his wife were rescued. Mr. Philbert and a negro



is missing. Both, doubtless, were drowned. The body of Mrs. Philbert was found terribly mutilated, and has been interred to-day. The bodies of the children have not yet been recovered.

Near Government street the bodies of a woman and child were found. They were the family of a gardener, commonly called Dutch Charley, who cultivated the marsh opposite the city. It seems that when the flood came their house was carried away. The husband and father, by means of a log and imperfect raft, attempted to put his wife and child on a peach tree, but they were carried away by the water, and drowned before he could reach them.

The houses on the island, and elsewhere opposite the city were chiefly destroyed. One house was carried up the river, and but for the timely arrival of the steamboat *Heroine*, on its way to the city from Bladon Springs, and the humane exertions of Capt. H. Johnston, the inmates would, doubtless, have found a grave in the angry flood. Capt. J. rescued them all, five in number—one a mother, with an infant only three months old. They had been exposed some twenty hours without food or shelter, and were nearly dead. They were taken on board the *Heroine*, and treated with extreme kindness, so that within a brief time they were completely restored. Several cattle were found at the distance of ten miles above the city, whither they had been driven from the island opposite the city.

The Advertiser of Sunday contains the following :

We learn by the captain of a fishing smack, who came up to the city last evening, that five smacks with their crews were lost between Dog River and Dauphin Island, during the late gale. The number of lives lost with them is supposed to be from fifteen to twenty.



Taking it altogether, this has been the highest and most disastrous flood ever known to Mobile, and, doubtless, the destruction here is not greater than that on the coast. On the lower part of the eastern shore, the land lies low, and there, we fear, there has been much distress and loss among the residents.

GEORGETOWN, Sept. 1.

The Winyah Observer, speaking of the late freshet, says :

The mighty rush of water must soon be upon our planters of the Santee.

The news reached this place by the steamer from Charleston, on Monday, and we understand that the planters high up on the Santee commenced at once to harvest their crops, with the view of saving as much as possible before the water came down upon them. The rice crop on that river is all of it nearly ready for the hook, and the damage will be most grievous to such planters as reside within range of this lamentable freshet. There is also quite a rise in Pee Dee, but the extent of it we do not know.

The Evening News learns from a reliable source that the rise in the river at Cheraw was only fifteen feet, and it passed rapidly off. Consequently there is no danger to our Pee Dee friends.

MARIETTA, GA., Aug. 31.

The Marietta Advocate, says :

The incessant and heavy rains of last Thursday and Friday have done great damage. Bottom lands have been to a great extent overflowed, and the standing crops of corn, &c., have been greatly injured, if not ruined. We hear of bridges and mill dams destroyed on almost



all the water courses in this section. The Rome Rail Road is so much injured as to prevent the running of the cars on yesterday.

ATLANTA, Aug. 31.

The Atlanta Intelligencer has the following notice of it :

We had the most violent storm of wind and rain on last Thursday night, and Friday, and a part of Friday night, that we have witnessed for years. The rain fell in torrents. The creeks and rivers have all overflowed their banks, and vast destruction to the corn and cotton crops must be the unavoidable result. The mills are nearly all carried away in this section of country. We fearfully anticipate the report of the destruction of large amounts of property, besides the ruin of the maturing crops.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Aug. 31.

The Montgomery Advertiser and Gazette, says :

The Alabama is 'booming,' though about on a stand. The prospect is, that we shall have a good river for the balance of the season—so those living south who have been spending their leisure time at the north, will meet with no hindrance here on their return trip. Plenty of boats will be in readiness for their transportation.

The Tallapoosa River is very high. The stage from this city to Wetumpka has not crossed for three or four days, and our up-country people are cut off from communication with us. We presume the stage will be able to go to Wetumpka to-day.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 30.

A telegraphic despatch, dated at Memphis, says :

The recent rain storms has destroyed property to the





amount of \$20,000 in this vicinity, In the adjacent counties the corn and cotton crops are washed out of the ground.

UNION, Sept. 3.

The Journal says:

It is painful to think, even, upon the sweeping destruction. Not less than ten thousand acres of bottom land, in this district, have been submerged. The loss is incalculable, but may be safely put down at three hundred thousand dollars. Every bridge in the district, we believe, with perhaps one exception, has been swept away, while almost every saw mill, and several very valuable flour mills have met with a similar fate. Thousands of bushels of wheat, and hundreds of barrels of flour, have been swept off in the wreck. Yet, with all our losses, we have abundant reason to be thankful. The uplands gives promise of an abundance, and although cakes may not be as plenty as black berries, we trust that old Union may have enough, and some to spare.

SPARTANBURG, Sept. 2.

Any attempt at description would be vain. Suffice it to say, that this has been the greatest and most destructive flood, with which this section of the country has ever been visited. Lawson's Fork River was ten feet higher than ever known before; and we presume this was the case with the river and creeks generally. Thus, it may be seen at once that the loss of property and produce, must necessarily be greater than on any former occasion. Any attempt to estimate the value of property lost would be fruitless; but we feel warranted in saying, from the reports coming in from the country,



that the loss to our district amounts to more than one hundred thousand dollars—some intelligent gentlemen, however, estimates the loss at a much higher sum.

PICKENS, Aug. 28.

The last Pickens Courier says :

For a week past we have had a flood of rain almost without cessation. On yesterday, the rain fell in torrents, which continued with great violence for the space of eighteen hours, causing much destruction to the growing corn in and about this place, and we fear in the adjoining districts.

The rivers and creeks in this vicinity rose, on the 27th, to an unprecedented height, flooding the low lands, and sweeping away everything which might impede their progress.

As far as our knowledge, it is the general impression, that not less than one-third of the corn crops will be destroyed. We hope, however, that this may be an over estimate of what will be really destroyed. Keowee river is this morning twenty feet above low water mark.

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WILLIAM SPENCER BROWN, CHIEF ENGINEER GREENVILLE  
AND COLUMBIA RAIL ROAD.

It is with feelings which can scarcely be restrained, after the lapse of a month, that a friend undertakes to speak of him whose name heads this article, as one "who was, and is not!" Alas, how brief is time, and how uncertain are all its issues! He who is now in the silent chambers of the dead, for years has been the valued friend and administrative officer of him who now



writes, and who, by many years, was his senior, and who, according to the course of nature, ought to have preceded him to the tomb. But God sees not as man. The younger has been taken from the trials and troubles of life; the elder has been left to encounter many of them single handed, where the services of the younger would have been invaluable. But God gave and God has taken away; blessed be His name for ever and ever!

Wm. Spencer Brown was the son of Major General Jacob Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, and of his wife, Pamela. He was every way worthy of such an illustrious parentage. He was born at Brownville, in the State of New York, 27th May, 1815. He graduated at West Point in 1835. He received a second lieutenant's commission in the army in the same year, but never joined his regiment. He resigned in 1836, and became assistant engineer on the enlargement of the Erie canal. In 1836 and 1837 he was employed on the Norristown and Valley Rail Road. In 1837 he was married to Elizabeth D. Barnes, the daughter of Judge Joseph Barnes, of Philadelphia. This accomplished lady accompanied him, immediately after marriage, to the south, and encountered cheerfully all the privations of an engineer's life in an almost Indian country. No two people were ever more devoted to each other. Often has the writer had the opportunity to see the perfect happiness which pervaded the family circle when the husband and father, the idolized "Willie," was present. This, alas, is no more to be seen! Still the lovely, mourning widow, has much to live for in rearing up the interesting little ones, the pledges of their loves, and the living monuments of their worthy father.



In 1837 he was appointed assistant engineer on the Atlantic and Western Rail Road, Georgia. He held this place to 1843. It seems, too, that in this time he became chief engineer on the Memphis Branch Rail Road, and so continued from 1840 to 1847; and in the same time, beginning in 1846, he had charge of the Coosa and Tennessee Rail Road.

The writer of this tribute to his memory has often heard him say he drove the first stake where Atlanta now is, and that he laid out and named "Gadsden," on the Mississippi river. In his services, in Georgia, he made the acquaintance of, and served under, General Brisbane. *Here* began a friendship, pure and worthy, which was only terminated by his death.

In June, 1847, Mr. Brown, without the personal acquaintance of either the president or any of the directors, was elected second assistant engineer of the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road, with the small salary of \$1,000. He made the acquaintance of the president in Augusta, Georgia, shortly after, and in his company visited Columbia, and determined to accept the appointment. It was, on this occasion, that he gave the memorable reply to an inquiry of the president whether a road could be constructed from Columbia to Greenville: "Give an engineer money and he can go any where."

It seems that, in this year, Mr. Brown was elected Professor of History and Ethics in the State Military Academy, but declined to accept. At what precise time this was the writer does not know, for he was never aware of the fact until very recently.

Under that excellent, clear-headed, prudent officer, John McKee, chief engineer, in July, 1847, he organized the Brigade of Engineers—consisting of himself, his class-mate Wm. Henry Griffin, J. Y. Mills and George





Walker, who ran the experimental line of the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road, directly from Columbia to Greenville, one hundred and ten miles, in about forty days. On the termination of this survey he became first assistant engineer, with a salary of \$1,750.

Subsequent consideration (after the survey of a line from Newberry through Abbeville district to Anderson and Greenville, made by that able engineer and worthy gentleman, Major Horace Bliss,) induced the company to locate their road, in November, from Columbia, for twenty-six miles on the eastern side of the Broad river to Alston; thence across the river, and up the valley of Priestler's Fork of Crim's creek to Newberry; thence to the Saluda valley, following it to the mouth of Wilson's creek; thence across Saluda, and crossing Wilson's creek twice, and Ninety-Six creek once, to the Saluda ridge, and pursued it to Belton; it then turned to Anderson, and thence over a very rough country, and again crossing Saluda to Greenville. This location was highly displeasing to many of the stockholders. Laurens, whose subscription was conditional that the road should be located within one mile of her town, was of course thrown out. The stockholders of Greenville district declared themselves unwilling to pay up their stock. The president, too, who felt that his word (which had been given in the presence and by the authority of the directors that if the subscription of Laurens amounted to \$140,000 the road should be located by that town,) was disregarded, and, indeed, repudiated, by the action of the stockholders, declared his purpose to resign. After reflection, and the belief that his resignation would be fatal to the enterprise, induced him to retain his post, and press the work.

Mr. Brown located the road on the east bank of Broad



river in the winter of 1847 and '48, and it was put under contract. The company devolved upon him, as a commissioner, the duty of obtaining relinquishments of the right of way from Columbia to Saluda, and increased his salary to \$2,000. This very delicate duty he performed admirably well. Few men possessed the same facility of persuading people to do what he desired, which he did.

In 1848 the line to Anderson was located, and grading contracts offered to stockholders, who were entitled, under the charter, to work out half of their stock. These contracts were generally accepted, and the work was begun with great activity.

In December, 1848, the legislature generously subscribed one-half of the bonds of the South Carolina Rail Road to the State, amounting to more than \$250,000.

In 1849, February, Mr. McRae, to accept the post of chief engineer on the South Carolina Rail Road, resigned his place as chief engineer on the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road, and Mr. Brown was instantly advanced to his place, with a salary of \$2,500.

By the advice of Mr. Brown, in the spring of 1849, a contract was made with the South Carolina Rail Road to take, at \$45 per ton, delivered in Columbia, in payment of their bonds at par, so much of their Flange iron as would stand his inspection. It resulted, in 1851 and '52, in the Company receiving a little over thirty miles. Many persons have been disposed to censure Mr. Brown for this. But unquestionably he was right; the bonds could not then have been sold for more than \$90 in the hundred; the iron, so far as received, is good, and capable of many years service. In the summer of that year, a contract was made with Col. Gadsden for the purchase and delivery in Charleston of about sixty miles of iron (chunk bar,) the bonds of the South Carolina Rail Road



to be received in payment at \$90. In the summer of that year, negotiations were opened with the recusant stockholders of Greenville, which led to a reconnoissance by Mr. Brown from Greenville to Belton. He pronounced the route practicable; a survey was ordered, and a very favorable report being made, the stockholders were assembled at Abbeville to consider the propriety of changing the location made in 1847; and after a protracted discussion, and on securing to Anderson the road from Belton to Anderson, the location from Anderson to Greenville was abandoned, and that from Belton to Greenville adopted. Thereupon the stockholders of Greenville (with a large accession of stock from Buncombe and Henderson, and an increase by one of the stockholders of Greenville, Vardry McBee, of his stock to \$50,000,) assented to the compromise; and at Greenville, in November, the terms of payment were arranged. At the meeting at Abbeville, a branch from Cokesbury to Abbeville was established, and additional stock for the same received.

In September, 1849, the track began to be laid down to Columbia; and during the session of the legislature of that year, the engine Abbeville ran up a few miles on the road, very much to the gratification of the members and the judges. In December, 1849, the legislature again very generously subscribed \$75,000 in the South Carolina Rail Road stock—\$25,000 to be paid on the grading being completed to Abbeville, and \$50,000 on the same being done to Greenville.

The year 1850 began with the most favorable auspices; everything promised a rapid completion of the road. But the spring rains of that year retarded the work most materially, especially the bridge across Broad river. In June, or July, the track was finished to the river. Pre-



vious to this, the undertaker of the stone-work had been dismissed, and Mr. Brown took upon himself the arduous duty of having this work done. He succeeded; but in July, many of Mr. Denniead's hands engaged on the wooden superstructure, were struck down with sickness, and fled from the work. Here, again, Mr. Brown's unconquerable energy was put in requisition. He, with the assistance of Mr. H. T. Peake, the superintendent of the road, and of Mr. Fry, of Columbia, took the whole construction on himself. He hired hands, and by passing all down every evening to Columbia, secured their health. The work progressed uninterruptedly till the 24th of August, when the memorable freshet of that year occurred. Three spans of the bridge were up, and the scaffolding for them and a fourth span was standing. The fresh swept away the scaffolding, but left the bridge and road uninjured. Mr. Brown, on that occasion, showed the fearless intrepidity which, at last, probably, consigned him to a watery grave. On Sunday and Monday, when the fresh was at its height, he ascended the road, and when, as he afterwards said to the writer of this memoir, "it looked like running right up Broad river, there being almost as much water apparently to the right as to the left of the road."

From the abatement of the fresh to the 14th of October, when the bridge was finished and crossed, Mr. Brown might have been seen, day after day, standing on the flats and scaffolding in Broad river, urging on the work. Often did the writer, anxious as Mr. Brown about the work, caution him against the exposure and risk to which he was subjecting himself. In his usual quiet way, he said he was willing to encounter it, though he thought by sleeping every night in Columbia, he would be safe, and so it turned out.





In 1850 he became the consulting Engineer of the Laurens Rail Road Company, and put that road under way.

The Greenville and Columbia Rail Road reached Newberry in March, 1851. Previous to this time a contract was made for a supply of the T iron, which began to be laid down at Little river, Newberry. The work was pressed with unceasing ardor—but the country from Newberry to Ninety-Six in Abbeville, was one presenting great difficulties. Bush river, Beaverdam creek, Saluda river, Wilson's and Ninety-Six creeks, all had to be crossed; so, too, the Saluda Valley, for miles, had to be ascended! To some of the stockholders living in Abbeville and Anderson, the road seemed to move entirely too slow. The July meeting, 1851, of the stockholders at Newberry, exhibited some discontent, and strange to say, the mover of the discontent had not finished his own grading contract at the nearest point to Newberry, where the road was delayed.

In 1851 Mr. Brown became the consulting engineer of the King's Mountain Rail Road, and gave it its successful beginning, which has now carried it through. In the latter part of the year he ceased to be the consulting engineer of both it and the Laurens Rail Road—neither longer needing his important services.

In March, 1852, the road reached Ninety-Six. Between this point and Greenwood, ten miles, a delay of more than two months was encountered, from the fact that the iron could not be forwarded by the South Carolina Rail Road. The first week in July the road reached Greenwood, and Cokesbury by the 1st of August, and Barmore's in the next two weeks, having in six weeks made a distance of fourteen miles. The timber superstructure is upon the road to Saluda on the main line,



and the Greenville extension. No doubt was entertained that by the first of October the road would be completed to Belton, and to Anderson by the first of December. But God thought proper, no doubt, for wise purposes, to defeat all these expectations.

On Tuesday, 24th of August, Mr. Brown left Columbia for a brief visit over the road, intending to return on Friday. To accommodate his friends of Laurens, he was induced on Thursday to visit that town to locate their depot. The rain of Thursday night and Friday detained him until Saturday morning, when in company with Col. Irby, President of the Laurens Rail Road, on horseback he swam Little river at the upper ford, near the town, and reached the head of the Laurens Rail Road; thence he came to Helena, where he stopped the Greenville and Columbia passenger train; from which place his anxiety carried him as far up the Greenville and Columbia Rail Road as he could go; he made his way to Chappell's and saw the great flood in Saluda; he dined with his friend, Dr. Moon, on Sunday, and on that evening in a telegraph car, himself and A. Garlington, Esq., descended the road from Little river to Helena. On Monday morning, the 30th of August, he left in the train for Columbia; it was obliged to stop, on account of the injuries done to the road, before it reached Crim's Creek; he ordered it back to Helena, telling the conductor that he would find some way of getting to Columbia.

He got on to the Broad river bridge, opposite Alston, and there he saw Broad river in a flood never surpassed and only approached by the Yazoo freshet of '96. There he saw Alston in ruins, and four spans of Broad river bridge swept away. There he met his friend, Col. A. G. Summer, and stated to him his plans for restoring



the road and bridge ; and on expressing his anxiety to reach Columbia, Col. Summer offered him his poney which he had concluded to accept, but seeing Mr. McCollum on the other side of the river, he said, "there is McCollum, and he is fixing a boat to come over." In a brief time, McCollum, his son and Jefferson committed themselves, in a large batteau, to the angry waters, and ascending three-fourths of a mile above the bridge, they struck across apparently intending to strike Hampton's Island, but the force of the current carried them to the point of it and thence shooting through between the piers of the bridge, they landed below. On conferring with McCollum, and fearing that the Columbia bridge was gone, and understanding from McCollum that he had bought the batteau, he (Brown) determined on crossing, and finding his way in it by water to Columbia.

This rash conclusion Col. Summer combatted, in every way he could, but in vain ; he then endeavored to prevail with them to leave McCollum's little son with him, telling them, as a prudent man, that "they were men, and if they chose to peril their lives, it was their own act ; but that they had no right to jeopardize the life of the child." The child's anxiety to go, and the father's belief in his son's power of swimming, prevailed over this prudent counsel. They crossed the river safely. Mr. Brown borrowed the money and paid for the batteaux. His double purpose was to examine the injury done to the road, and to reach his family. They descended near the line of the railroad for nearly four miles ; then Mr. Brown, observing that it was very laborious to row in the still water, and that McCollum's hands were blistered, proposed to throw the batteaux into the current and float to Columbia. To this McCollum says he ob-



jected, as he did not know the river. Mr. Brown replied that there was no danger till they came near to Columbia. The batteaux was thrown into the channel. In less than a mile, McCollum states that he saw the danger ahead, and therefore took the steering paddle from his little boy. In a few moments they ran into a cross current in Freshley's falls; the batteaux went under the water, overturned, and the party rose, Jefferson clinging to the bottom of the boat. Brown, McCollum and his son, swimming. Jefferson maintained his position until the batteaux, several miles below, struck against a tree, which he climbed, and was thence taken off next day. Mr. McCollum soon saw that his son could not keep pace with him; he, therefore, waited until he got him up alongside, told him to lay his hand upon his shoulder and swim all that he could to lighten him. This was done, and they and Brown swimming near each other, swam, McCollum states, at least two miles, when a floating limb carried him and his son down. On rising, he found his child was gone, and could nowhere be found. Brown he saw swimming near him, and said to him, "Colonel, I hope we shall get out yet." Some reply was made, what it was he could not hear. He struck out for the land, reached it, and was saved. Brown, after swimming still further down the river, below Littleton, was seen to rise and sink, by a man and his wife, who knew him not, but who described part of his dress, so as to identify him. His body, after being three weeks in the sand, and under water, was found, in a short distance of the place described, where he was seen to sink.

Thus, in his 33th year, perished William Spencer Brown. He has left a widow and five interesting children, with the prospect of another soon to be added.





His mother still survives. Sad upon her widowed ear fell the intelligence of the death of her son, who thus died far from her, and the home of his nativity!

In the Providence of God he was permitted to visit her, and his relations generally, last June.

William Spencer Brown was about six feet high, of a rather slender frame, but capable of great endurance. His features were regular, and more resembled his mother than his father. His hair was auburn and his eyes blue.

He was a man of great energy and indomitable perseverance. He was quick in his perception of any matter; he was prompt in execution. If he had a fault (and who is without them?) he was too impetuous.

He was quick to resent an insult, but equally quick to forgive. He was a warm, generous, devoted friend and relative.

As a son, husband and father, none who ever saw him in the presence of his mother, and at home, could doubt that he was all which such relationships could demand.

He was a moral man. Never heard the writer of this sketch an oath from his lips; never was he intoxicated; indeed, ardent spirits he never touched. His life, to the eye of his friend, whose memory clings to him with a tenacity never to be broken, seemed to be without fault.

Much, he would have thought, was in store to crown him with honor and usefulness; but it was not so ordered. He was cut down in a moment, and in the waste of waters, without an arm to help, a voice to say God have mercy, or an eye to drop a tear: his body sank to rise no more, until the general resurrection, and his spirit fled away to the bosom of his Father and God.



## THE GREENVILLE AND COLUMBIA RAIL ROAD.

The junior editor (as the representative of a large portion of the Greenville stock,) had the pleasure of attending the convention of the stockholders of this road, which met at Newberry, on Wednesday last. A pleasant day's drive took us to Donaldsville, thirty-eight miles, being the present head of the road. On next morning, in company with near two hundred passengers, we passed rapidly over our rail road, and arrived at Newberry just as the convention was ready for assembling. The meeting was organized in a large room of the hotel lately kept by Mr. Bierfield, but being found too small, there being nearly two hundred stockholders present, it was adjourned to the Newberry theatre, to hear the address of the President, setting forth the present condition of the affairs of the road, and the propriety of calling on the stockholders for an assessment on their stock. He spoke for more than two hours, showing, in a clear, candid and eloquent manner, the history of the road, its disasters, the progress of repair and construction, and its future prospects. We cannot describe its affairs better than by giving a synopsis of his speech. He gave a history of the road, its original organization, the location, the difficulties arising out of it, and took occasion, *with great emphasis*, to say to them, that they *knew* if there was a fault in the location that he was not responsible for it; that the present route of the road was forced upon him, and as soon as it was fixed he had thrown himself into the work with all the zeal and energy which he possessed.

He stated that the stock subscribed to build the road by the State and individuals, did not exceed \$1,231,120; that of that there was still remaining unpaid, or unac-



counted for, the sum of \$175,755.48; that a large proportion of this sum was covered, probably, by certificates of work not yet brought in, and which would, *pro tanto*, diminish the apparent debt of the company; that the cost of the road, when finished, would be \$2,040,219.60; that this covered everything—stocking the road, work-shops, repairs, &c.; and it would still be the cheapest road ever built within his knowledge, the cost being \$12,501 per mile, \$1,499 per mile less than the Charlotte and South Carolina Rail Road.

He gave a rapid description of the road for one hundred and five miles completed, pointing the attention to the immense work done, not less than eight bridges being built, and a rolling rich country penetrated. Had it not been for the great August freshet, said he, we would now have been at Anderson! That freshet injured and swept down more than thirty miles of the road. The work of repair has been more tedious than was anticipated. But, said he, it is impossible for men *to labor against disease or to resist the elements*.

The work, in the Saluda valley, comparatively slight when compared with that in the Broad river, was done within the time expected, by the self-sacrificing contractors, Messrs. Singleton & Hair, Messrs. Pennington & Burns, and Messrs. Miller, Henry & Miller, under Feaster and La-Salle, as directed by the energetic chief engineer, Mr. Griffin.

In the Broad river valley, Mr. Peake, the superintendent, aided by Mr. Chamberlaine, Butler, Duncan, Feaster, Pennington and Burns, have, in a succession of the worst weather, and amid disease, repaired and put in beautiful operation, twenty-six miles of road; building, in the mean time, a beautiful and substantial bridge across Cedar creek. So, too, Mr. Owens, under



Mr. Peake's direction, restored the trestle near Crim's creek. All these great works of repair have been done in less than four months, two of which, September and the latter part of November, and all December, have been storm and ruin, with rare glimpses of sunshine. Notwithstanding, *these faithful, devoted men* have worked *on and on*, until all is finished except the Broad river bridge. That has been delayed going up, until the road could be finished; first, on account of the difficulty of transporting stone seven miles by wagon to rebuild the piers; and, second, to bring back the spans of the bridge, washed twelve miles down the river. Two spans, it is hoped, will be brought back this week, and in the next six weeks, he said, he had great hopes all might be repaired, and the engine pass continuously from Columbia to Donald's and *above*? For the present, ample arrangements were made and making, to pass travelers and freight across Broad river. The repairs had been, and would be completed at, probably, \$6,000 beyond the estimate submitted to the public.

He stated that there was an actual necessity now for \$416,980.20. To meet this, independent of our outstanding stock, which will be considered as equal to the payment of contractors' demands and the finishing of the road, we have, said he, \$157,978, in present available means; and by the sale of the bonds it might be possible to reduce this further, (\$182,000,) leaving only about \$77,000 to be provided for. But, said he, we have contracts for iron and rolling stock to more than \$100,000, which must soon be met.

It is hoped Congress may put the duties, say \$35,563.21, on time, and allow them to be paid in mail service, and thus relieve the company from paying out that much cash.





So, too, he hoped, he said, the Bank of the State might take the company's bond on time, and give up \$73,000 of hypothecated securities, which could be turned into money, and thus further relieve the company. Still it was necessary there should be an assessment to provide means and to put the company above the suspicion of interested men, who are constantly endeavoring to affect its credit. An assessment of one-fifth—\$1 per share—to be called for in instalments of \$1 per share every sixty days, making an aggregate of \$246,185, was necessary. This sum, he hoped, would carry the road through all difficulties. The Treasurer, he recommended, should be directed to issue certificates for each instalment, as paid, to be refunded out of the income, with 7 per cent. interest.

He said that there was iron on hand, or coming in, to finish the whole road. That it was the opinion of the Chief Engineer that the whole road could be finished in four months, and certainly before next July. This opinion, he said, he thought was correct. The wooden superstructure was down on the Abbeville Branch, with the exception of three miles; that it was down to, or nearly to, Anderson; that it was also down on the road to Saluda, within fourteen miles of Greenville.

He said the iron was promised to be forwarded rapidly from Charleston, and would be as rapidly put forward by this road. Everything assured him, he said, that success, speedy success, was before us. We have been chastened sorely, but, said he, God does not punish always. He recommended that there should be a change, as soon as practicable, of the location of the road at Frost's, Lookter's, Chambers', Cedar creek and Turnipseed's. This being done, the road is out of all danger from water. He said, *now* he believed the road



was perfectly safe. The entire road would now challenge comparison with any road in the State, for its construction. He said to the stockholders, "You have this morning passed over the whole of it, *am I not right?*"

He said, in conclusion, that he hoped he might be permitted to say that no desire of power had caused him to linger at the head of this great work. He never was satisfied, he said, to leave a work unfinished, and he never was willing to abandon a ship in danger of stranding, *nor to repudiate, when he could, by faith or loss, avoid it!* The wreck, said he, has been cleared, and the past is before you; and if, like Columbus' men, you will hold on and toil on, a little longer, we will reach the long expected and desired land.

At the close of his address the convention adjourned to meet in the Baptist Church at half-past 6 o'clock, P. M. In the interim of the meeting the effect of the President's address was visible upon every countenance, for whereas the stockholders had met in the morning under circumstances of doubt and gloom, and in some few instances, even of disaffection to the administration of the affairs of the company, now all was confidence and cheerfulness, and a willingness to pay the assessment, and thus secure the benefits of their previous outlay. There was also manifested, with scarcely an exception, a feeling that the interests of the company were safe in the hands of the President, and that no misfortune which had yet befallen it could equal that which it would sustain were he to withdraw from the administration of its affairs. It was evident that the storm was past, and sunshine and prosperity awaited us in the future.

At the appointed hour the convention met in the Baptist Church, and without discussion the resolution



for assessing the stock of the company 20 per cent. was passed almost unanimously. It was also resolved that the assessment should be called in by four instalments of \$1 per share each, after notice on each instalment of 60 days, and that the Treasurer should issue receipts for each payment, binding the company to refund the amount, with 7 per cent. interest from the date of payment, out of the first income of the road. This makes the assessments amount to nothing more than a loan of money by the stockholders to the company, at legal interest, returnable at an early day—an arrangement that must give satisfaction to every stockholder who truly desires the success of the road.

It was also resolved, as soon as practicable, to change the location of the road at all the exposed points between Alston and Columbia, and surveys for this purpose will shortly be made. But this arrangement, as well as every other, except the completion of the road, is to be delayed until the re-payment of the assessments has been effected.

After some little discussion in regard to a rumored abuse of the free ticket system on the road, which was properly placed in the hands of the directors, the convention adjourned; and the next morning the members sped swiftly and pleasantly to their respective homes. Hard after the passenger train up, followed the regular freight train, the first time of its running under the new arrangement. Freight, as well as iron for the road, is now brought up regularly, and the road is already regaining the heavy business which it did before the fiasco in August.

We were delighted to hear that our excellent friend, Col. Irby, Lieutenant Governor of the State, and President of the Laurens Rail Road Company, (who was pre-



sent at the convention,) subscribed \$1,000 of stock of the company, as a pledge of his confidence in the enterprise and a token of his interest in the prosperity of the road.

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SENTENCE OF MOTLEY AND BLACKLEDGE.

*Thomas Motley ads. The State—Murder of a Slave.* Whitner, Judge. Motion for new trial dismissed.

*William Blackledge ads. The State.—Murder of Slave.*—Whitner, Judge. Motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial dismissed.

His Honor, Judge O'Neall, pronounced on the prisoners the following eloquent, impressive and affecting sentence, worthy, in its general character, and especially honorable sensitiveness to true southern character, and sacred regard for the right of humanity, to take its place by the side of that of Judge Wilde, many years ago, in the case of Slater, when the murder of a slave was punishable only with a pecuniary mulct.

*Thomas Motley—William Blackledge.*—Two months have passed away since you stood before me, in the midst of the community where the awful tragedy, of which you have been convicted, **was** performed. I hope this time has been profitable to you, and that in the midnight watchings of your solitary cells, you have turned back with shame and sorrow to the awful cruelties of which you were guilty on the 5th of July last.

Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence, you have no reason to complain that justice has been harshly administered. On the circuit and *here* you have had the aid of zealous, untiring counsel—every thing which





man could do to turn away the sword of justice, has been done; but in vain. Guilt, such as yours, cannot escape the sanctions of even earthly tribunals.

My duty now is to pass between you and the State, and announce the law's awful doom! Before I do so, usage and propriety demand that I should endeavor to turn your thoughts to the *certain results* before you. Death here, a shameful death, awaits you! I hope it may be that you may escape the terrible everlasting death of the soul.

It may be profitable to you to recall the horrid deeds, which you jointly and severally committed, in the death of the poor, begging, unoffending slave. I will not repeat the disgusting details of the outrages committed; the public are already fully informed, and your own hearts, in every pulsation, repeat them to you. I may be permitted, however, to say to you, and to the people around you, and to the world, that hitherto South Carolina had never witnessed such atrocities; indeed, they exceed all that we are told of savage barbarity. For the Indian, the moment his captive ceases to be a true warrior (in the sense in which he understands it) and pleads for mercy, no longer extends his suffering—death, speedy death, follows. But you, for a night and part of the succeeding day, rioted in the sufferings and terrors of the poor negro, and at length your ferocious dogs, set on by you, throttled and killed him, as they would a wild beast. Can't you hear his awful death cry, "Oh, Lord!" If you cannot hear it, the Lord of Hosts heard and answered it. He demanded then, and *now*, from you, the fearful account of blood!

You have met with the fearful consequences of the infamous business in which you were engaged—*hunting runaways with dogs*, equally fierce and ferocious as the



Spanish bloodhounds. With one of you, (Motley) there could have been no excuse. Your father, young man, is a man of wealth, reaped and gathered together by a life of toil and privation; that the son of such a man should be found more than a hundred miles from home, following a pack of dogs, in the chase of negro slaves, through the swamps of the lower country, under a summer's sun, shows either a love of cruelty, or of money, which is not easily satisfied. To the other prisoner, Blackledge, it may be that poverty and former devotion to this sad business, might have presented some excuses.

The Scriptures, young men, with which, I fear, you have not been familiar, declare, as the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill." This divine statute, proclaimed to God's own prophet, amid the lightning and thunder of Sinai, was predicated of the law, previously given to Noah, after one race of men had perished. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man," In conformity to these *divine commands*, is the law of the State under which you *have* been condemned. No longer is the blood of the slave to be paid for with money; no longer is the brutal murderer of the negro to go free! "Life for life" is demanded, and you, poor, guilty creatures, have the forfeit to pay! A long experience as a lawyer and a Judge, makes it my duty to say to you and to the people all around you, *never have I known the guilty murderer to go free!* If judgment does not overtake him in the hall of justice, still the avenger of blood is in his pursuit: still the eye, which never slumbers nor sleeps, is upon him, until in some unexpected moment the command goes forth "cut him down," and the place "which once knew him shall know him no more forever." Since



your trial, one of the witnesses, much censured for participation, in some sort, in your guilty deeds, has been suddenly cut off from life.

I say to you young men "you must die." Do not trust in hopes of executive clemency. It seems to me, however much the governor's heart may bleed to say "no" to your application, he will have to say it. Prepare yourselves, therefore, as reasonable, thinking, accountable men, for your fate. Search the Scriptures—obtain repentance by a godly sorrow for sin. Struggle night and day for pardon. Remember Christ the Saviour came to save sinners, the chief of sinners. Learn that you are such, and he will then declare to you that, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The sentence of the law is, that you be taken to the place whence you last came, thence to the jail of Colleton district; that you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the third day of March next, on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you and each of you will be taken, by the Sheriff of Colleton district, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck, till your bodies be dead, and may God have mercy on your souls.

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#### TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF EX-GOVERNOR JOHNSTON.

A meeting of the bar was held in the chamber of the Equity Court of Appeals, at half-past 9 o'clock, A. M., yesterday, to pay a tribute of respect and regard to the memory of the late Ex-Governor Johnston.

On motion of J. L. Petigru, Esq., Isaac W. Hayne,



Esq. Attorney General, was called to the chair, and Thos. J. Gantt, Esq., (Clerk of the Court of Appeals and the Court of Errors, on the nomination of the deceased,) was appointed Secretary.

The Chairman stated the object of the meeting in a few appropriate remarks.

The Hon. Mitchell King then rose, and introduced the following preamble and resolution :

The State of South Carolina is again called to mourn the death of one of her most distinguished citizens. On the 7th day of this month, at his residence at Limestone Springs, the venerable and venerated David Johnson paid the debt of nature, and his ashes repose in Union district, near the place where he first saw the light. The sympathies and affection of the community gather around his tomb. Every man feels that he has lost an enlightened friend. But the Judiciary, of whom he was long the presiding officer—who were so long associated with him in their high duties, and who were bound to him by the strongest ties of mutual kindness and confidence—and the bar, who sustained before him the toils of their laborious and anxious profession, have the deepest cause of sorrow.

We shall leave to the biographer the duty of commemorating the domestic and private virtues of our departed friend; and well, in them, will he deserve a faithful chronicler, for no kinder or more generous man, according to the full measure of his ability, ever lived. In every relation of life, he strove to perform his duty. His heart overflowed with the best feelings, and was governed and guarded by his enlightened intellect. To speak of him as a lawyer and a judge is the special privilege of the bar; and if the voice of friendship mingle in our commemoration, it is because we cannot well





separate our love for him as a friend, from our admiration of him as a jurist.

David Johnson was indeed one of nature's noblemen. He was no less remarkable for his presence than for his virtues. His frame was large, well proportioned and athletic; his countenance grave, thoughtful and benevolent; his whole bearing and deportment conciliated esteem and commanded respect; his form was a fitting abode for his masculine and powerful intellect.

He studied law under the direction of the learned and upright Abraham Nott. After some years successful practice at the bar, he was in 1815 raised to the bench, and from that time until in 1846, the spontaneous voice of the people, expressed by the votes of every member of both branches of our legislature, called him to the Governatorial chair, he continued as Judge at law—a Judge of the Court of Appeals, or as a Chancellor in Equity, to perform his judicial functions in the highest tribunals of the State. To the execution of these functions he brought a mind well stored with legal lore—unwearied industry—invincible patience and perseverance—great natural abilities and stainless integrity. No man was freer from prejudice—none firmer in his opinions, or maintained them with more urbanity and consideration for the opinions of others. Truth was his object, and he never, against his convictions, or to show his intellectual strength, contended merely for victory. The most inexperienced member of the bar, in addressing him, was sure of an encouraging hearing, and a fair impartial consideration of his arguments, while he enforced the rules and maintained the decorum and dignity of the court. His manner was so mild, and his firmness so gentle, that the most sensitive feelings were not wounded—the most irritable could not take offence.



The examination of witnesses before him, was always conducted with a due regard to the cause of truth and justice. The modest, the diffident, and the candid, were protected—the reluctant, or equivocating, subjected to the full rigor of a searching scrutiny. Nothing could exceed the impartiality with which, as a Judge at law, he laid the evidence in a cause before a jury, or the candor with which as a Chancellor, he determined on it for himself. In all ordinary business of the court, he was prompt and decisive. In cases of complexity or difficulty, he was patient and slow in coming to his conclusions, but when they were once formed, he adhered to them with great firmness. This, however, was the firmness of a clear and self-relying mind, devoted to the right, and in any matter that he had adjudicated, brought again on appeal before him, no Judge ever lent a more willing ear to the arguments urged against his own opinion, and if on full re-consideration, he was satisfied he had been in error, no man was ever more magnanimous in acknowledging that error, and in giving his reasons for changing his opinion, and agreeing to the reversal of his previous judgment. He was seldom wrong, but he claimed no patent of infallibility, and was not only willing, but glad to correct a mistake. When, after tasking all the energies of his mind, he remained satisfied that he was right, no power on earth could have induced him to let go his integrity. He was tried, well tried, in times of the deepest excitement, when many of his nearest and dearest friends, who held opinions different from his own, and with whom he might have been happy to agree, pressed their views earnestly and zealously upon him; he had formed his opinion on the clearest dictates of his own conscience, and to these dictates he unostentatiously and inflexibly adhered. He knew that,



before his country, when excitement had passed away, and finally before his God, he must be tried on the truth and purity of his own correctness, and he has reaped his reward. The respect of the good and the wise clustered around him. His country spontaneously crowned him with her highest honors; and when advancing age caused him to withdraw from public life, followed him to his retreat with her cordial well-done and best wishes.

He has been taken from us, and has gone to receive the recompense of all his labors. We shall no more, in this world, see that manly form, or listen to the accents of that paternal voice. But though dead he still speaketh in his high example—in his recorded judgments—in his wisdom, embalmed in the records of our courts. As lawyers or as judges, let us strive to imitate him in all his noble qualities—let us strive to guard from every profane touch the hallowed flame that burns on the altar of justice, and to transmit the sacred principles to which he devoted himself, unimpaired to our latest posterity.

*Resolved*, That the bar of South Carolina, attendant on the Court of Errors, and on the Courts of Appeal, now in session, deeply deplore the death of the Honorable David Johnson. While he remained with us he was an honor and an ornament to the profession—we looked to him and to the dignities which he had achieved and worn so nobly, as the just reward of indefatigable industry, high talents and unsullied integrity—we pointed to him as an encouragement to the studious advocate, and as a model of judicial excellence. We admired and loved him while he lived; we mourn for him now he is dead; we will cherish and revere his memory.

2. That we very respectfully tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved members of his family, and beg leave to assure them of our unfeigned sympathy.



3. That these proceedings be presented to the Judges in the Court of Errors, with the request that the same be entered on their records.

The preamble and the resolutions were seconded by James L. Petigru, Esq. with the remark that, although the eulogy they embodied was high, the consciences of all present would testify that it was well deserved.

The preamble and resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

At the opening of the Court of Errors, composed of all the Law and Equity Judges, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the Attorney General, in conformity with the third resolution, after a few touching remarks, presented the preamble and resolutions to the Court.

On receiving the preamble and resolutions, the Hon. John B. O'Neill, President of the Court of Errors, as the organ of the court, responded as follows :

*Gentlemen:*—The intelligence of the death of the great and good man of whom you have just spoken, has been to me, as well as to the other members of the court, no ordinary cause of grief. From me, as his friend and associate of many years, it may well be expected that I should testify of his great—his excelling worth. Before I do so, may I be permitted to say, that to me, personally, David Johnson was more than a friend; had it not been for the difference of many years in our ages and services. I should have called him brother, with even more than a brother's love. I am sure I felt for him all that love, respect and reverence, that I did for my own father. When I presented myself in May, 1814, to the Constitutional Court for examination as a student of law, he was the solicitor appointed on the course of examination. From that time our friendship has been continued and unbroken. It is, therefore, with almost filial feel-





ings, I stand up to answer you, and to say of him, that full of years and glory, he has "finished his course." In his seventy-second year, or having completed it by a few months, "like the ripe grain," he has been gathered into the garner of his master.

His life, *as we all know*, was one eminent for usefulness. He was a native of Virginia. In Spartanburg district, South Carolina, where he resided after his removal from Virginia, lie the remains of his father, Christopher Johnson, a Baptist preacher. His education was as good as an academy then furnished, but he mainly made himself the plain but forcible writer for which he was so remarkable. Looking at his portly person, his capacious head, his beautiful handwriting, and his clear and forcible written opinions, I have often said to myself how much, in many respects, he is like George Washington.

He studied law with Judge Nott, then a lawyer, living in Union district, for four years, the period of study then prescribed for a law student not a graduate of a college; he read and re-read the scanty legal libraries then in possession of even the most eminent. He has told me that a portion of his preparation was the reading carefully of the whole of Bacon's Abridgment.

He was admitted to the bar in, I presume, 1805, or 1806. He was for several years the Ordinary of Union district, and resigned it to qualify himself to receive a fee of \$100 to settle, as the lawyer of the administrator of the estate of John McCall, deceased.

He was returned to the Legislature in 1812; and in the same session elected Solicitor of the Middle Circuit, in the place of David R. Evans, Esq., who had long filled the office, and who then resigned.

He was then little known; his practice was not ex-



tensive. The case of Tucker and Stevens, 4 Eq. Rep. 532, he has told me was the only bill in equity which he ever filed.

In December, 1815, at the age of thirty-three, he and Richard Gaunt were elected Judges of the Law Court over the late Benj. C. Yancey and Robert Starke, Esqs.

By labor, continuous and untiring, he made himself one of the most accomplished Circuit Judges before whom I ever practiced. His opinions in the Constitutional Court were prepared with wonderful care, often written over three times. They thus became models of judicial arguments.

He was one of the majority who declared at this place the Act of December, 1816, requiring the Judges to clear the dockets, unconstitutional, because it was passed with the amendment of the Constitution. No decision ever created such an excitement. An extra session of the Legislature in April, 1817, was convened to remedy the matter, and another law was passed to the same effect by it. Judge Johnson's mild and temperate opinion saved him from a loss of popularity. His eminent friend and legal instructor, Judge Nott, received the largest measure of the displeasure of the Legislature. For, in the succeeding December, when the Judges resigned to be re-elected under the increased salary, Judge Nott was elected by a very slim majority, while his young associate and former pupil was almost unanimously chosen.

In 1824, he, with Judges Nott and Colcock, was placed on the Appeal bench, and performed its Herculean labors until that Court was abolished in 1835. Having, with the late Judge Harper, gone upon that bench, in the places of Judges Nott and Colcock, in 1830, I may be permitted to say, as the only survivor, that the terms of '30, '31, '32, '33, '34 and '35, demanded and received



labor, attention and care, far beyond anything which I have since experienced. In them, Judge Johnson performed a full part of the work, and as the president of the court was, as everywhere, fully equal to his duty. In December, 1835, he was placed, as I well know, much against his wish, on the Equity or Chancery bench. He distrusted himself from his early want of training for that department of judicial labor, yet he performed the duties of a Chancellor admirably well. No Chancellor with whom I have been acquainted, better sustained himself, or more dignified or adorned his office.

In 1846 he was elected and assumed the duties of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the State; he desired this office as the crowning reward of his labors! It was unanimously conferred upon him. Its many worrying duties he calmly and patiently performed. He was emphatically a civil magistrate; he had no military tact, yet he organized the brave Palmetto regiment, with almost paternal care—he accompanied them to the border of the State, and standing on the Augusta bridge, with streaming eyes, bade them farewell! He welcomed Shields and Quitman as the leaders in battle of the sons of Carolina, on their journey through this State, and made them feel that South Carolina and her Chief-Magistrate were worthy of their homage. He saw return the wasted, but gallant remnant of those with whom he had parted as the hope of the State, and gave them a father's welcome.

Since 1848 he has been in retirement, and has suffered more from disease and accident than has fallen to the lot of most men. All these he bore with that noble, uncomplaining, patient fortitude, for which he was always so remarkable. But successive attacks of disease and injuries bowed his giant frame and subdued his iron



will, and on Sunday, the 7th of January, he quietly, and in the full hope of peace—everlasting peace—passed from earth. His remains, on Monday, the 8th of January, were, in the grave yard at Unionville, placed by the side of his wife, in the presence of his numerous and devoted friends and children, and earth received and covered all that was mortal of David Johnson.

Gone, forever gone from us, of earth, is the pure patriot, the just judge, the loved friend and the man *who had not an enemy!* Take him all in all, we may well say of him, South Carolina will vainly seek his equal. He is the last of the judges of law and equity who were on the bench when I came upon it in 1828. All, all, are in the presence of the King of kings. His mind was eminently judicial. His charges to the juries were plain, clear and short. He went upon the bench with the notion that the jury was to decide all questions of fact; but he soon learned that he must share with them the responsibility, and he never afterwards hesitated to place his opinion, both of the law and also of the facts, plainly before them.

His opinions in the Constitutional Court, the Court of Appeals, and the Court of Appeals in Equity, will speak for themselves, and, whoever reads them carefully, will say that they will compare most favorably with those of the most eminent Judges of our great and growing country.

He was slow, and even reluctant to begin a course of laborious reasoning; but, when aroused, he overthrew all opposing obstacles, and most clearly reached his conclusions.

He had no pride of opinion, no passion to gratify, no prejudice to turn him aside. Truth and justice were alike his objects. He freely surrendered his opinions,





whenever error was presented to his mind. If he had a fault, it was that he yielded his opinions too readily.

His very nature was kindness and benevolence; he never wilfully injured a human being. As a friend, he was sincere and unchanging. As a husband and father, no human being was more attached and devoted. As a master, no man was more kind and just. His letters to me, after the accidental burning, in a house, of twenty of his negro children, was a most touchingly eloquent expression of a master's grief for the poor little ones thus destroyed.

As citizen, officer and neighbor, he fulfilled every duty and met every expectation. Wherever he lived, wherever he was known or seen, he was loved. In his grave he will be remembered; and you, brethren, as you run your eyes over his recorded labors, will drop many a tear upon the pages, and rise from them to reverence and perpetuate, *in your hearts*, the memory of the great and good David Johnson.

Your motion is granted; the clerk will spread your preamble and resolutions on the records of the Court of Errors, and furnish copies to the children of the deceased, and also for publication, and for the State Reporter.

The court will adjourn till to-morrow at 10 o'clock, so that, in silent sadness, we may reflect upon the death of our friend and brother.

In further testimonial of respect to the deceased, the court then adjourned until 10 o'clock, A. M. this day.



BEAUFORT, So. CA., }  
17th January, 1855, }

*My Dear Sir:*

I this moment closed your noble and eloquent reply to the resolutions of the bar of Charleston on the death of the late venerable David Johnson. Your remarks seem to have come so direct, warm and glowing from your heart that I trust you will excuse me for saying that they have found their way direct to mine; and I cannot refrain from addressing you a line expressing the sympathy I feel in every word that you have so feelingly and so eloquently said upon the solemn occasion referred to. As a younger member of the bar, I feel that one to whom we have been accustomed to look up to and regard as one of the fathers of the law has been called away from us for ever. I never had the honor nor *pleasure* to practice before the late Chancellor Johnson, nor even to make a motion before him; but I knew him as well as the differences of our ages and the distance of our residences would allow, and he impressed me with a degree of respect and regard that I delight to acknowledge. Just before I was admitted to the bar I chanced to spend a month or more in the same house with the venerated deceased, and was permitted to enjoy such delightful intercourse with him that I feel it has been of advantage to me ever since. He was so kind and fatherly in his manner towards me, he was so full of information on most subjects, and so willing to impart it to me, that he completely carried my affections along with him when we parted, and from that time to this he has held them. Whenever we met afterwards I felt his kindness, and learned more and more to appreciate his many substantial virtues.



I trust, my dear sir, you will excuse me for the liberty I have taken in expressing my private feelings to you, as I have done; but from "the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and I only wish that I had it in my power to throw upon his grave a chaplet worthy of the virtues, the learning, the goodness, the public and private worth of David Johnson.

With considerations of the highest respect for you personally, permit me to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

JOS. DAN'L POPE.

*His Honor, Judge O'Neill, Charleston.*



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